

# DAREDEVIL<sup>®</sup>



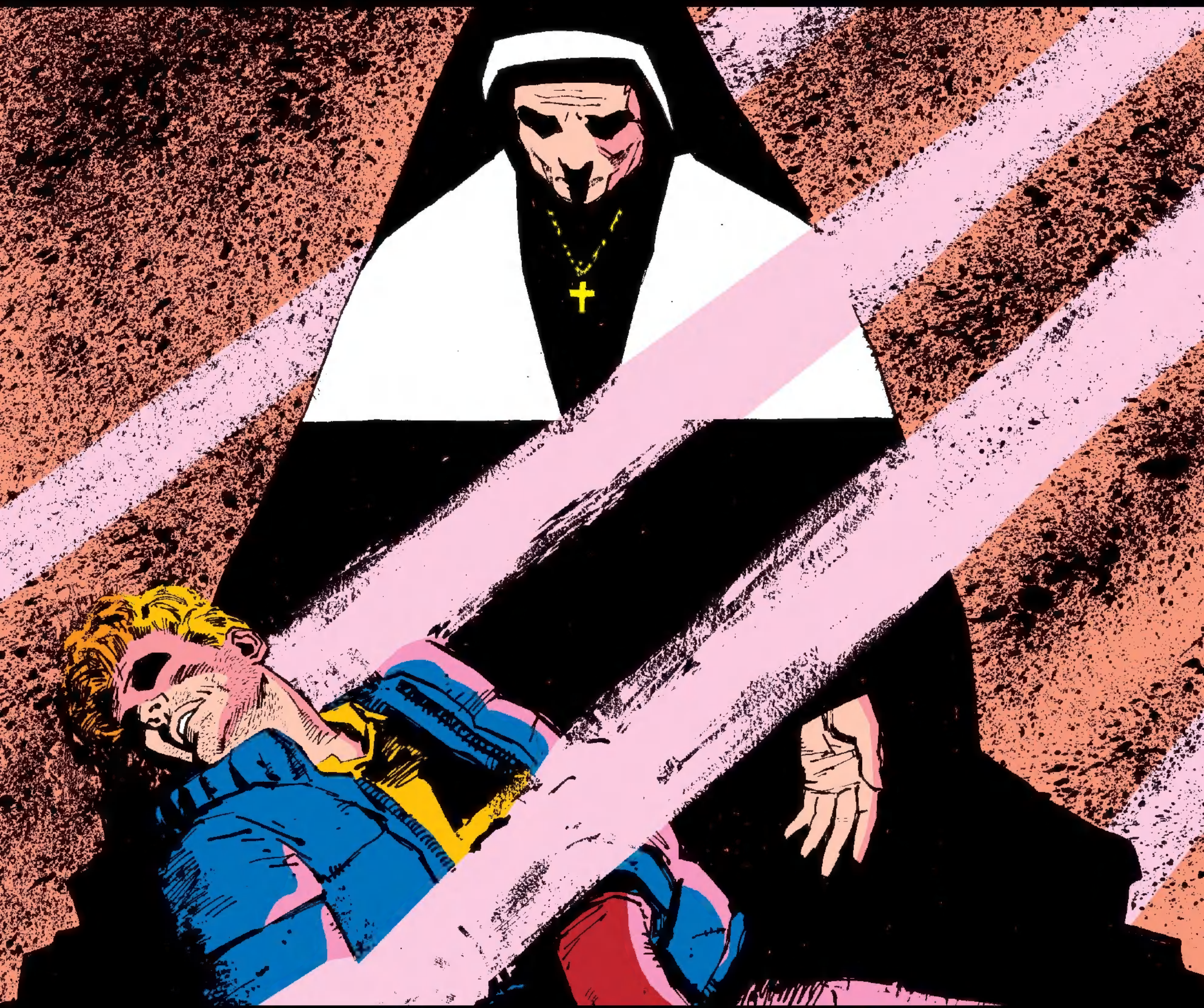
## BORN AGAIN

MILLER • MAZZUCHELLI

**MARVEL**



# DAREDEVIL



## BORN AGAIN



## WRITER

FRANK MILLER

## ARTIST

DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

WITH DENNIS JANKE (*DAREDEVIL* #226)

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RALPH MACCHIO, KLAUS JANSON & JODY LEHEUP



## MURDOCK AGONISTES

At the center of the web of deceit and corruption squats the spider — bloated on the blood of his victims. His movements may be slow and nearly hypnotic as he spins additional strands, or blindingly fast when a victim is entrapped. And this spider revels in the agony of its prey, in their frantic and futile attempts at escape as he ultimately descends on them to drain their life away.

I believe that arachnidian analogy holds when I think about the Kingpin, the villain of our piece. Consider his brooding, overwhelming presence as you read this powerful little collection. He has no costume, no super powers, yet a more chilling vision of the malign I can't imagine. Here is a creature of such unspeakable evil that his supreme pleasure is in the meticulous destruction of the one good man he has ever known - Matthew Murdock — the hero of our piece.

I say Murdock is our hero — and not Daredevil, his alter-ego — because in this brilliantly told sequence of stories, the Kingpin strips away everything from this good and honorable man: his home; his job; his friends; his identity; his very sanity. But the core of him remains. The fighter. The man who will not surrender or die. The Man Without Fear!

In this larger-than-life theater, the forces of corruption and redemption have at one another with Wagnerian intensity that rivals the very best this medium has ever produced. At stake — one's immortal, indestructible soul.

Presenting this mind-stunning excursion are Messrs. Frank Miller and David Mazzucchelli. If ever two people were born to collaborate, these gentlemen are it. As editor of this series, I was privileged to watch the growth of artist Mazzucchelli as he gave visual birth to the innumerable ideas he and Frank has concocted. David's evocative, singular style perfectly complemented the tight, explosive scripting of his co-creator. Of course, it was a pleasure to watch Frank Miller return to the book he'd cut his artistic eyeteeth on several years ago, and surpass even that incredible, initial effort.

And so we're presenting this beautiful "Born Again" series. We're proud if it and the people who created it. Everyone — and I mean everyone — connected with these eight issues worked himself silly to provide you people with the best entertainment we could. Any why not — you're family

One final thing. Next time, remind me to tell you about the time I playfully grabbed Frank Miller's portfolio from him in the middle of Park Avenue and ran off down the block just for laughs. Clipped me with that billy club before I got ten steps.

Enjoy,  
Ralph Macchio  
July 1987





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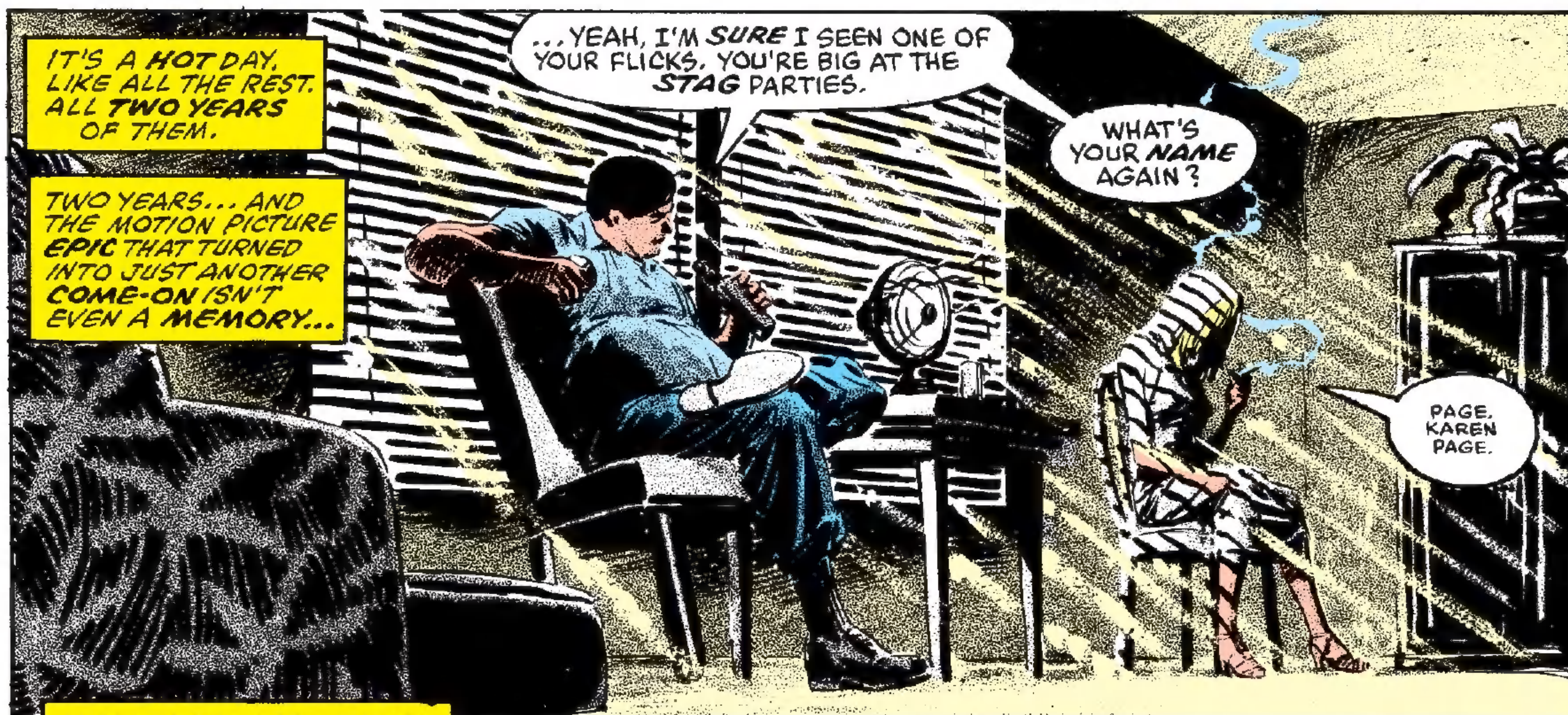
# DAREDEVIL®



## APOCALYPSE

DM





IT'S A HOT DAY,  
LIKE ALL THE REST.  
ALL TWO YEARS  
OF THEM.

TWO YEARS... AND  
THE MOTION PICTURE  
EPIC THAT TURNED  
INTO JUST ANOTHER  
COME-ON ISN'T  
EVEN A MEMORY...

...YEAH, I'M SURE I SEEN ONE OF  
YOUR FLICKS. YOU'RE BIG AT THE  
STAG PARTIES.

WHAT'S  
YOUR NAME  
AGAIN?

PAGE.  
KAREN  
PAGE.

LIKE ALL THE REST, EXCEPT  
THIS ONE HAS A SPECIAL  
GLOW TO IT. IT'S NOT  
EVERY DAY YOU SELL YOUR  
SOUL.

THAT'S NO WAY TO THINK.  
GROW UP. IT'S THE EIGHTIES.  
YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO.

AND YOU HAVE TO DO IT...



LOOK, THIS IS WORTH  
SOMETHING.

TAKE IT TO THE  
STATES AND YOU'LL  
GET A MILLION  
FOR IT.



GIRL WILL SAY LOTS WHEN SHE'S  
HUNGRY. THINGS I HEAR...

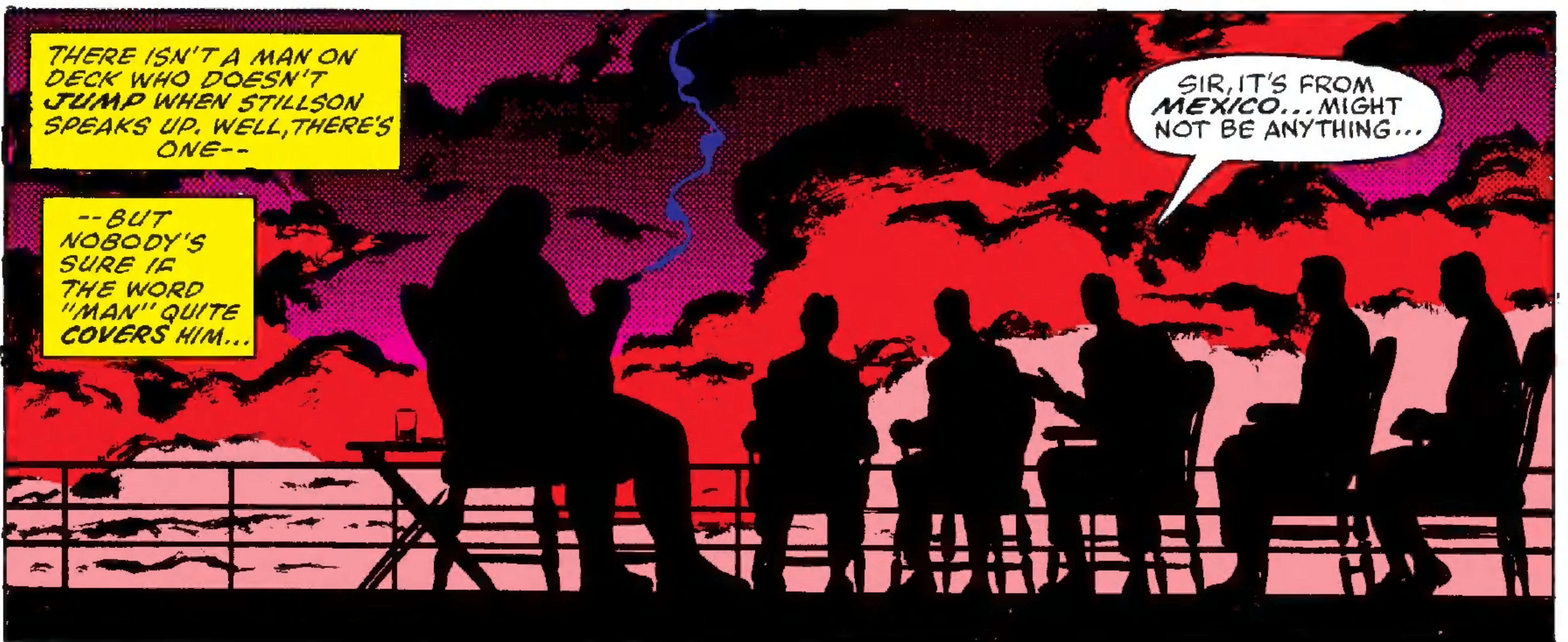
WANT A SHOT? NO, DIDN'T  
THINK SO -- NOT A SHOT OF  
BOOZE, ANYWAY...



DAREDEVIL.  
OKAY? I SAID IT.  
I SAID THE  
NAME.

AND HE'S GOT  
ANOTHER NAME.  
AND IT'S WRITTEN  
DOWN RIGHT HERE.  
YOU WANT IT OR  
NOT?









... CALLING HIM THE KINGPIN--THAT COVERS HIM, WELL AS ANY WORD CAN.

SAYING HE'S THE BOSS OF EVERYTHING BAD THAT MAKES MONEY IN WHAT MUST BE MOST OF THE FREE WORLD...



...MY COUSIN DOWN THERE...TONIO ...HE...I WOULDN'T BRING IT UP, BUT YOU SAID TO KEEP THE LINES OUT FOR THIS.

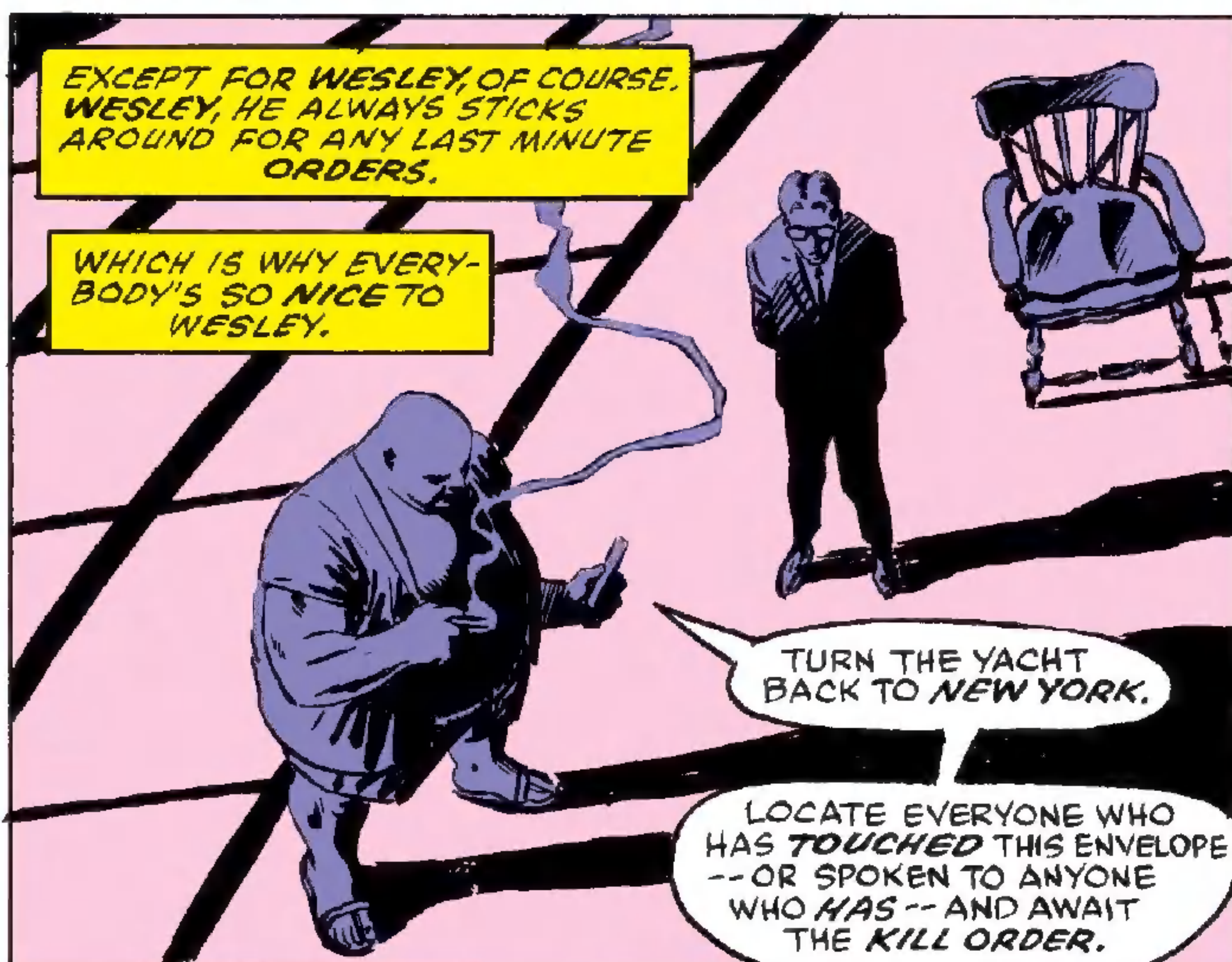
LOCAL PUSHER DOWN THERE SAYS HE MET DAREDEVIL'S OLD LADY. HIS OLD OLD LADY, I MEAN. SAYS FOR A ARMFUL SHE SOLD HIS NAME...



... HIS REAL NAME, I MEAN...

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. GIVE IT TO ME.

NOBODY NEEDS TO BE TOLD. THEY ALL LEAVE, FAST AS THEY CAN WITHOUT LOOKING LIKE WIMPS.



EXCEPT FOR WESLEY, OF COURSE. WESLEY, HE ALWAYS STICKS AROUND FOR ANY LAST MINUTE ORDERS.

WHICH IS WHY EVERYBODY'S SO NICE TO WESLEY.

TURN THE YACHT BACK TO NEW YORK.

LOCATE EVERYONE WHO HAS TOUCHED THIS ENVELOPE --OR SPOKEN TO ANYONE WHO HAS-- AND AWAIT THE KILL ORDER.



IN THE MEANTIME...

...I SHALL TEST THE INFORMATION.

SIX MONTHS PASS.



WINTER HITS MANHATTAN  
LIKE AN UNWANTED RELATIVE.  
DROPS IN WITH NO  
WARNING AND SEEMS TO  
STAY FOREVER.

IT SPREADS A THICK  
WHITE **BLANKET**  
THAT MAKES THE  
CITY LOOK CLEAN  
FOR A FEW HOURS--  
UNTIL THE SNOW GETS  
STEPPED ON AND  
DRIVEN OVER AND  
MADE GRITTY AND  
DIRTY GREY.

MATT MURDOCK IS  
BLIND--SO HE MISSES  
THE PRETTIEST MORNING  
OF THE YEAR. ALL HE GETS  
IS HISSING PIPES AND AN  
EAST COAST CHILL THAT  
GOES STRAIGHT FOR  
THE BONES.

MATT MURDOCK IS  
ALSO DAREDEVIL.

THAT'S WHY HIS LIFE  
IS ABOUT TO FALL  
APART.

Stan Lee  
presents

# APOCALYPSE

By FRANK MILLER AND DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

CHRISTIE SCHEELE  
COLORS

JOE ROSEN  
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO  
EDITOR

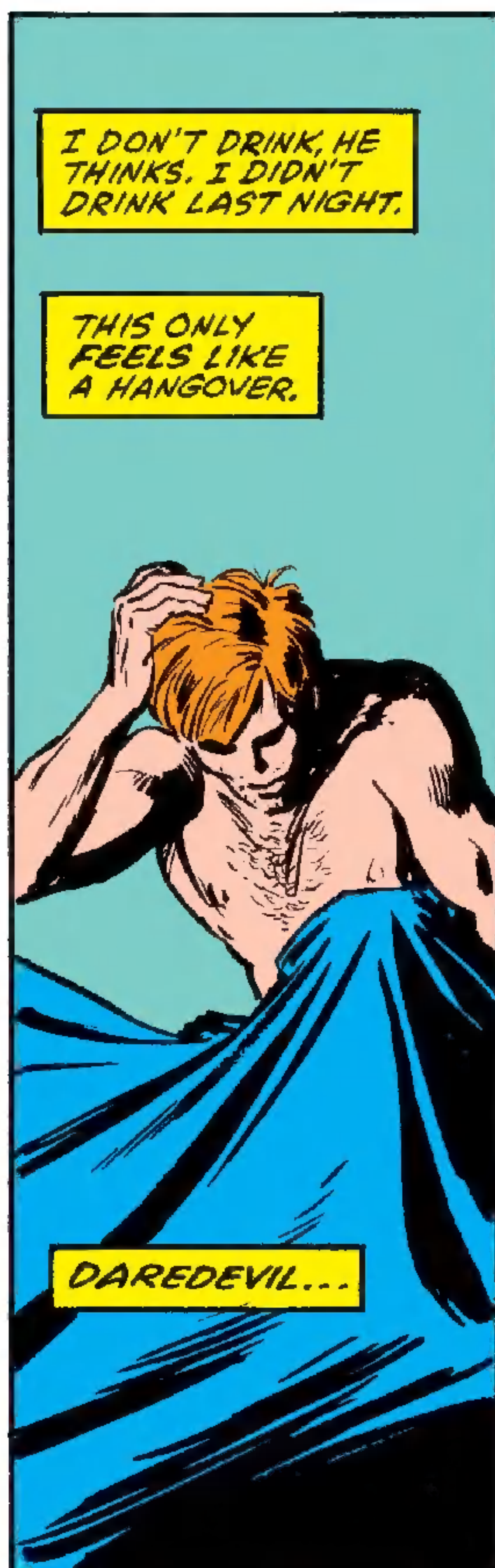
JIM SHOOTER  
EDITOR IN CHIEF





DAREDEVIL... HE ROLLS THE NAME ACROSS THE BRUISE THAT IS HIS MIND... COMFORTING, IT ISN'T. BUT AT LEAST IT'S REAL.

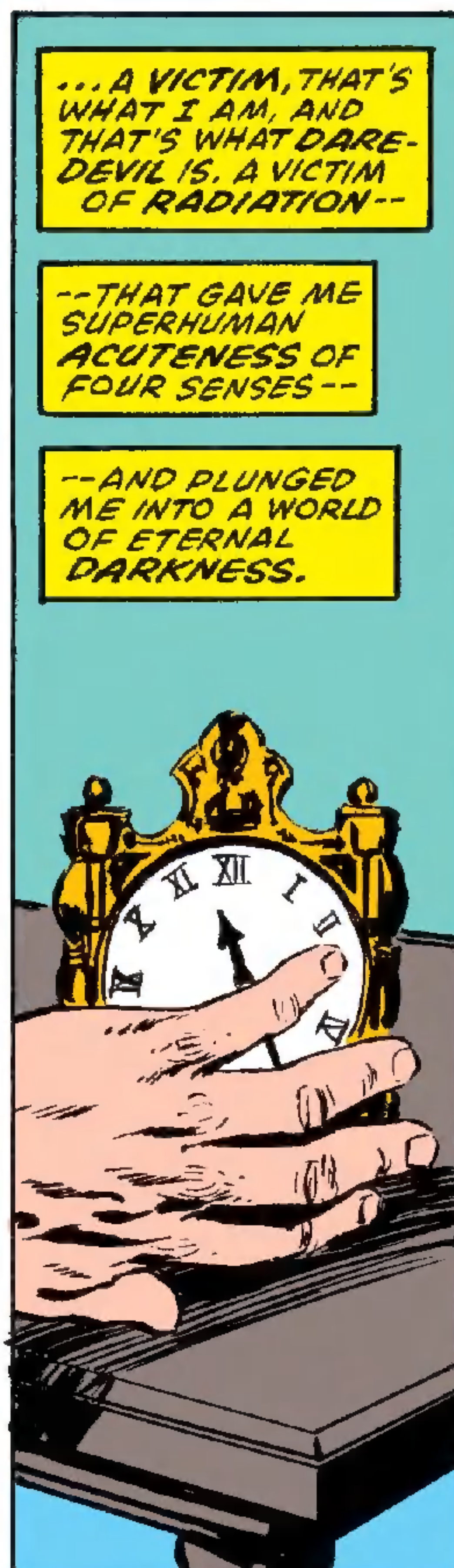
EVERY OTHER PART OF HIM IS SO FAR AWAY...



I DON'T DRINK, HE THINKS. I DIDN'T DRINK LAST NIGHT.

THIS ONLY FEELS LIKE A HANGOVER.

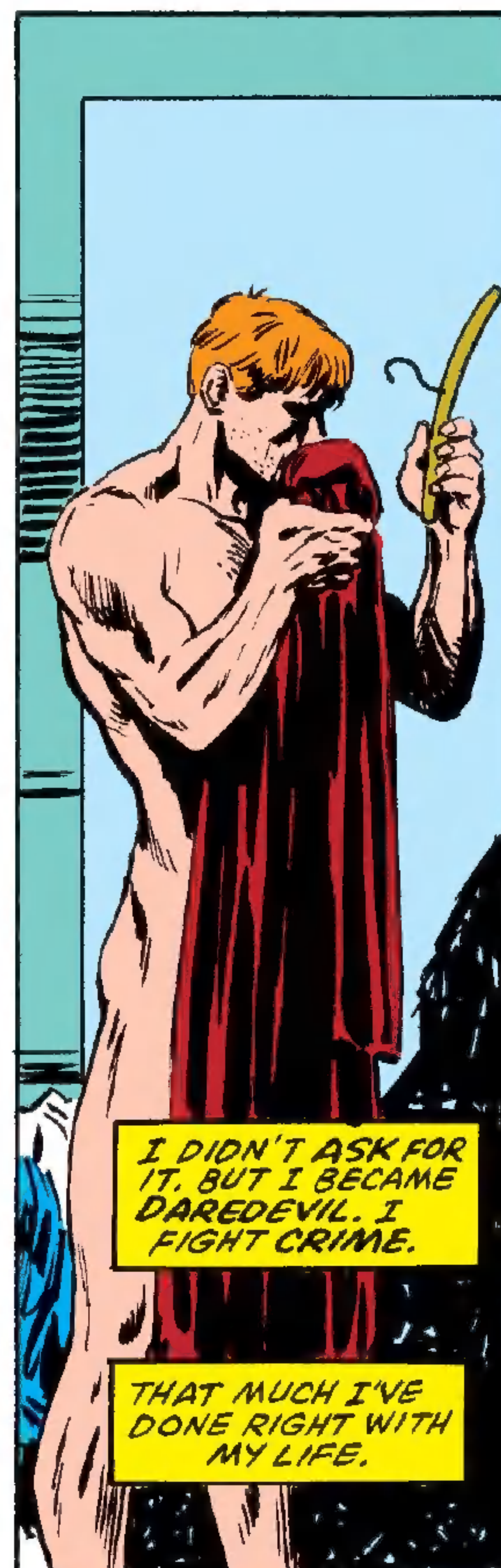
DAREDEVIL...



... A VICTIM, THAT'S WHAT I AM, AND THAT'S WHAT DAREDEVIL IS. A VICTIM OF RADIATION--

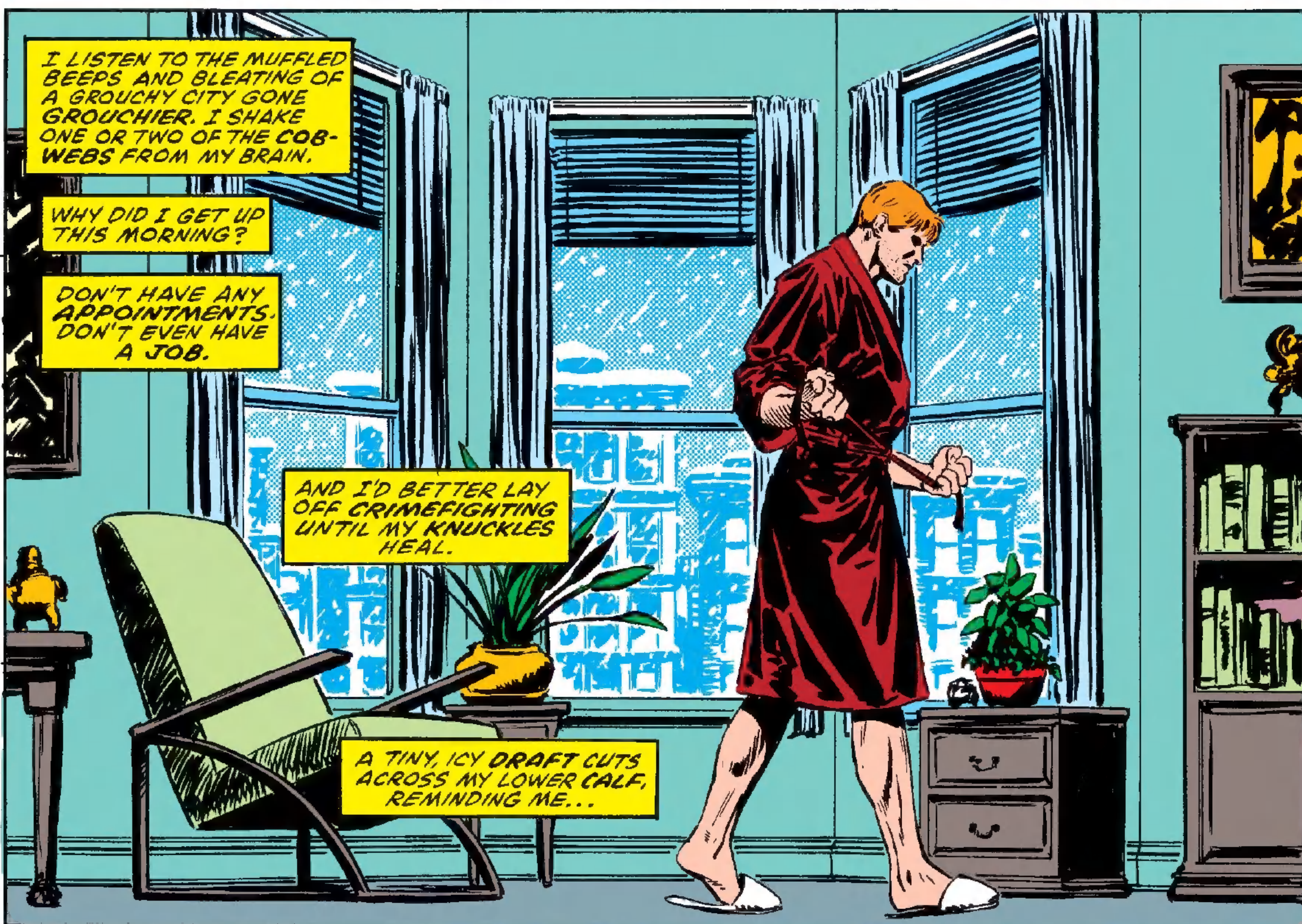
--THAT GAVE ME SUPERHUMAN ACUTENESS OF FOUR SENSES--

--AND PLUNGED ME INTO A WORLD OF ETERNAL DARKNESS.



I DIDN'T ASK FOR IT, BUT I BECAME DAREDEVIL. I FIGHT CRIME.

THAT MUCH I'VE DONE RIGHT WITH MY LIFE.



I LISTEN TO THE MUFFLED BEEPS AND BLEATING OF A GROUCHY CITY GONE GROUCHIER. I SHAKE ONE OR TWO OF THE COB-WEBS FROM MY BRAIN.

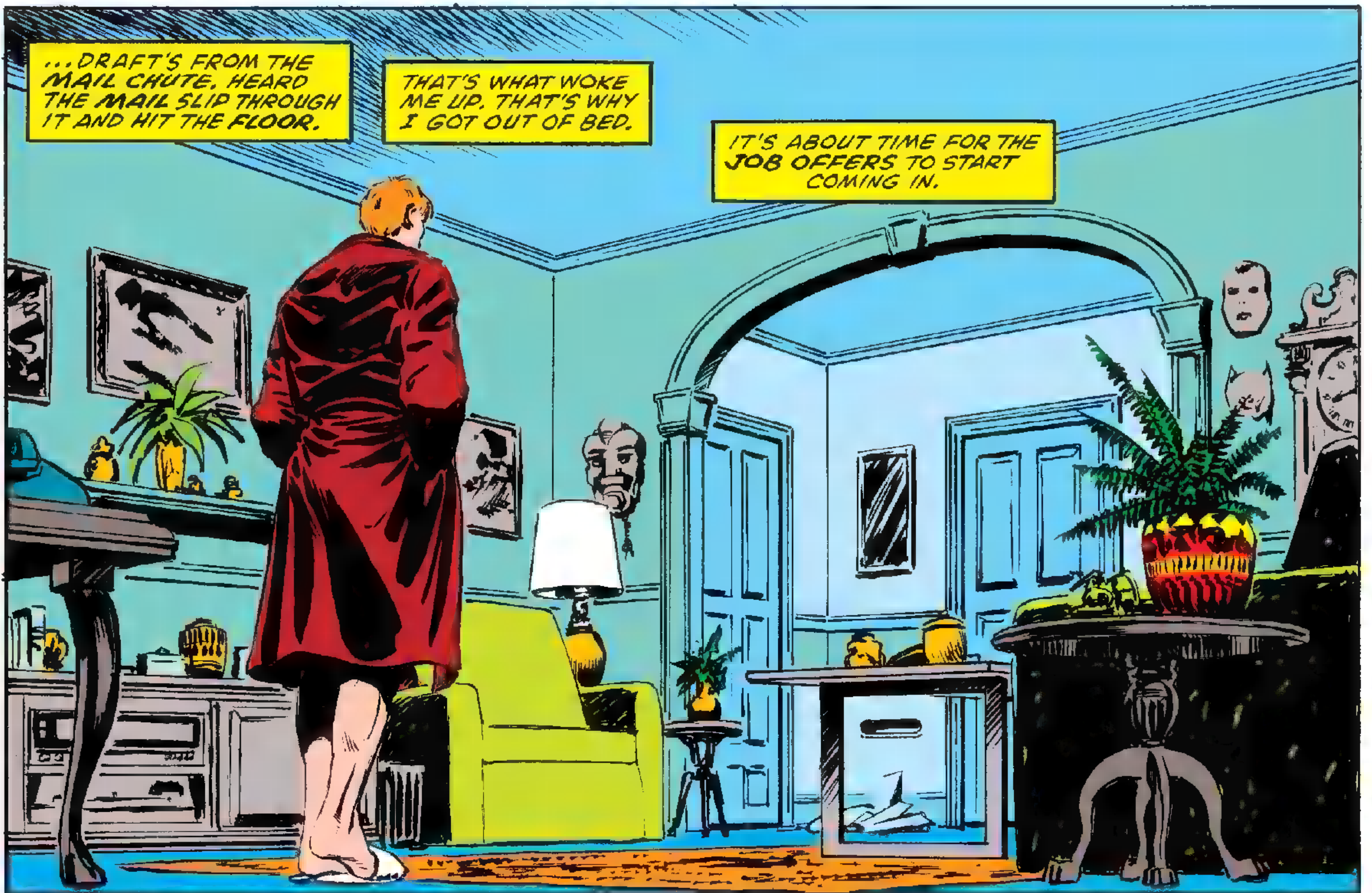
WHY DID I GET UP THIS MORNING?

DON'T HAVE ANY APPOINTMENTS. DON'T EVEN HAVE A JOB.

AND I'D BETTER LAY OFF CRIMEFIGHTING UNTIL MY KNUCKLES HEAL.

A TINY, ICY DRAFT CUTS ACROSS MY LOWER CALF, REMINDING ME...

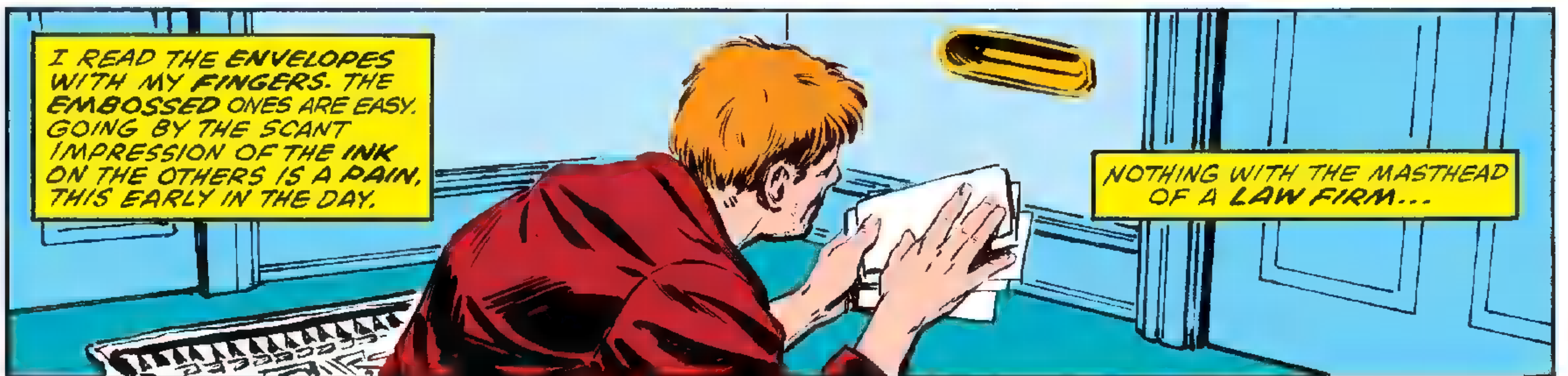




...DRAFT'S FROM THE MAIL CHUTE. HEARD THE MAIL SLIP THROUGH IT AND HIT THE FLOOR.

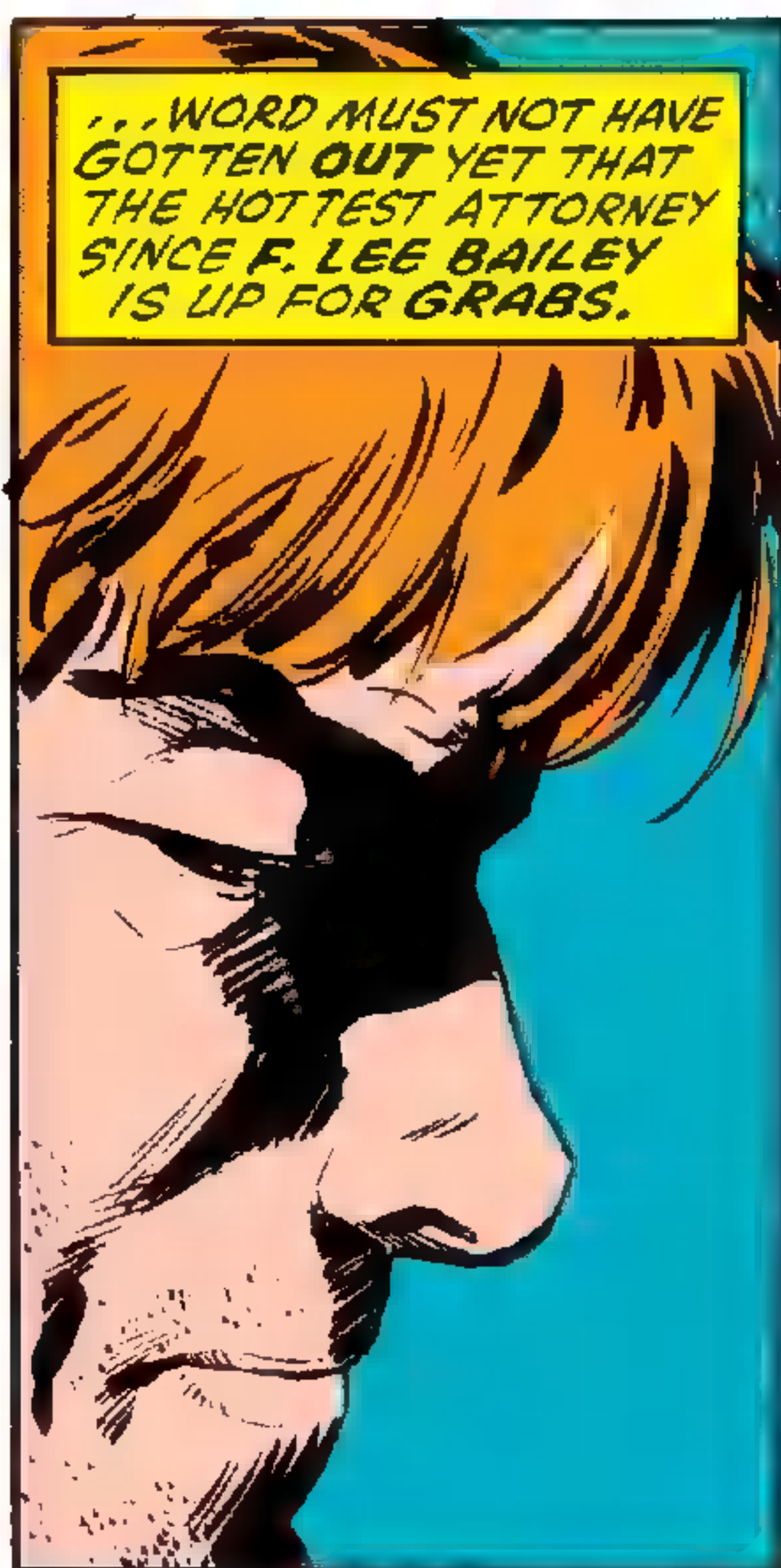
THAT'S WHAT WOKE ME UP. THAT'S WHY I GOT OUT OF BED.

IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR THE JOB OFFERS TO START COMING IN.



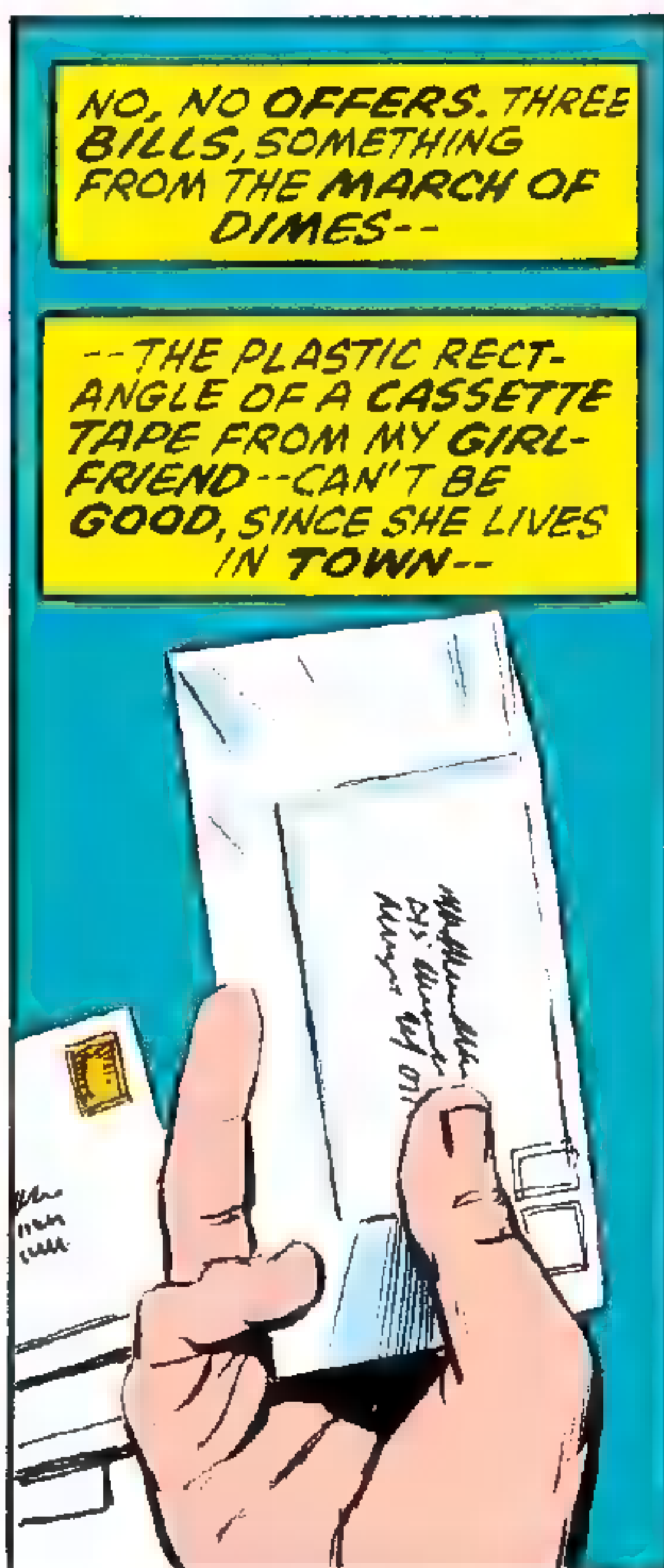
I READ THE ENVELOPES WITH MY FINGERS. THE EMBOSSED ONES ARE EASY. GOING BY THE SCANT IMPRESSION OF THE INK ON THE OTHERS IS A PAIN, THIS EARLY IN THE DAY.

NOTHING WITH THE MASTHEAD OF A LAW FIRM...



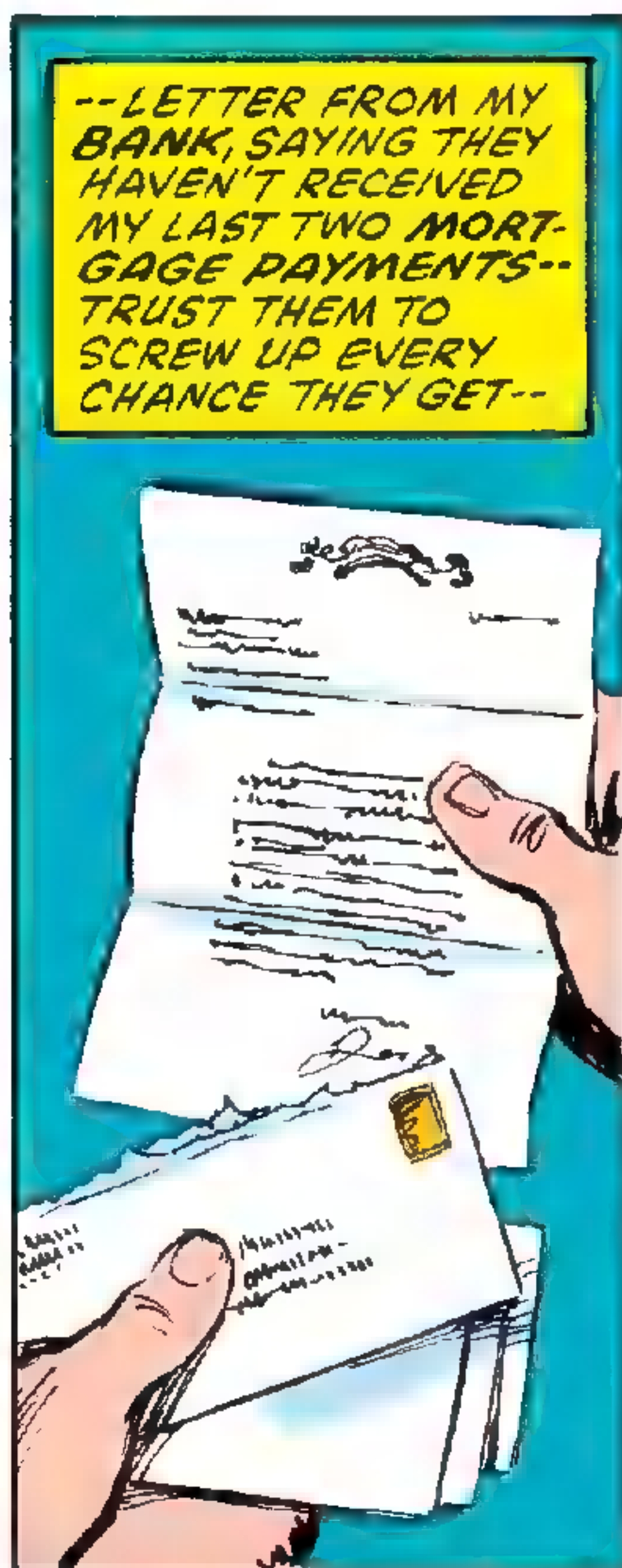
...WORD MUST NOT HAVE GOTTEN OUT YET THAT THE HOTTEST ATTORNEY SINCE F. LEE BAILEY IS UP FOR GRABS.

AMAZING HOW LONG IT TAKES FOR THE NEWS TO CIRCULATE WHEN YOU WANT IT TO.



NO, NO OFFERS. THREE BILLS, SOMETHING FROM THE MARCH OF DIMES--

--THE PLASTIC RECT-ANGLE OF A CASSETTE TAPE FROM MY GIRL-FRIEND--CAN'T BE GOOD, SINCE SHE LIVES IN TOWN--



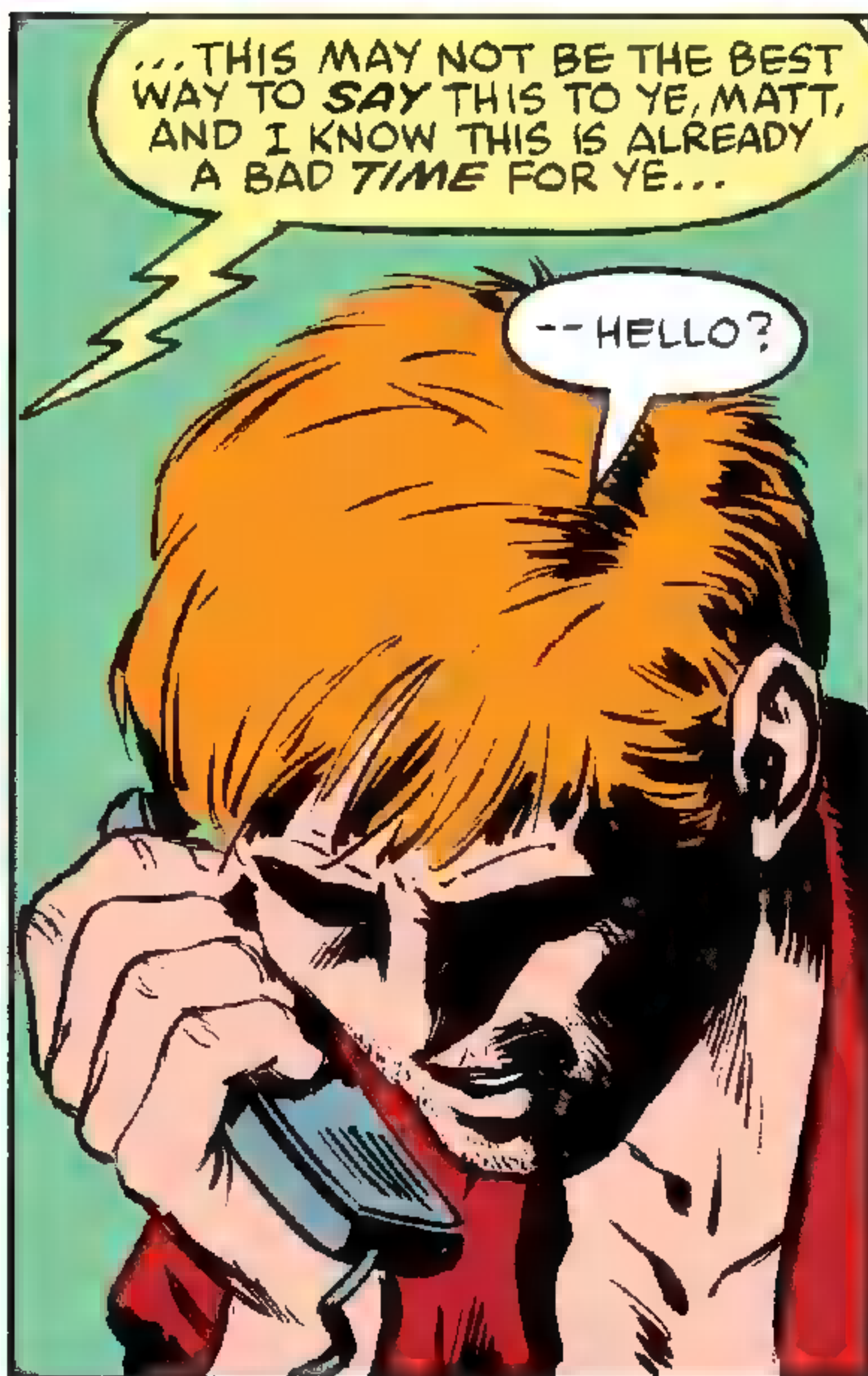
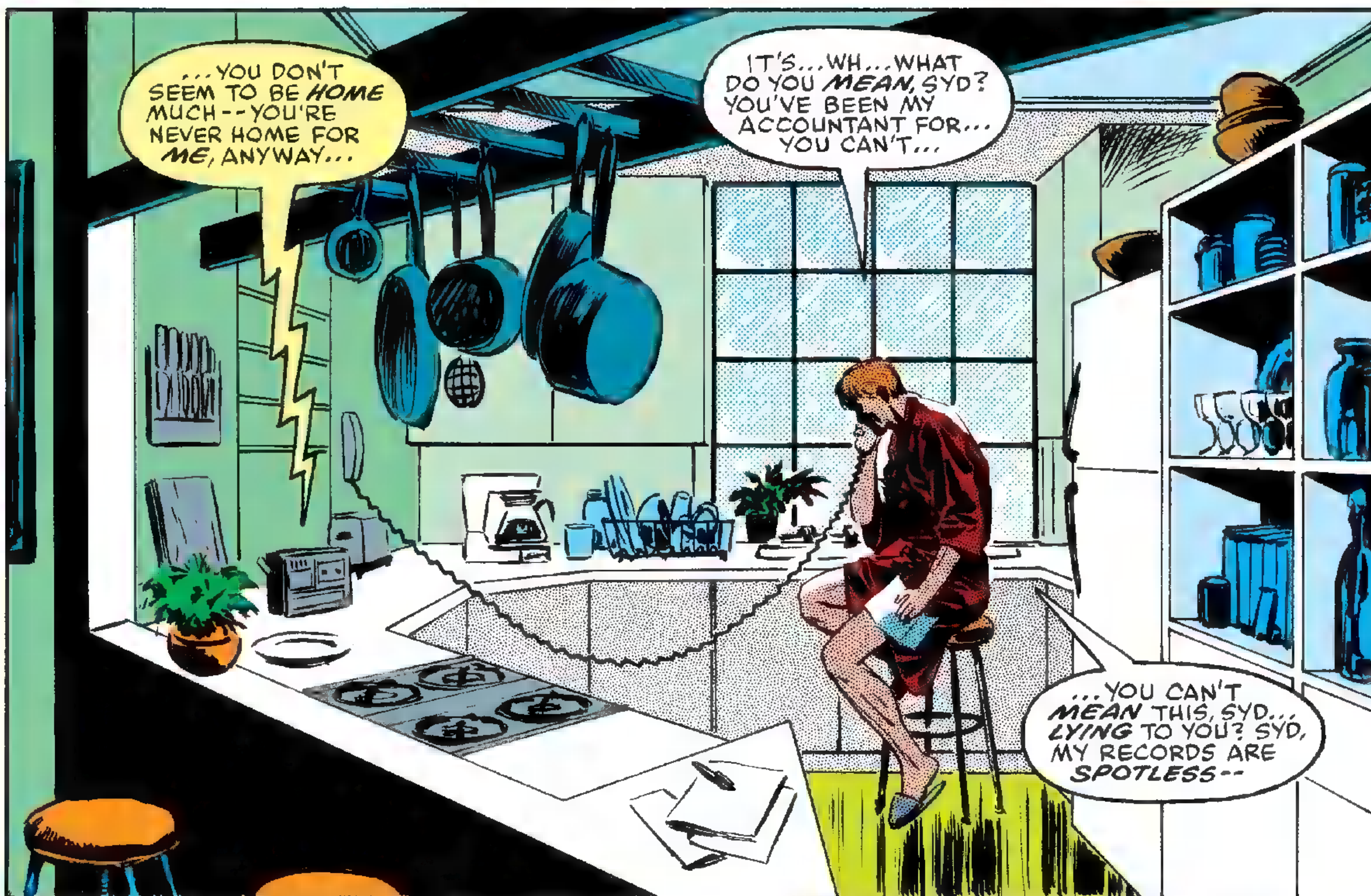
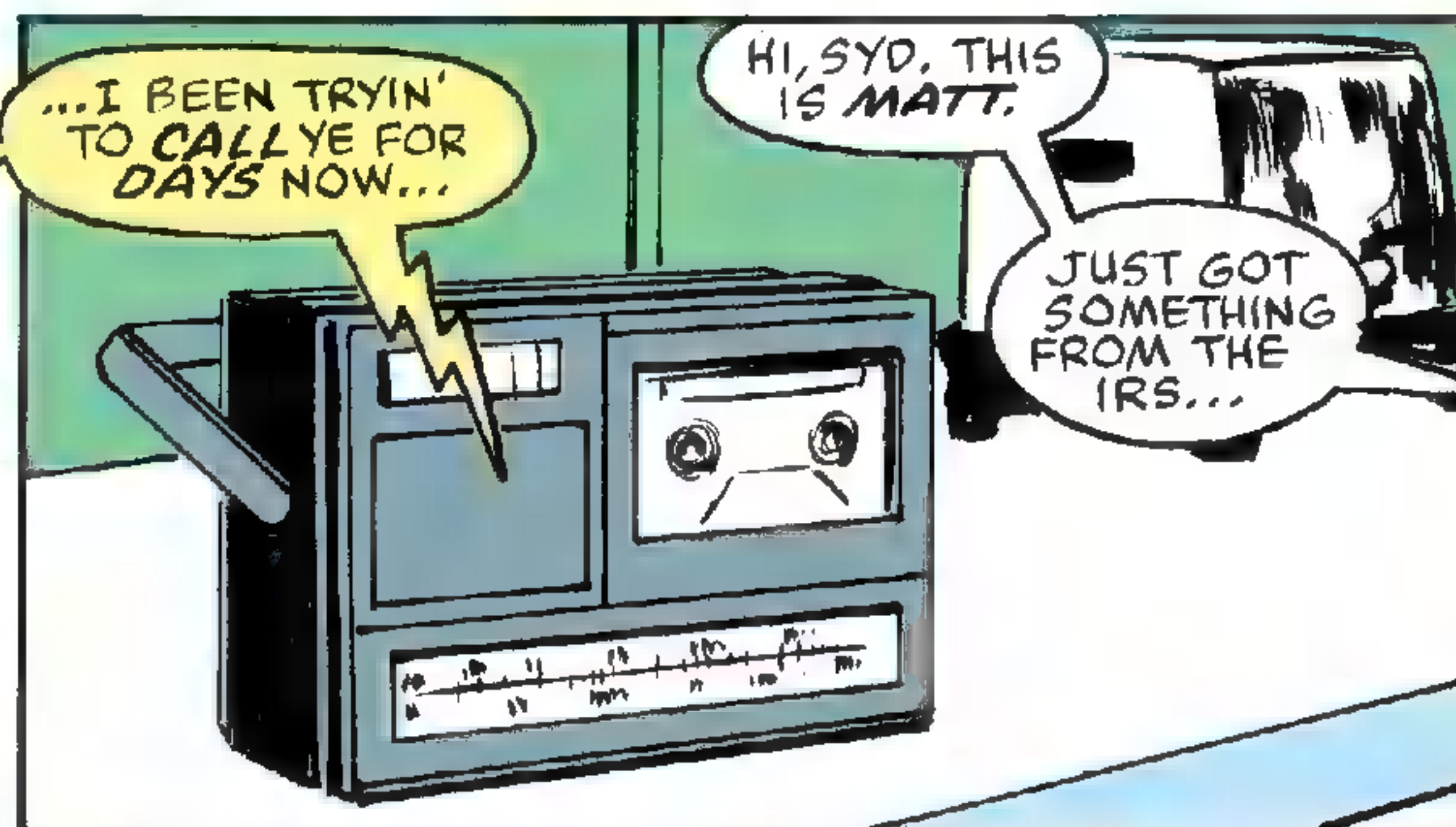
-- LETTER FROM MY BANK, SAYING THEY HAVEN'T RECEIVED MY LAST TWO MORTGAGE PAYMENTS-- TRUST THEM TO SCREW UP EVERY CHANCE THEY GET--

--AND A NOTICE FROM INTERNAL REVENUE THAT MY TAX FILES ARE BEING AUDITED AND THAT EVERY PENNY I HAVE IS FROZEN UNTIL THE AUDIT IS COMPLETE.

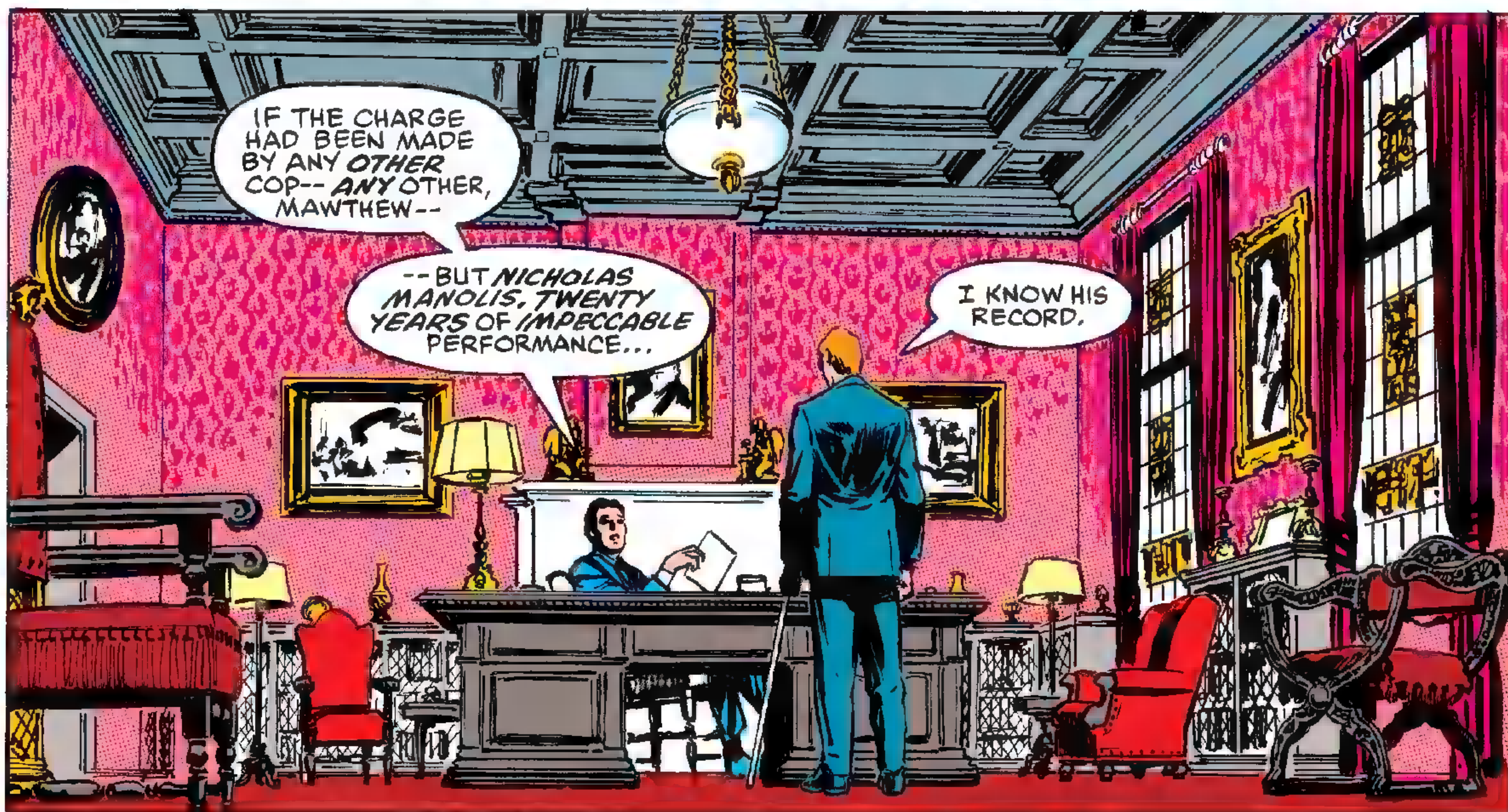
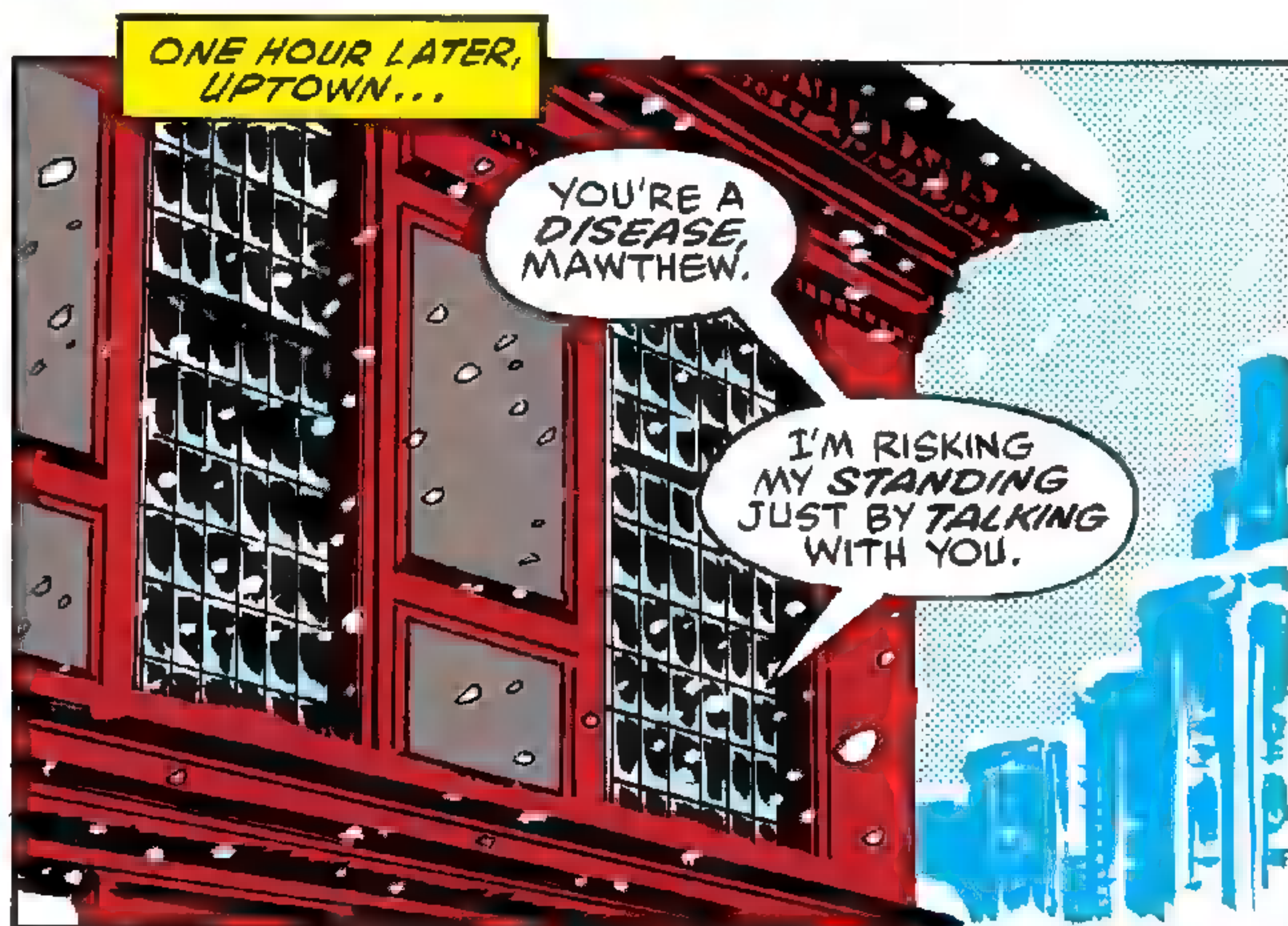
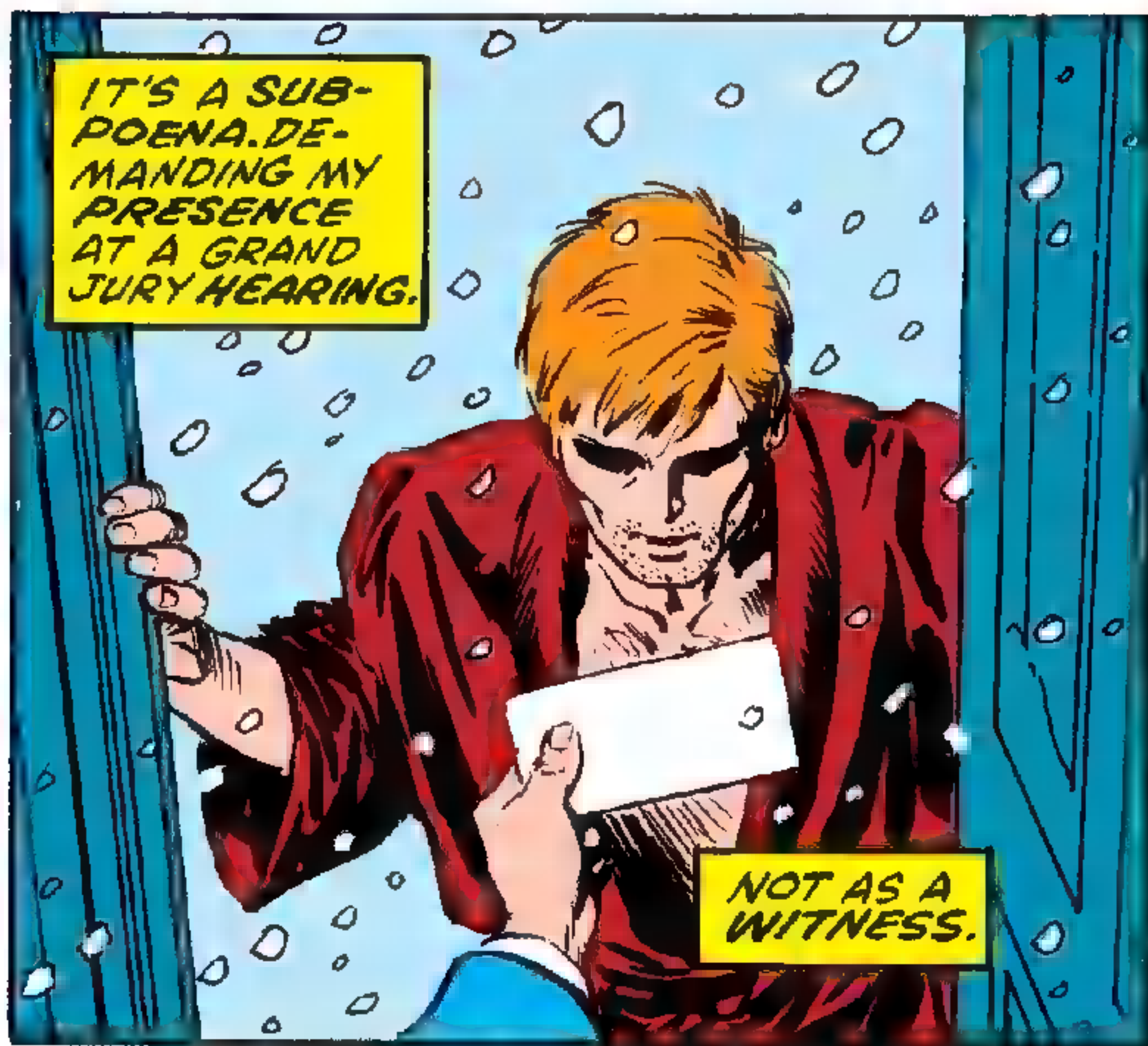


ALL THIS BEFORE COFFEE.





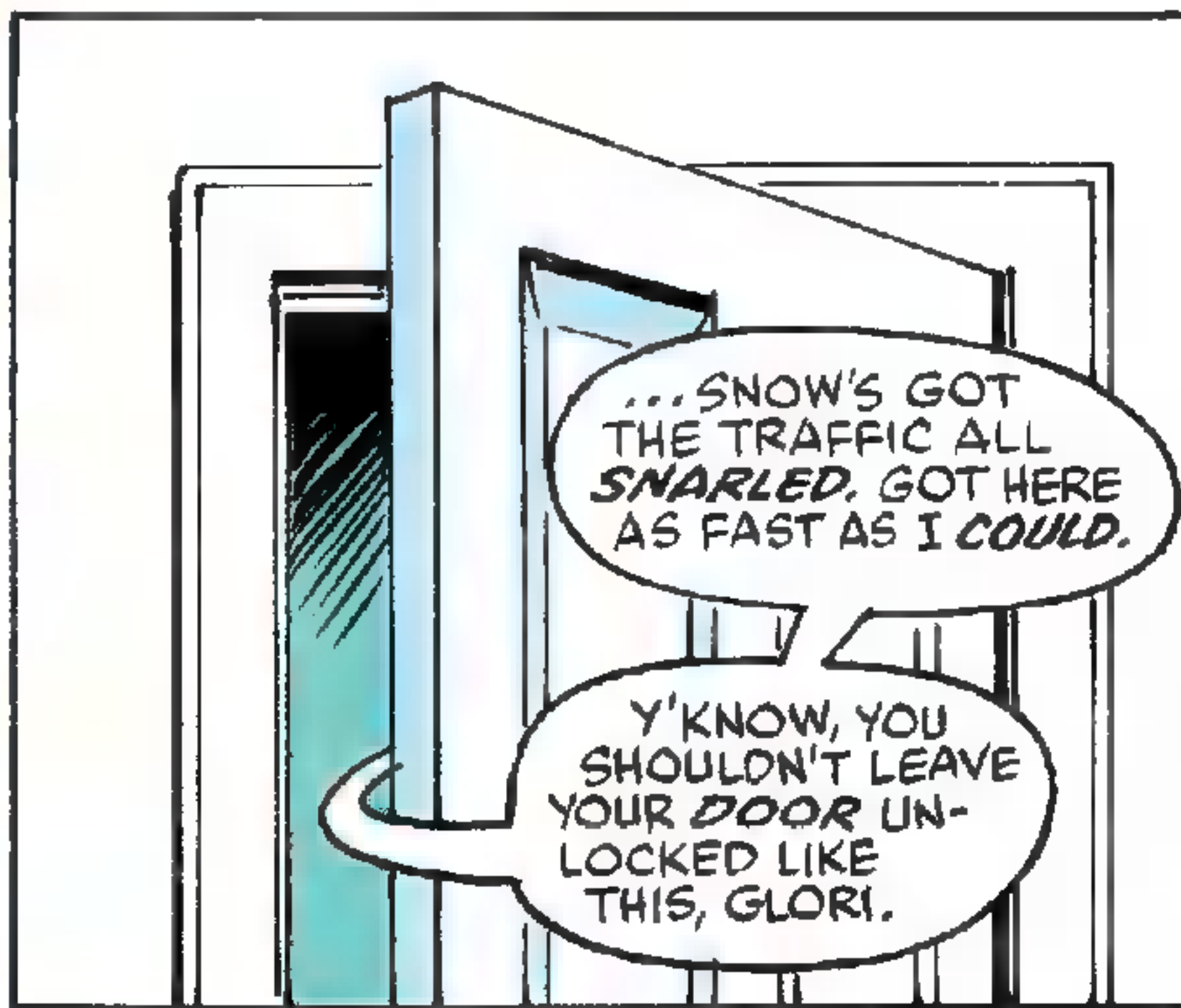








NIGHT FALLS,  
TOO QUICKLY...



...SNOW'S GOT  
THE TRAFFIC ALL  
**SNARLED**. GOT HERE  
AS FAST AS I COULD.

Y'KNOW, YOU  
SHOULDN'T LEAVE  
YOUR **DOOR** UN-  
LOCKED LIKE  
THIS, GLORI.



IT'S NOT--

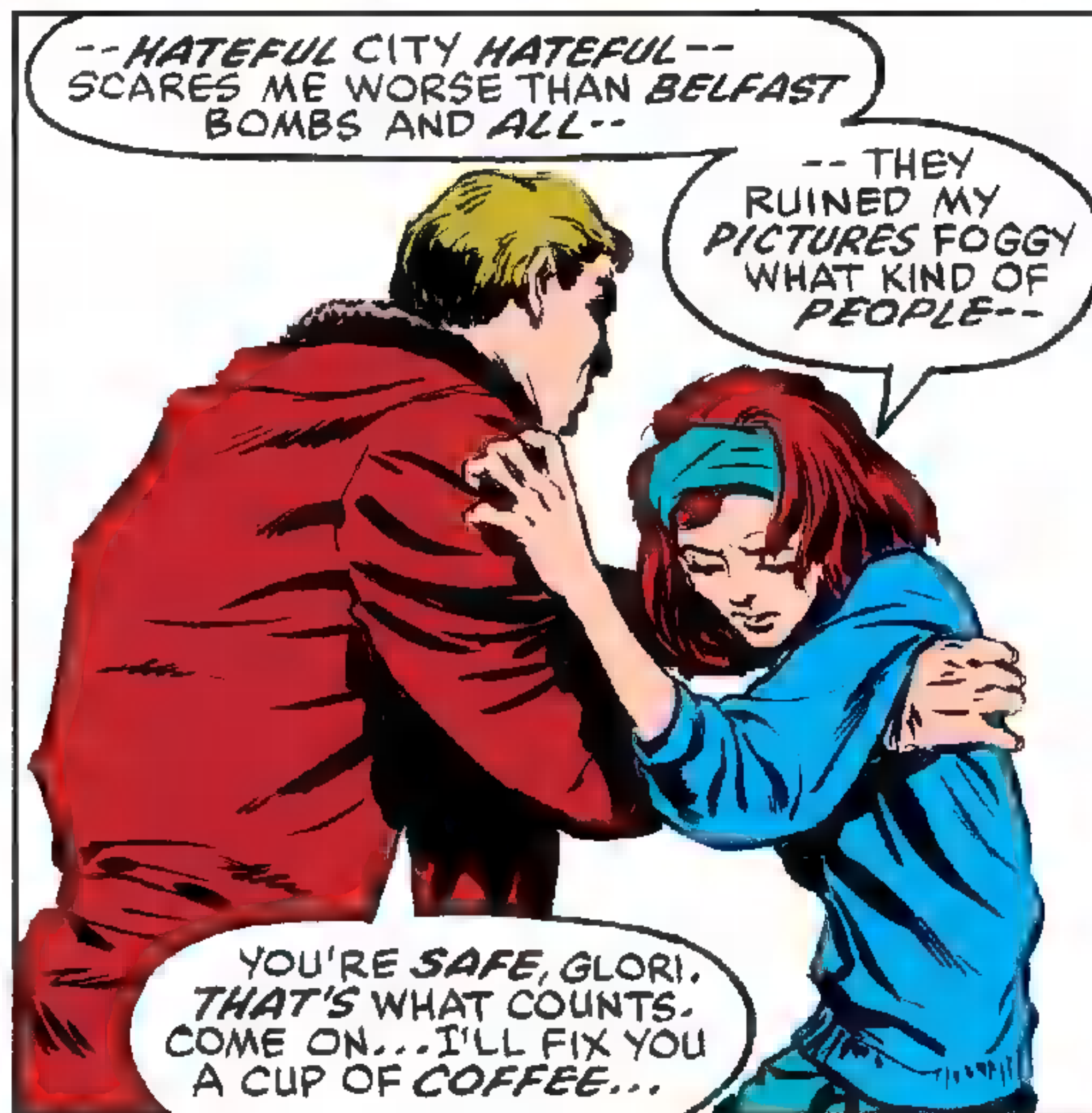
**GLORI!**



OH, NO...

TOOK  
**EVERYTHING**,  
FOGGY--CAME HOME  
AND THEY'D TAKEN  
**EVERYTHING**--

-- WHAT  
KIND OF  
**PEOPLE**  
WOULD  
DO THIS--



-- **HATEFUL CITY HATEFUL**--  
SCARES ME WORSE THAN **BELFAST**  
BOMBS AND ALL--

-- THEY  
RUINED MY  
PICTURES FOGGY  
WHAT KIND OF  
**PEOPLE**--

YOU'RE **SAFE**, GLORI.  
THAT'S WHAT COUNTS.  
COME ON... I'LL FIX YOU  
A CUP OF **COFFEE**...



-- NO NOT HERE-- WITH EVERY-  
THING **BROKEN** AND **SKewed AROUND**--

-- I CAN'T  
**STAY** HERE  
TONIGHT--





My name is BEN URICH. I'm a REPORTER.

I'm working the NIGHT SHIFT at a great metropolitan NEWSPAPER when a piece of DYNAMITE is dropped on my desk.



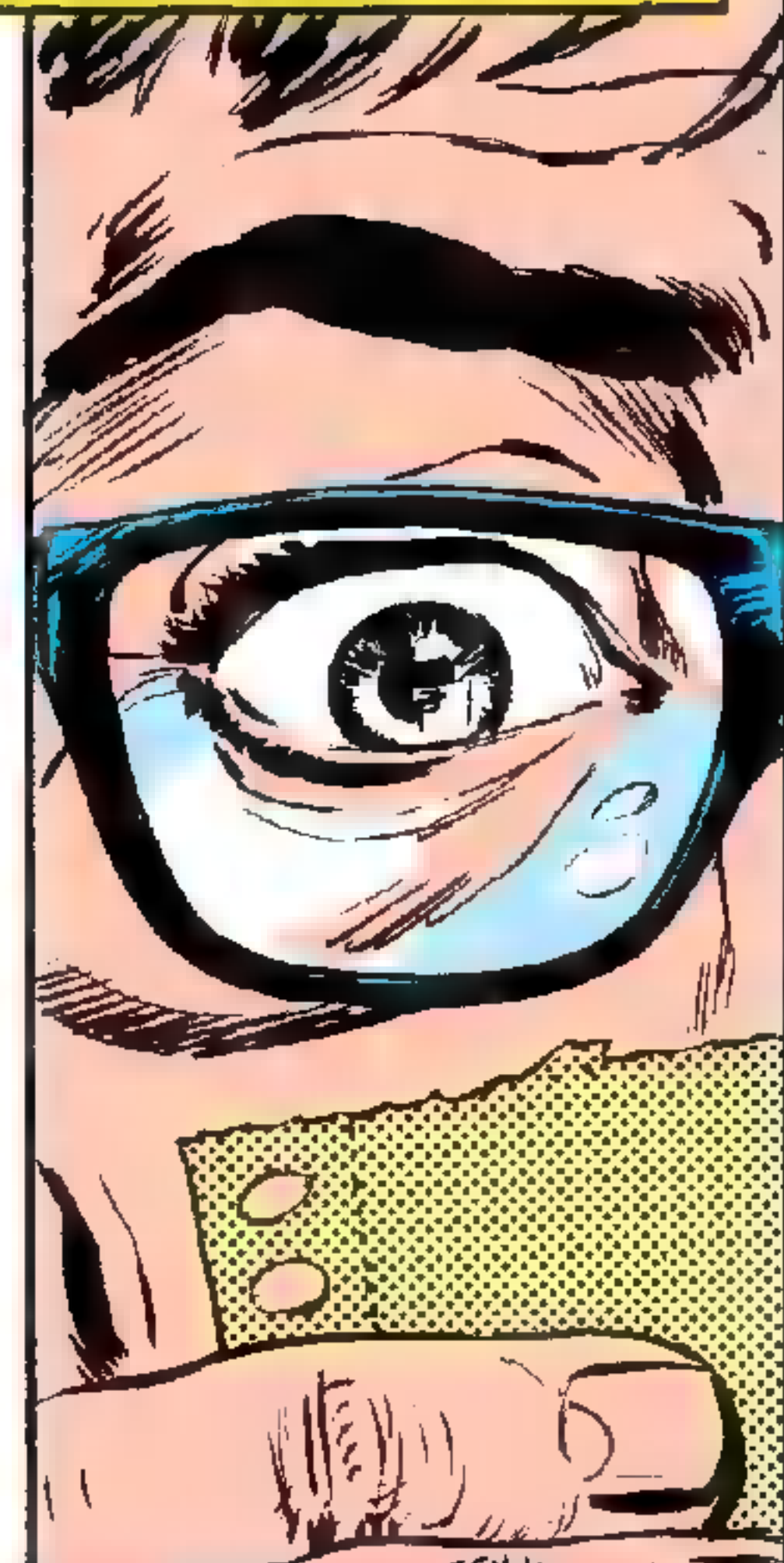
It's not the kind that HISSES. It just RUSTLES in Robertson's HAND...

CHECK THIS ONE OUT FOR ME, BEN.

SURE. I'VE GOT NOTHING BUT TIME.

It's disguised as an Associated Press WIRE--

--that says MATT MURDOCK faces a HOST of criminal charges, including BRIBERY, PERJURY, and MISCONDUCT.



MATT MURDOCK is the most HONEST man I KNOW.



MATT-- BEN, I JUST HEARD--

"I have no statement for the press," a stranger tells me.



MATT-- IF IT'S OFF THE RECORD-- YOU KNOW YOU CAN TRUST ME...

A CHUCKLE, like DRY ICE cracking.



MATT-- I'M YOUR FRIEND, REMEMBER?

He LAUGHS. The line goes DEAD.



The LAUGH seems to ECHO through the office. I try to match it with the man who saved my LIFE.

I WORRY-- not about his HONESTY...

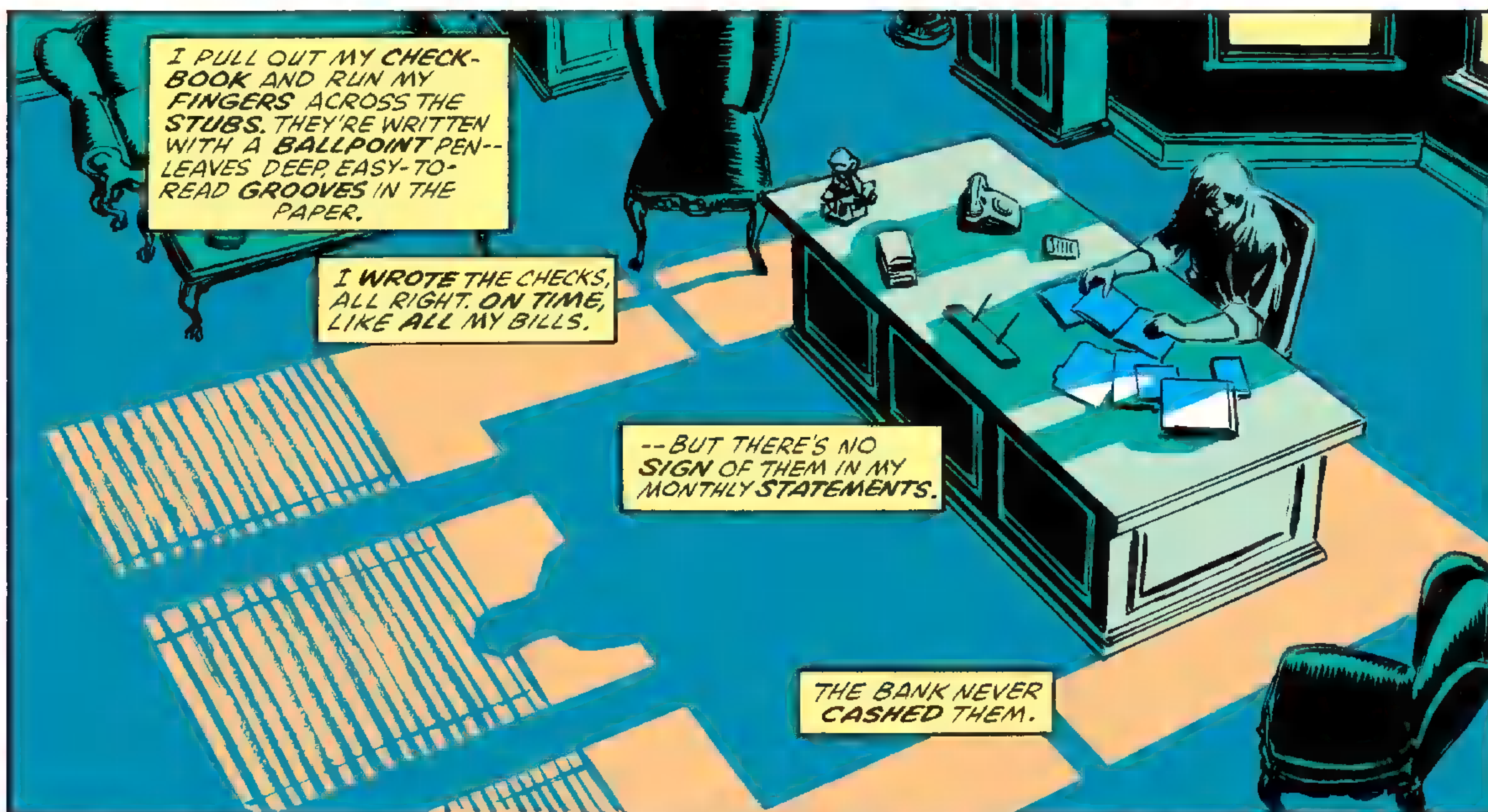




THE BANK INSISTS  
I HAVEN'T PAID THEM.

THEY THREATEN  
TO FORECLOSE.

I LOSE MY  
TEMPER AND  
YELL AT THEM  
AND THEY HANG  
UP ON ME.



I PULL OUT MY CHECK-  
BOOK AND RUN MY  
FINGERS ACROSS THE  
STUBS. THEY'RE WRITTEN  
WITH A BALLPOINT PEN--  
LEAVES DEEP EASY-TO-  
READ GROOVES IN THE  
PAPER.

I WROTE THE CHECKS,  
ALL RIGHT. ON TIME,  
LIKE ALL MY BILLS.

--BUT THERE'S NO  
SIGN OF THEM IN MY  
MONTHLY STATEMENTS.

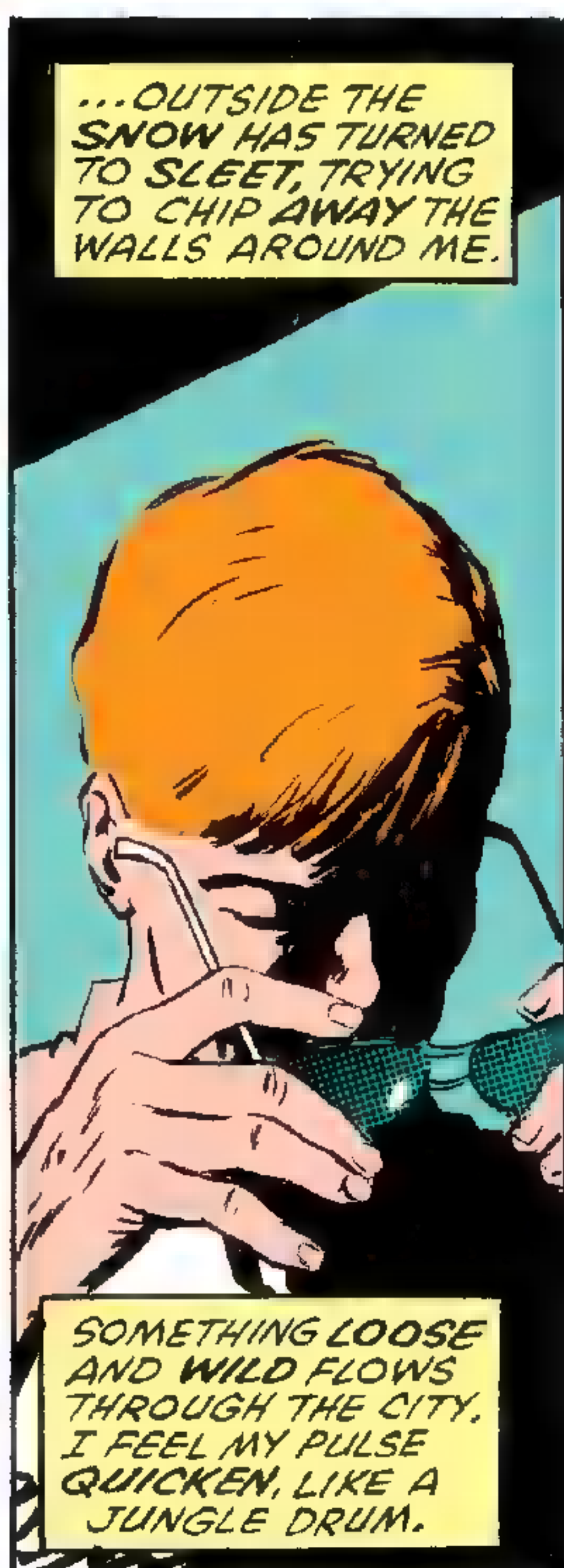
THE BANK NEVER  
CASHED THEM.



MAYBE THEY WERE  
LOST IN THE MAIL.

WITH MY MONEY  
FROZEN BY THE  
IRS, HOW CAN I...

... I HATE MONEY...



...OUTSIDE THE  
SNOW HAS TURNED  
TO SLEET, TRYING  
TO CHIP AWAY THE  
WALLS AROUND ME.

SOMETHING LOOSE  
AND WILD FLOWS  
THROUGH THE CITY.  
I FEEL MY PULSE  
QUICKEN, LIKE A  
JUNGLE DRUM.



IT'S THE NIGHT.  
I'VE ALWAYS  
LOVED IT.

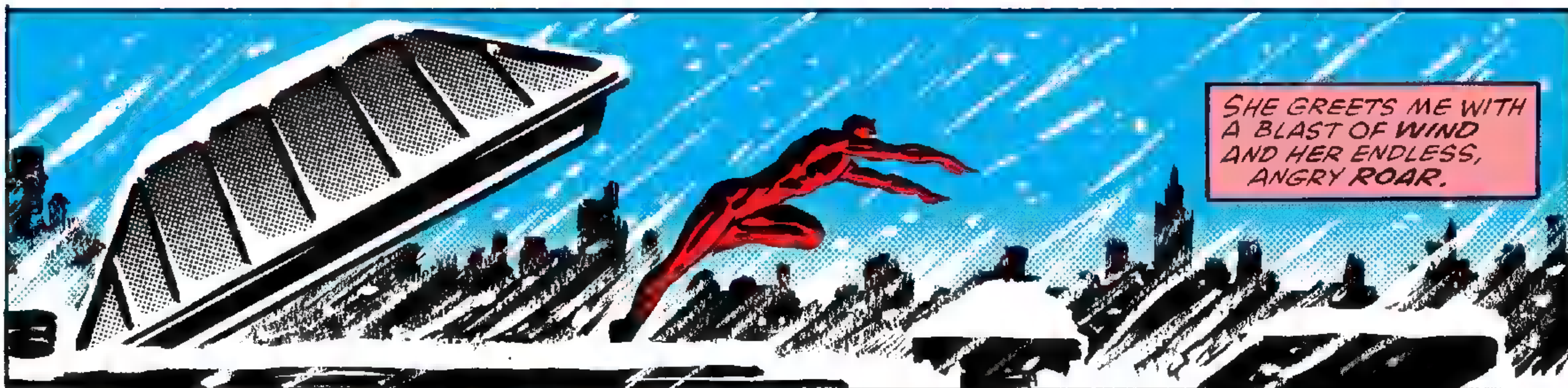
I GRAB THE WEIGHT-  
LESS BUNDLE OF  
CLOTH--THE ONLY  
PART OF MY LIFE  
WORTH LIVING ANY  
MORE...



...THE ONE RELIEF  
I CAN GIVE MYSELF...

...WHEN IT ALL  
GETS TO BE  
TOO MUCH.

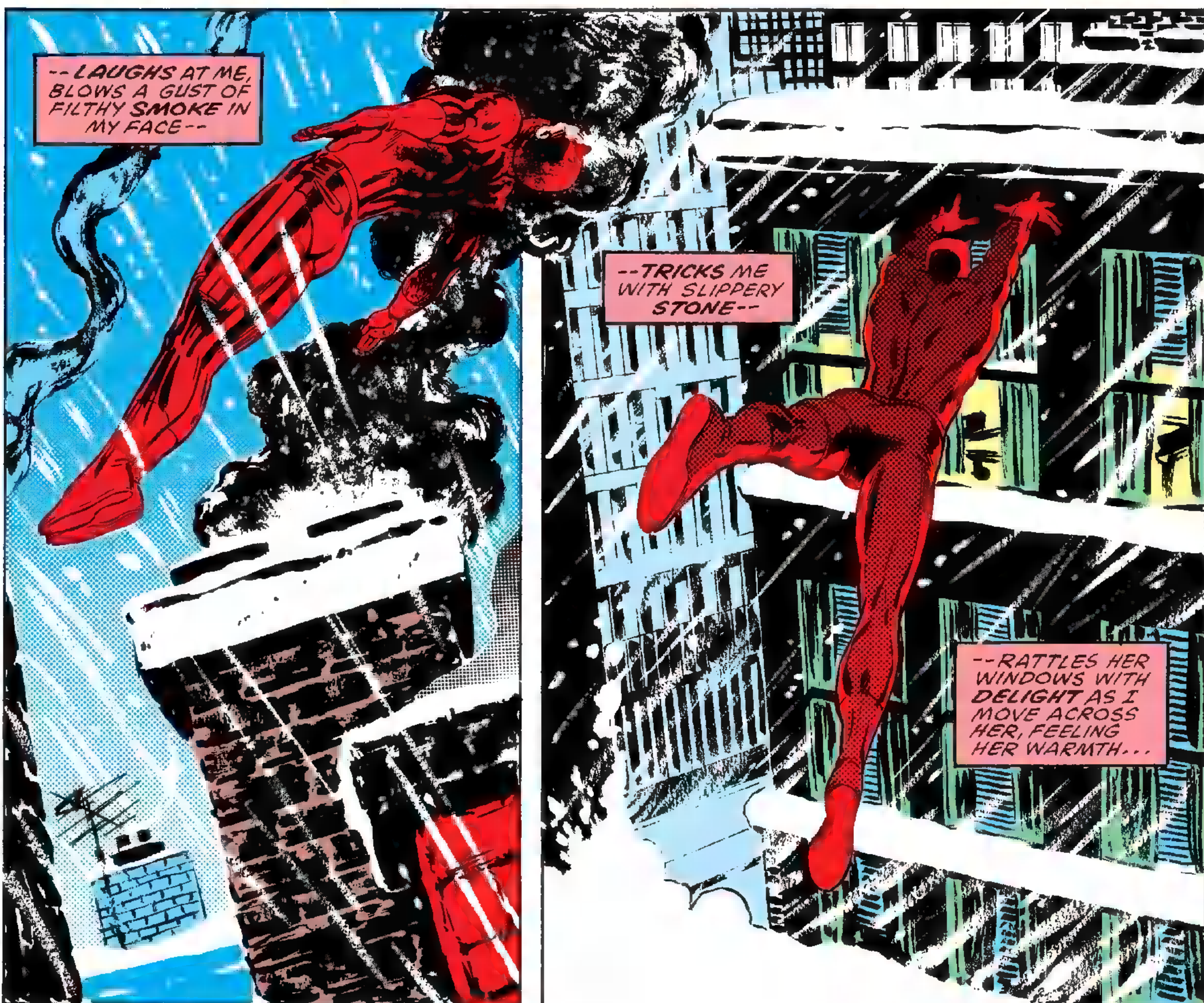




SHE GREETES ME WITH  
A BLAST OF WIND  
AND HER ENDLESS,  
ANGRY ROAR.



SHE HUMS WITH POWER  
AND TICKLES MY LEGS  
WITH A THOUSAND FLIRTING  
FINGERS--

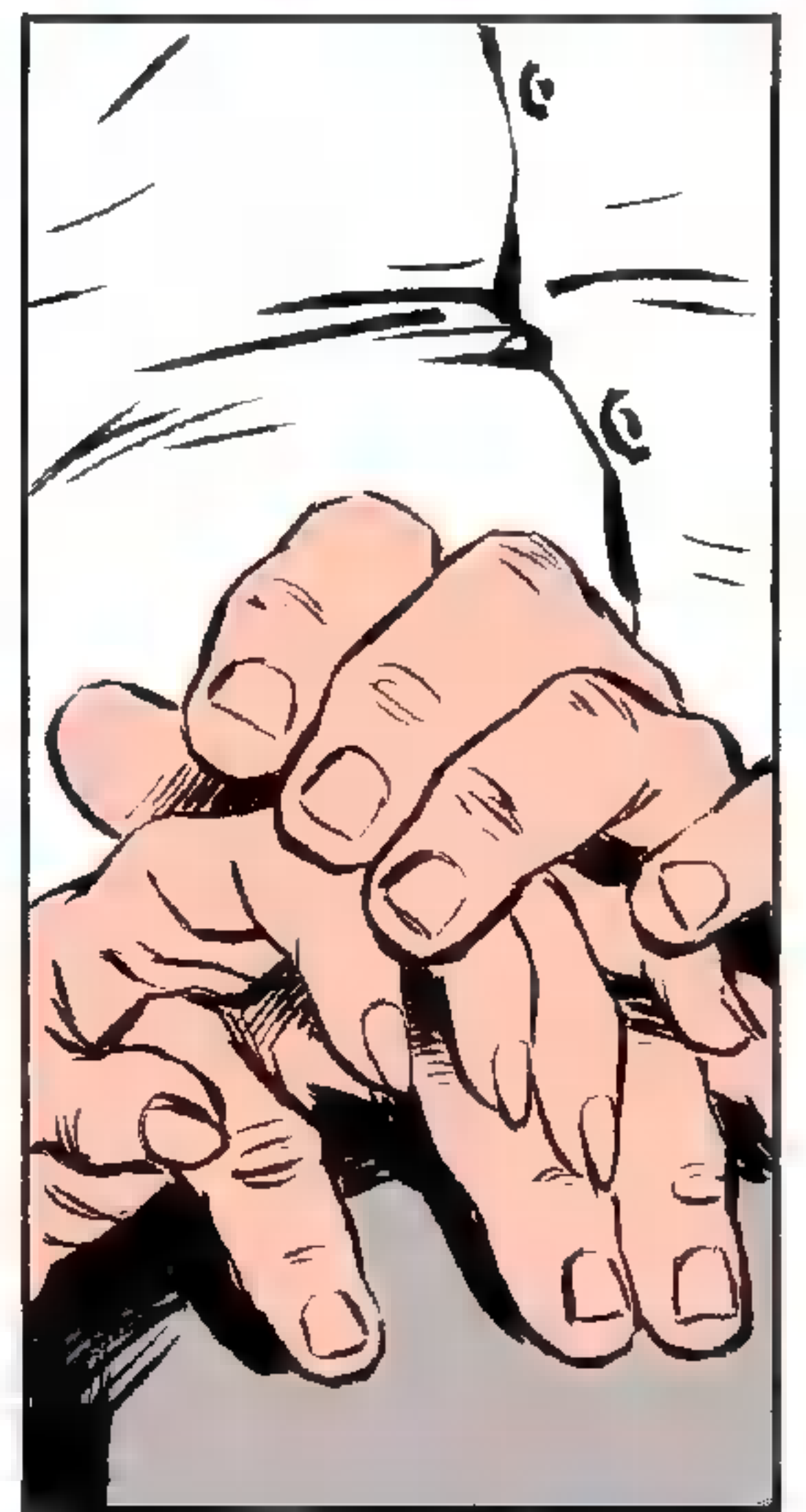
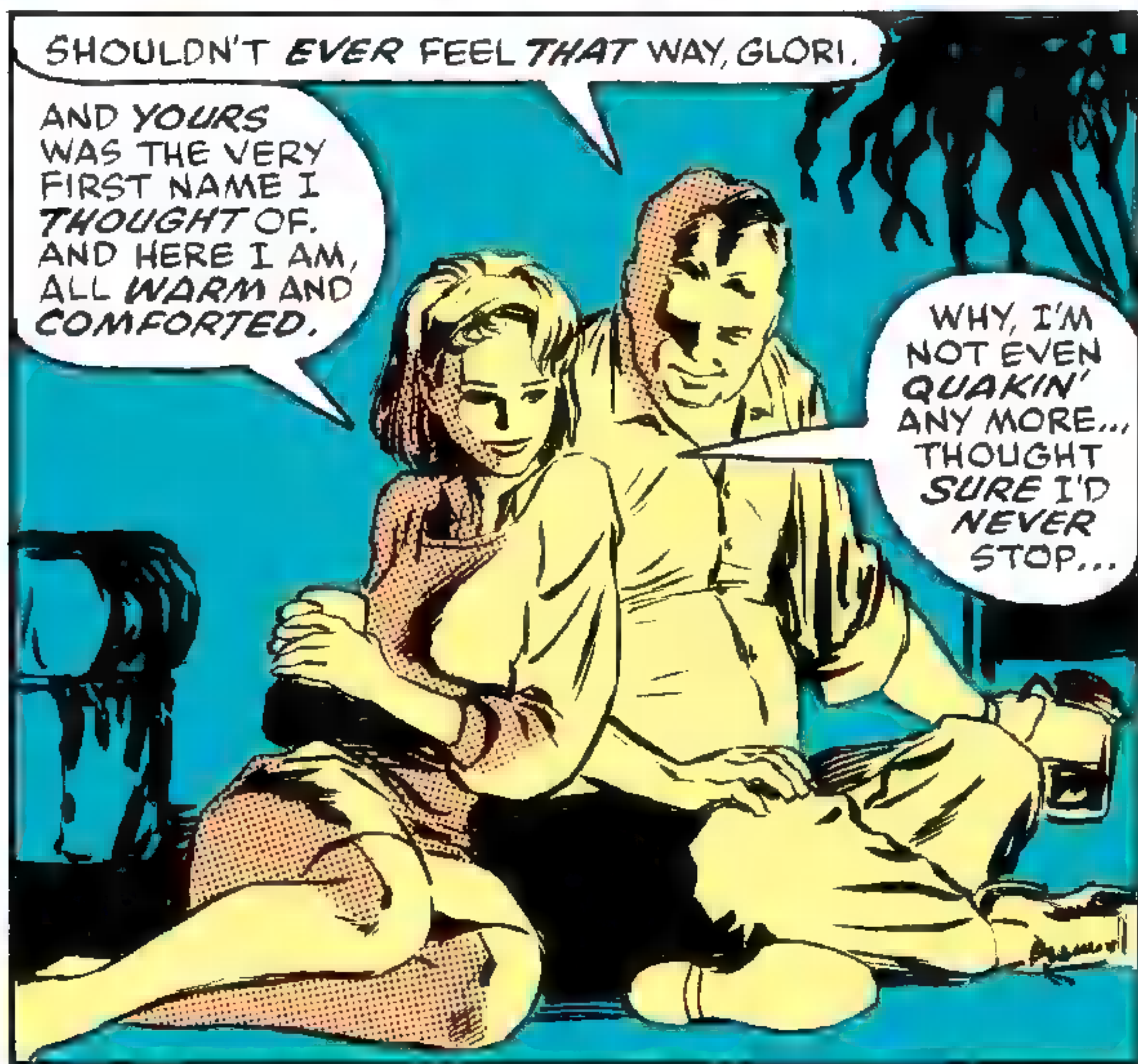
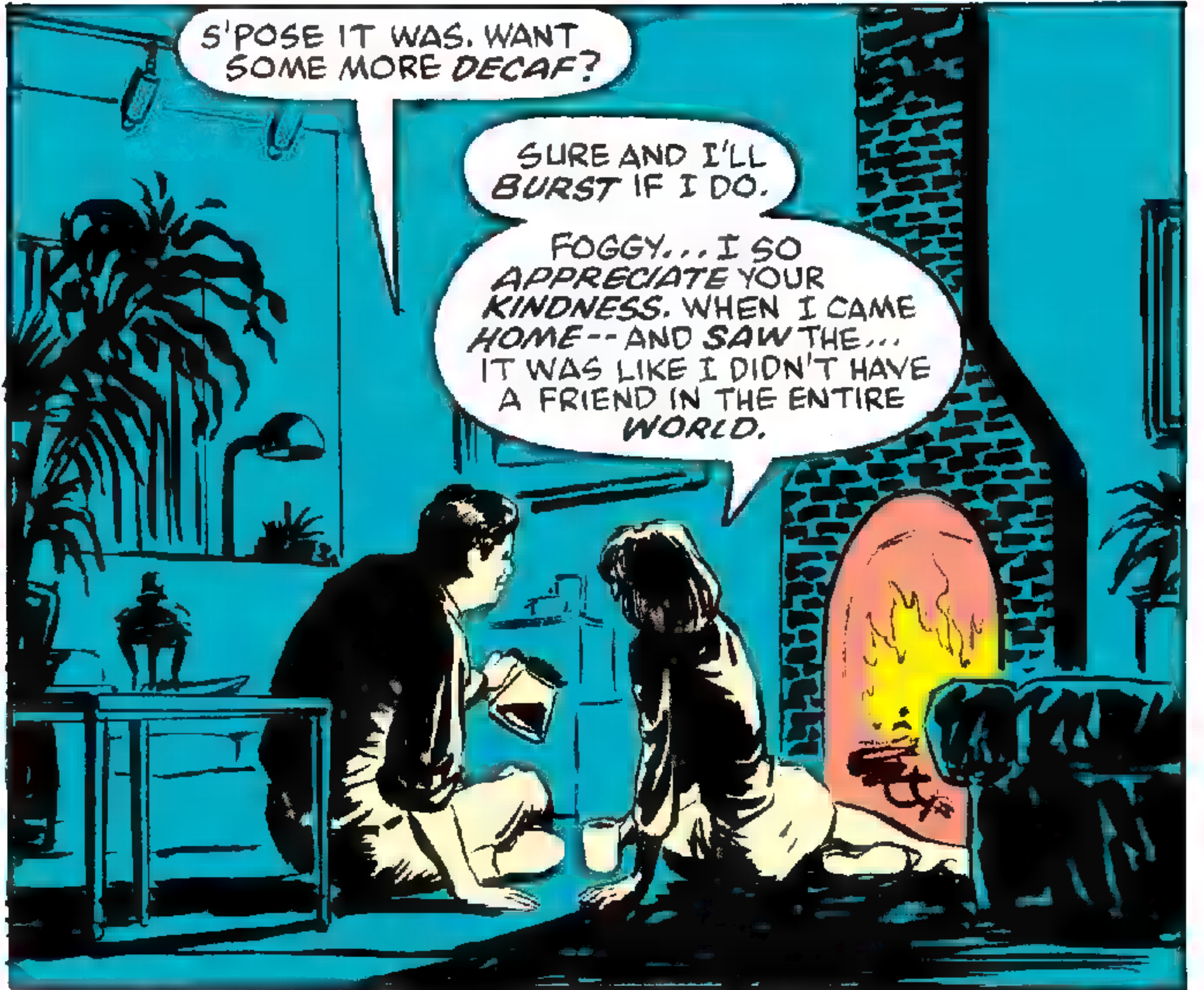


-- LAUGHS AT ME,  
BLOWS A GUST OF  
FILTHY SMOKE IN  
MY FACE--

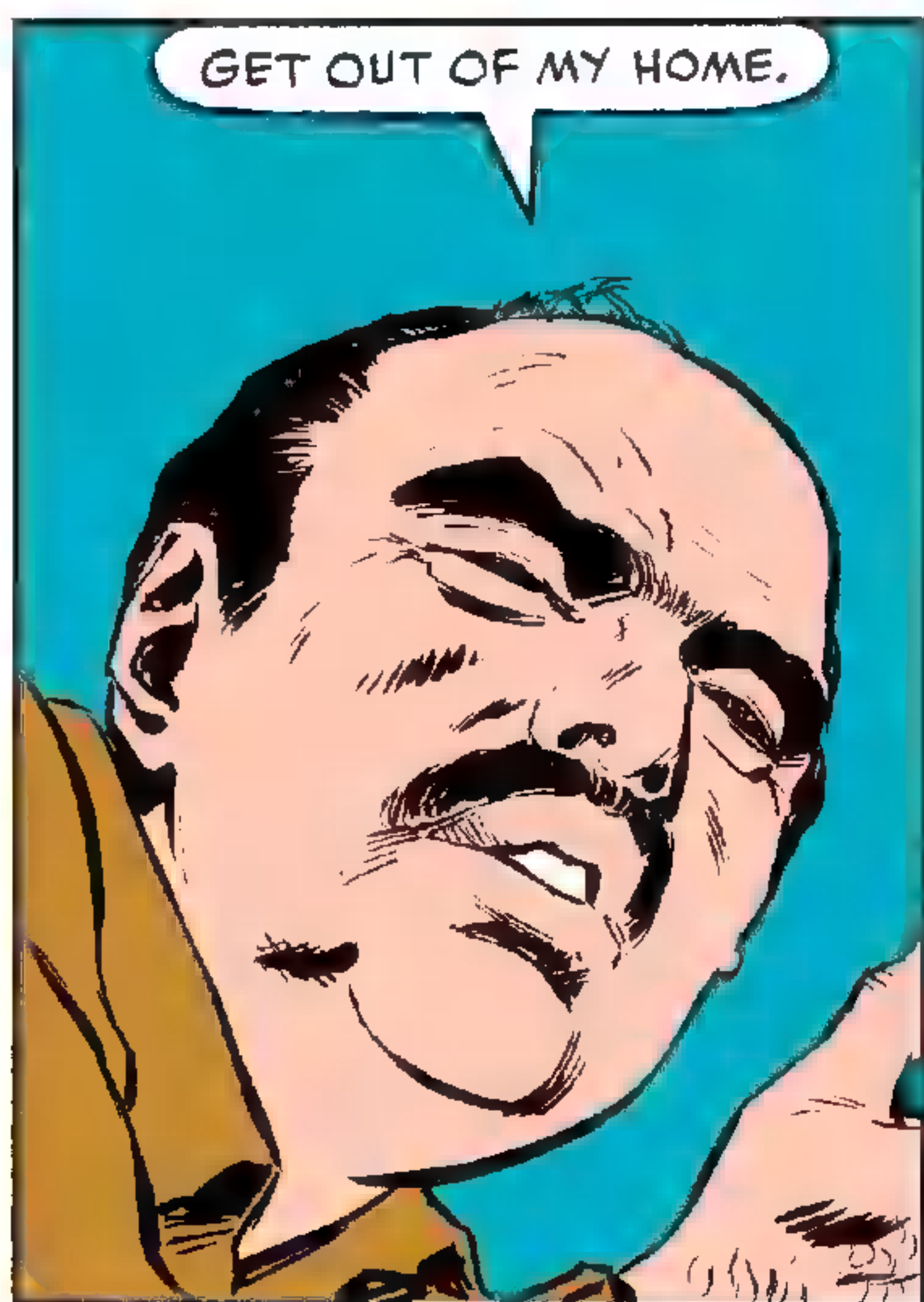
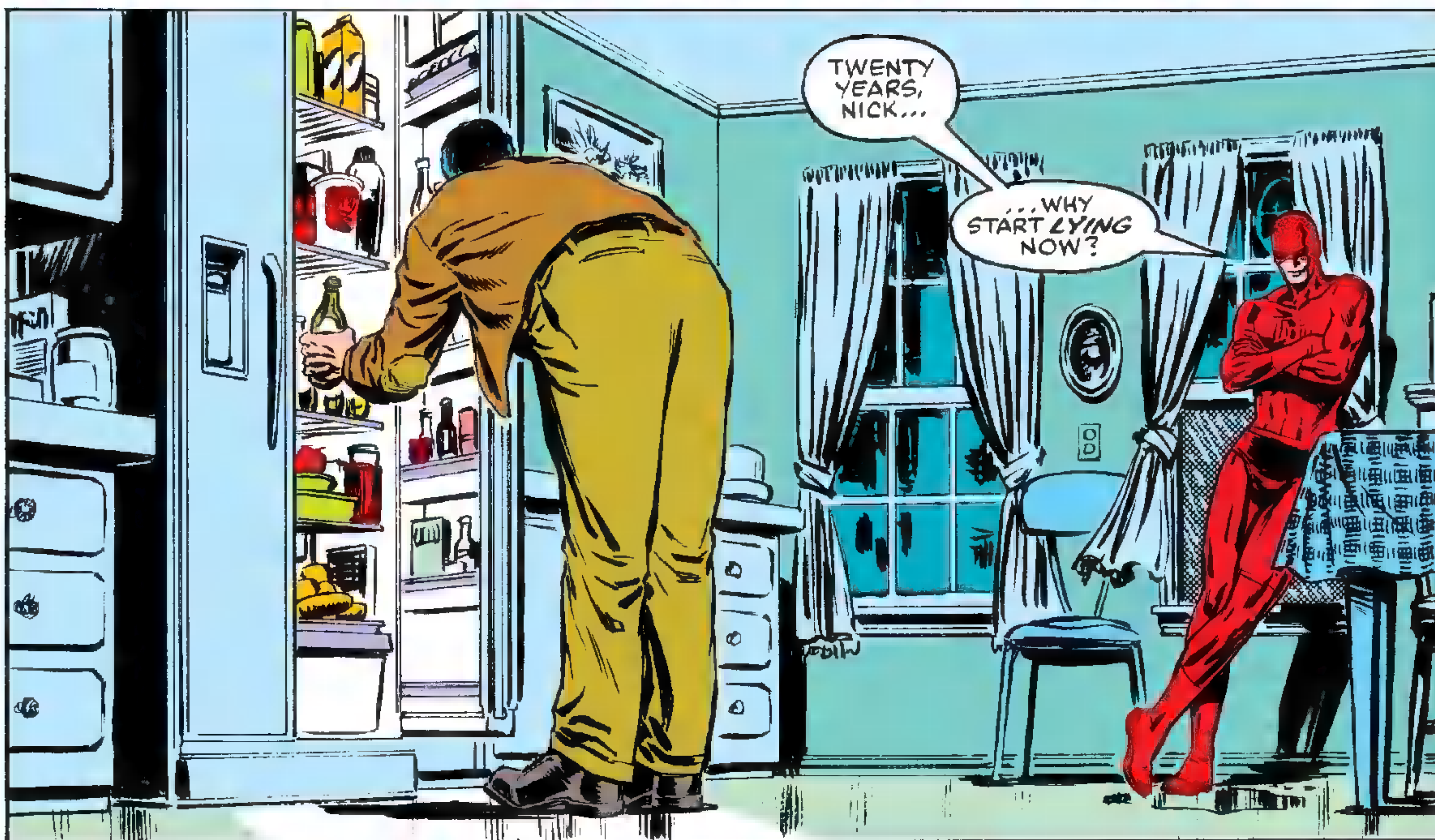
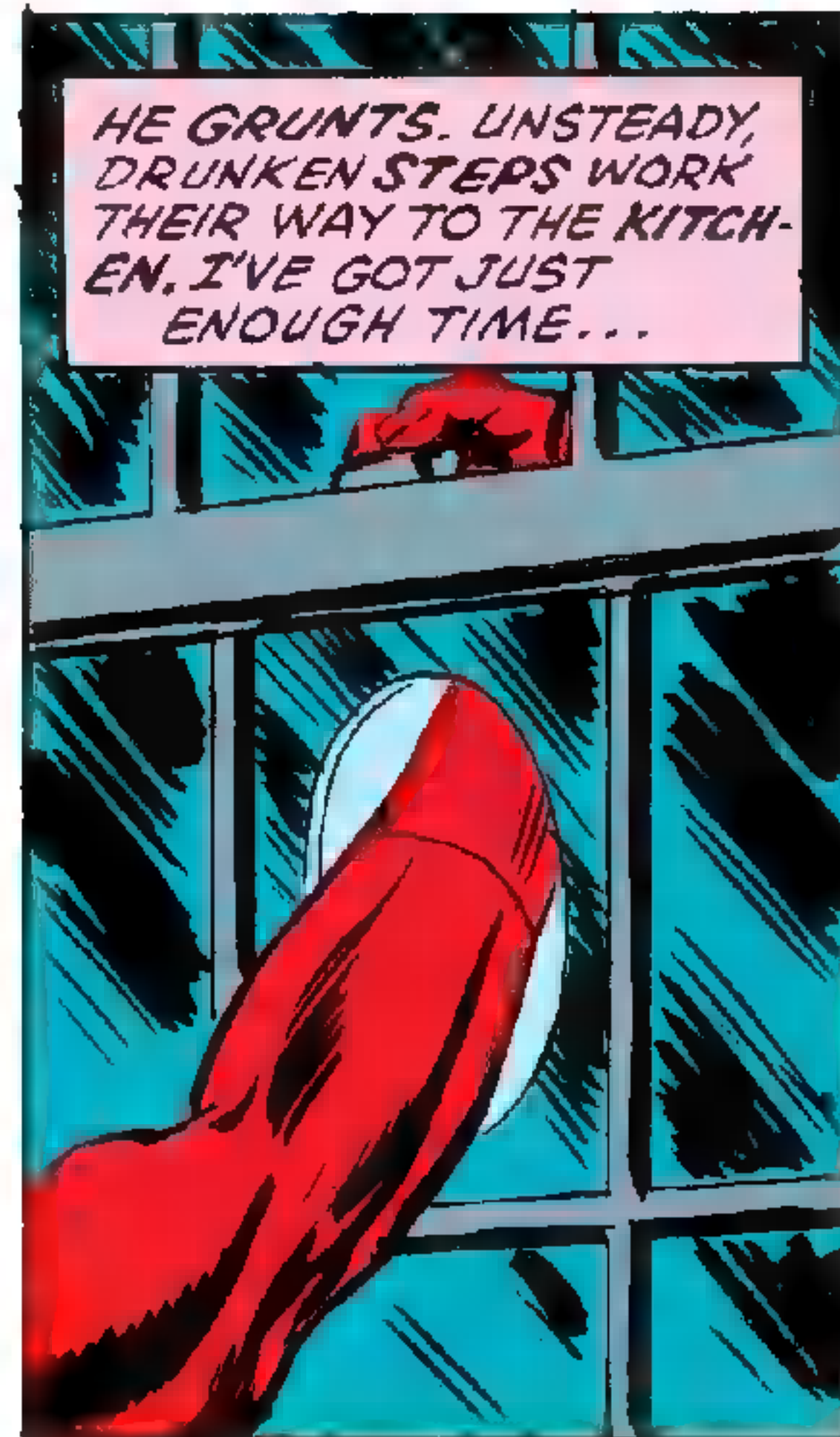
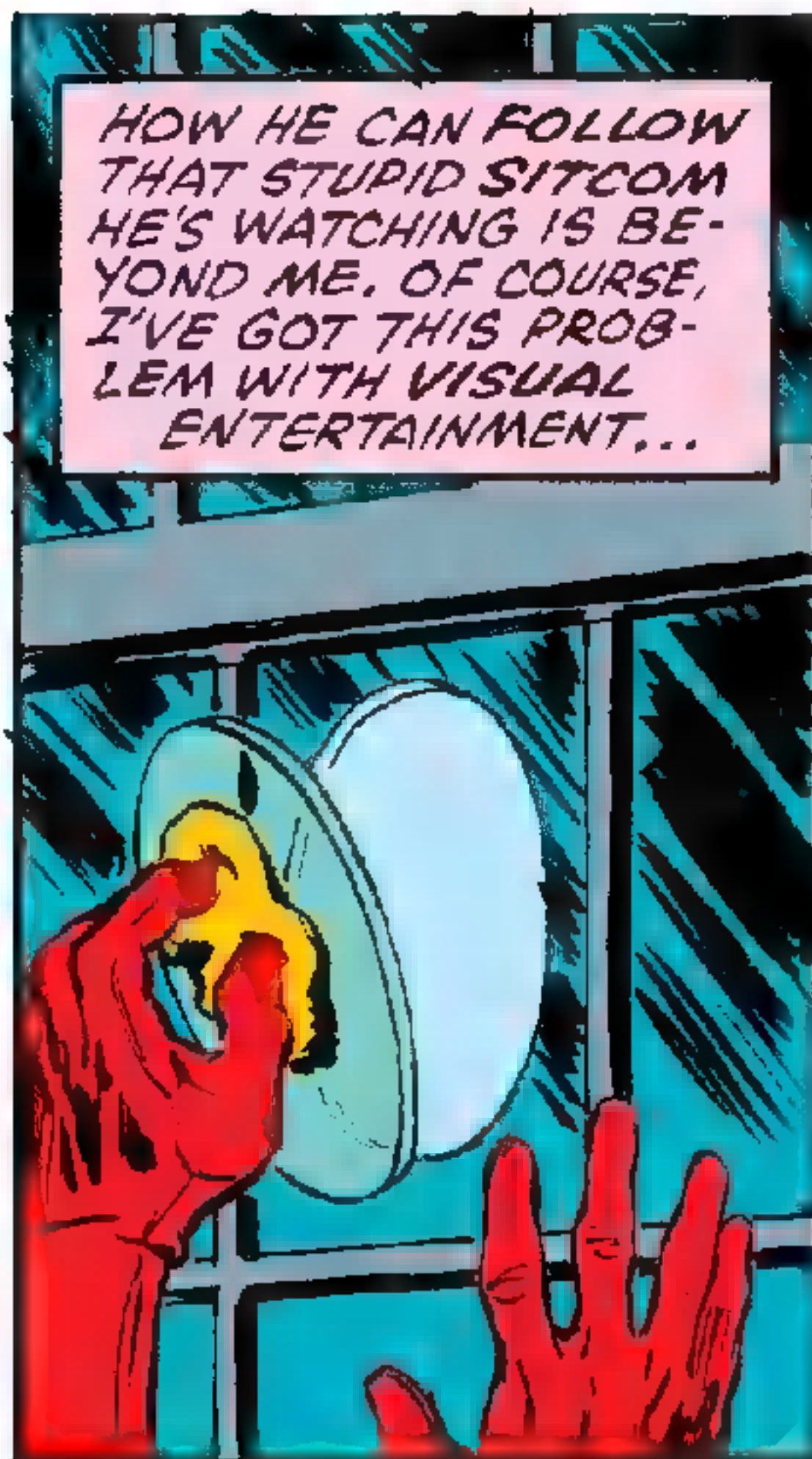
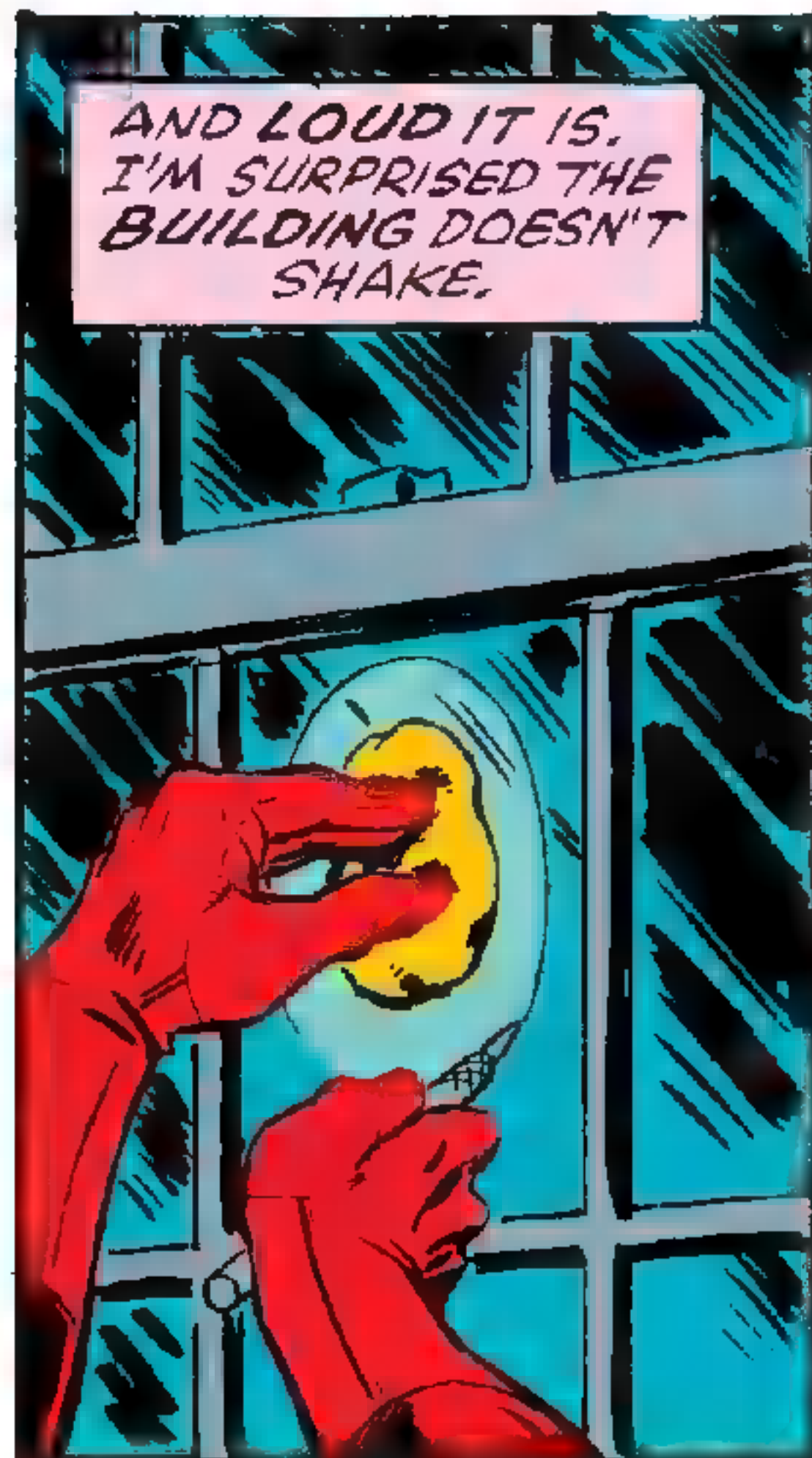
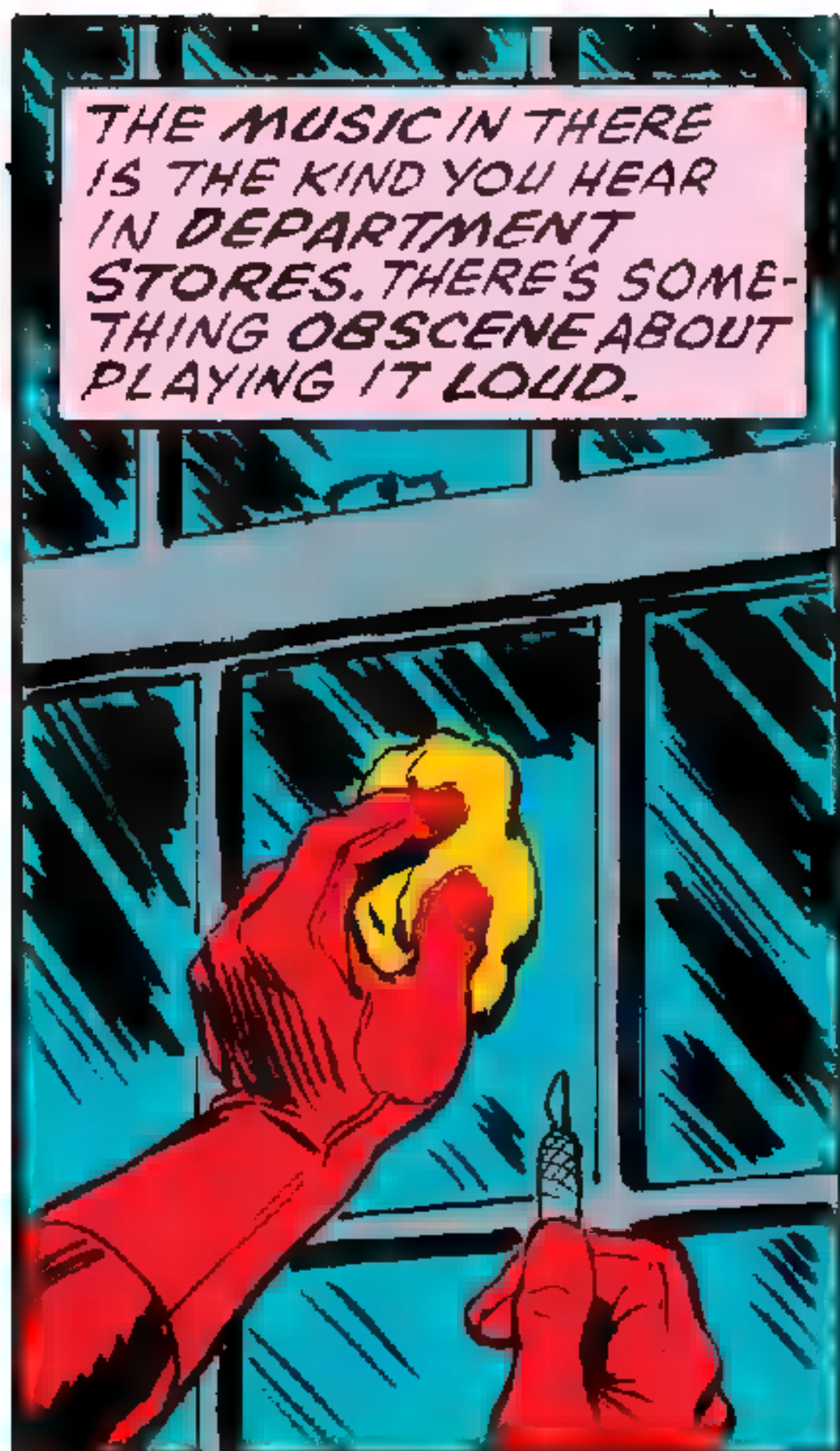
--TRICKS ME  
WITH SLIPPERY  
STONE--

--RATTLES HER  
WINDOWS WITH  
DELIGHT AS I  
MOVE ACROSS  
HER, FEELING  
HER WARMTH...







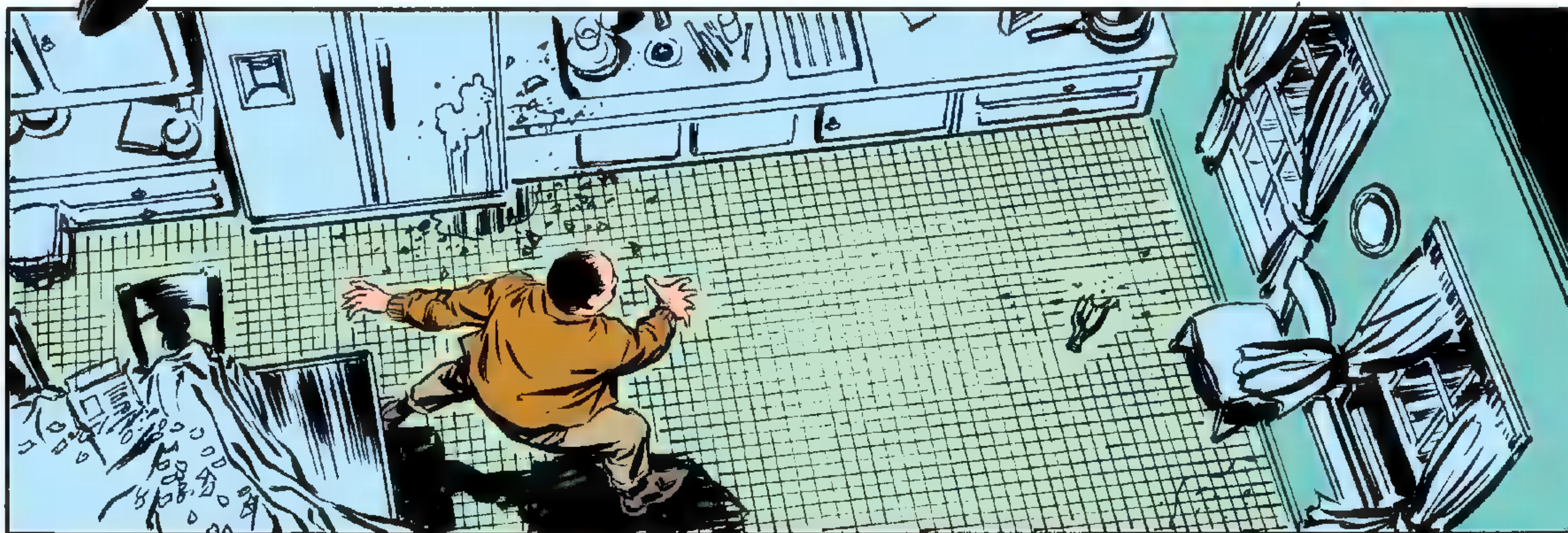




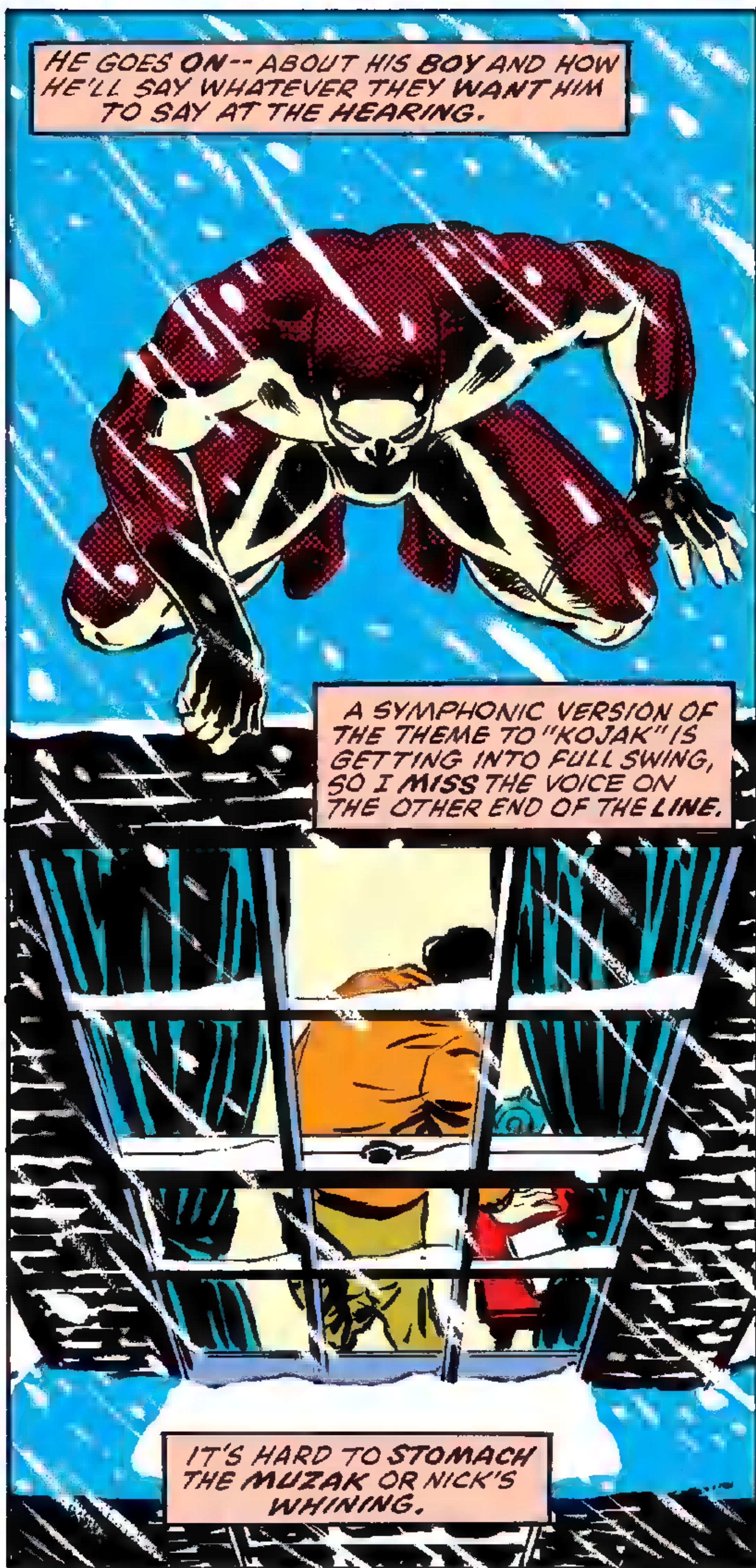
I COULD FORCE THE TRUTH FROM HIM, TOUGH AS HE IS.

I'D HAVE TO USE TORTURE...

**FAPP**



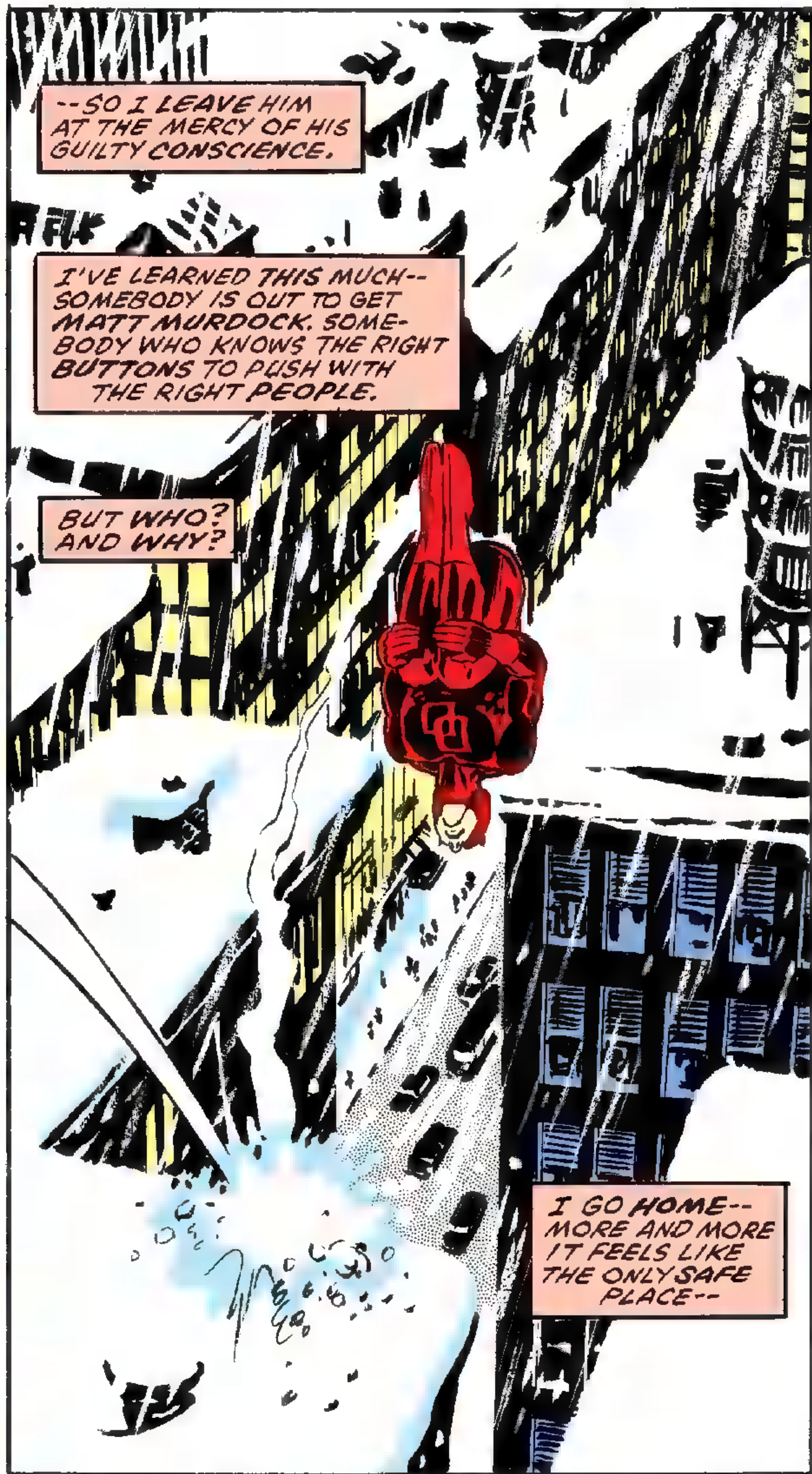




HE GOES ON-- ABOUT HIS BOY AND HOW HE'LL SAY WHATEVER THEY WANT HIM TO SAY AT THE HEARING.

A SYMPHONIC VERSION OF THE THEME TO "KOJAK" IS GETTING INTO FULL SWING, SO I MISS THE VOICE ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE.

IT'S HARD TO STOMACH THE MUZAK OR NICK'S WHINING.



--SO I LEAVE HIM AT THE MERCY OF HIS GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

I'VE LEARNED THIS MUCH-- SOMEBODY IS OUT TO GET MATT MURDOCK. SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS THE RIGHT BUTTONS TO PUSH WITH THE RIGHT PEOPLE.

BUT WHO? AND WHY?

I GO HOME-- MORE AND MORE IT FEELS LIKE THE ONLY SAFE PLACE--



-- IT ISN'T UNTIL I TRY TO FIX DINNER THAT I REALIZE THE POWER'S OFF.



I TRY CON EDISON'S EMERGENCY NUMBER. MY PHONE'S BEEN DISCONNECTED.



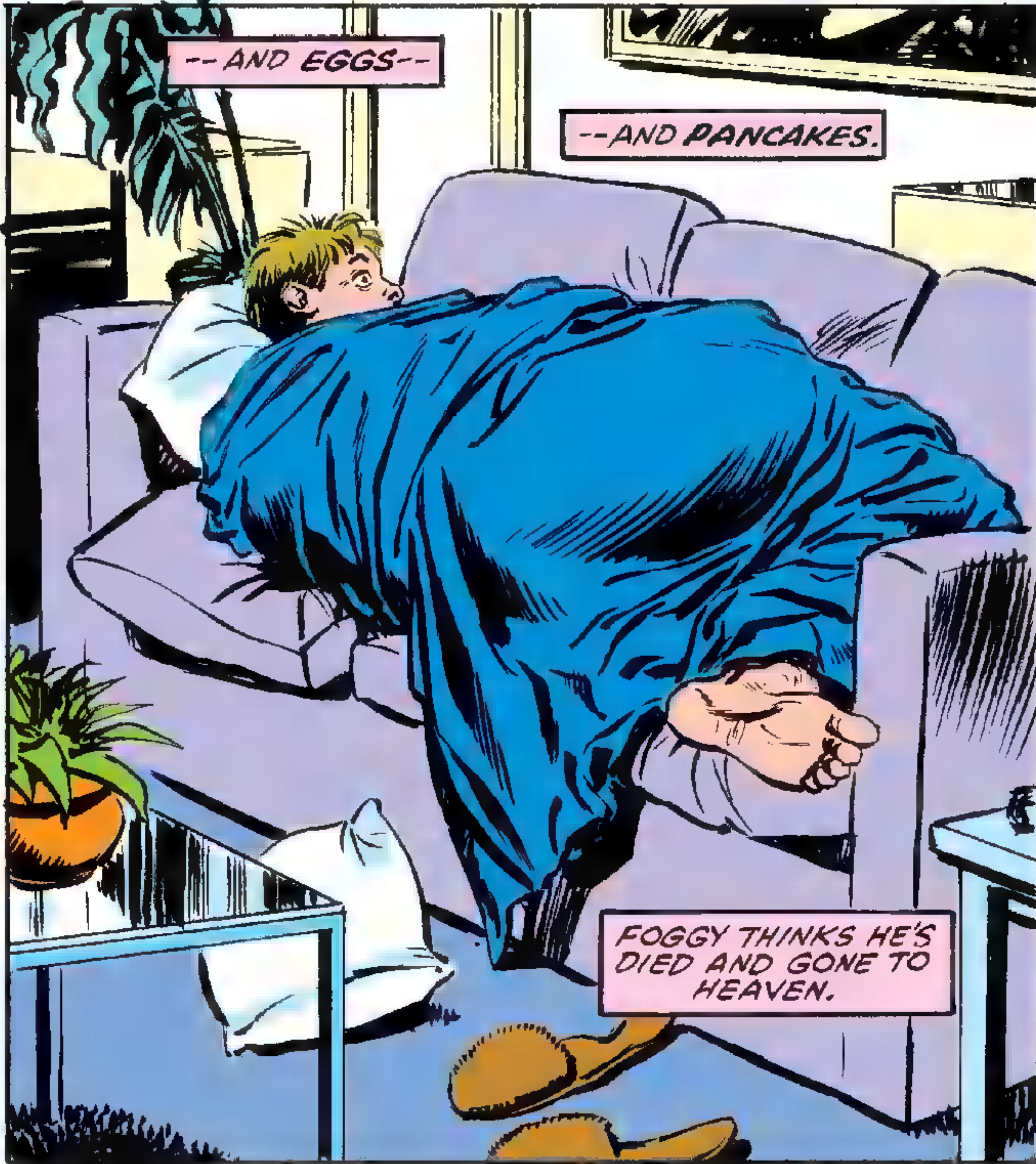
IT'S BEEN A DAY.





THE FIRST THING FOGGY NELSON FEELS THIS MORNING IS AN IRRITATING KNOT AT THE BASE OF HIS SKULL.

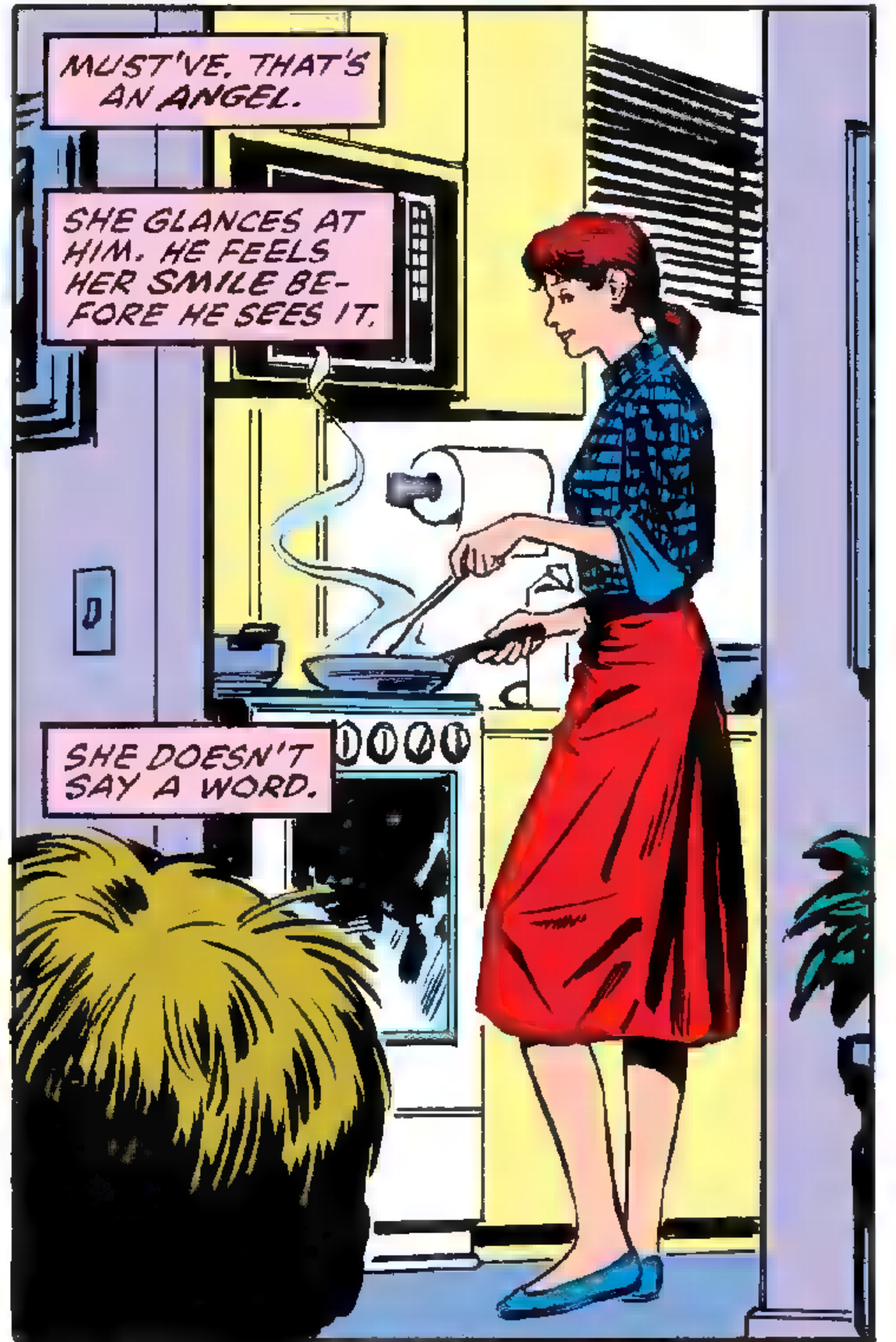
HE FORGETS IT AS SOON AS HE SMELLS THE FRYING BACON.



-- AND EGGS--

-- AND PANCAKES.

FOGGY THINKS HE'S DIED AND GONE TO HEAVEN.



MUST'VE. THAT'S AN ANGEL.

SHE GLANCES AT HIM. HE FEELS HER SMILE BEFORE HE SEES IT.

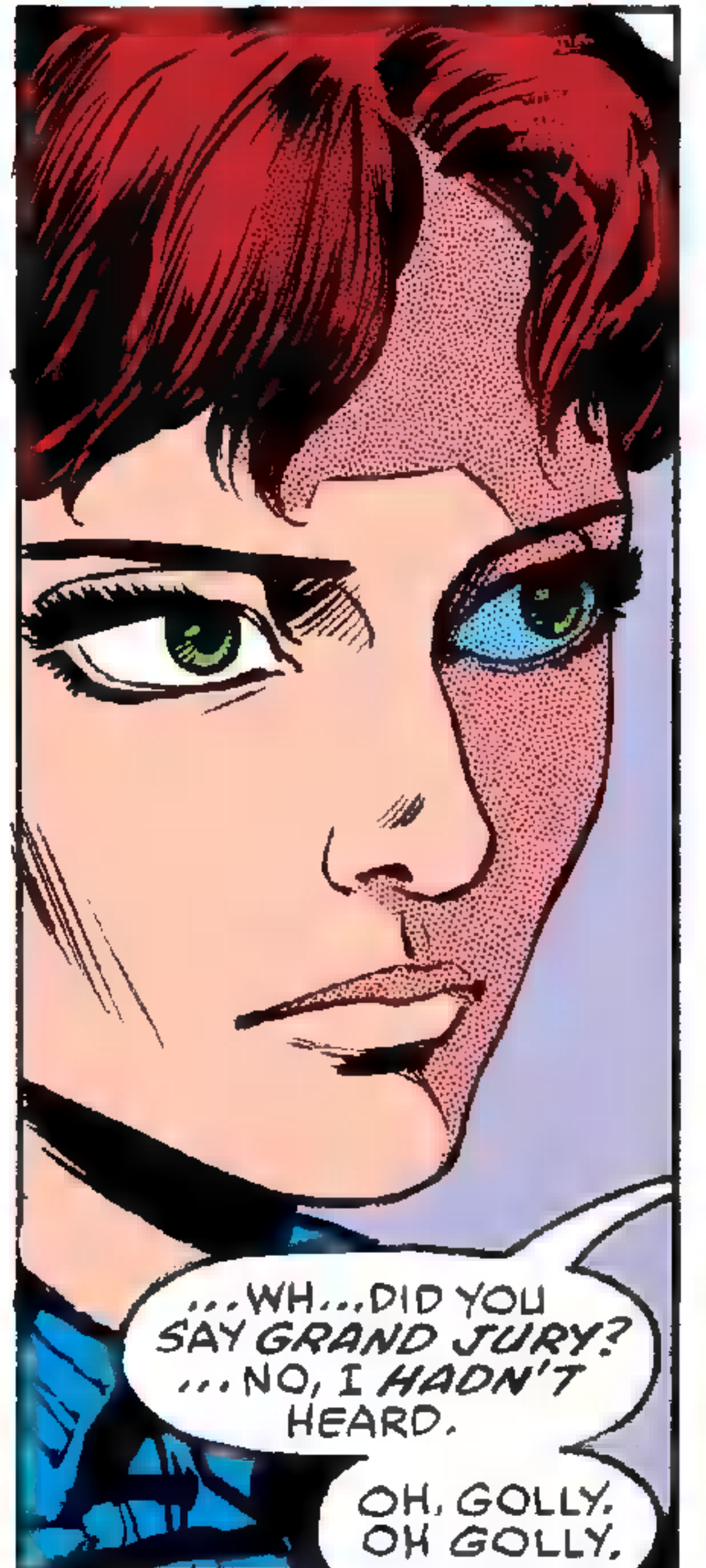
SHE DOESN'T SAY A WORD.



NELSON RESIDENCE.  
...HELLO, MATT...  
NO, YE DIDN'T MISDIAL...  
I'LL PUT HIM ON...



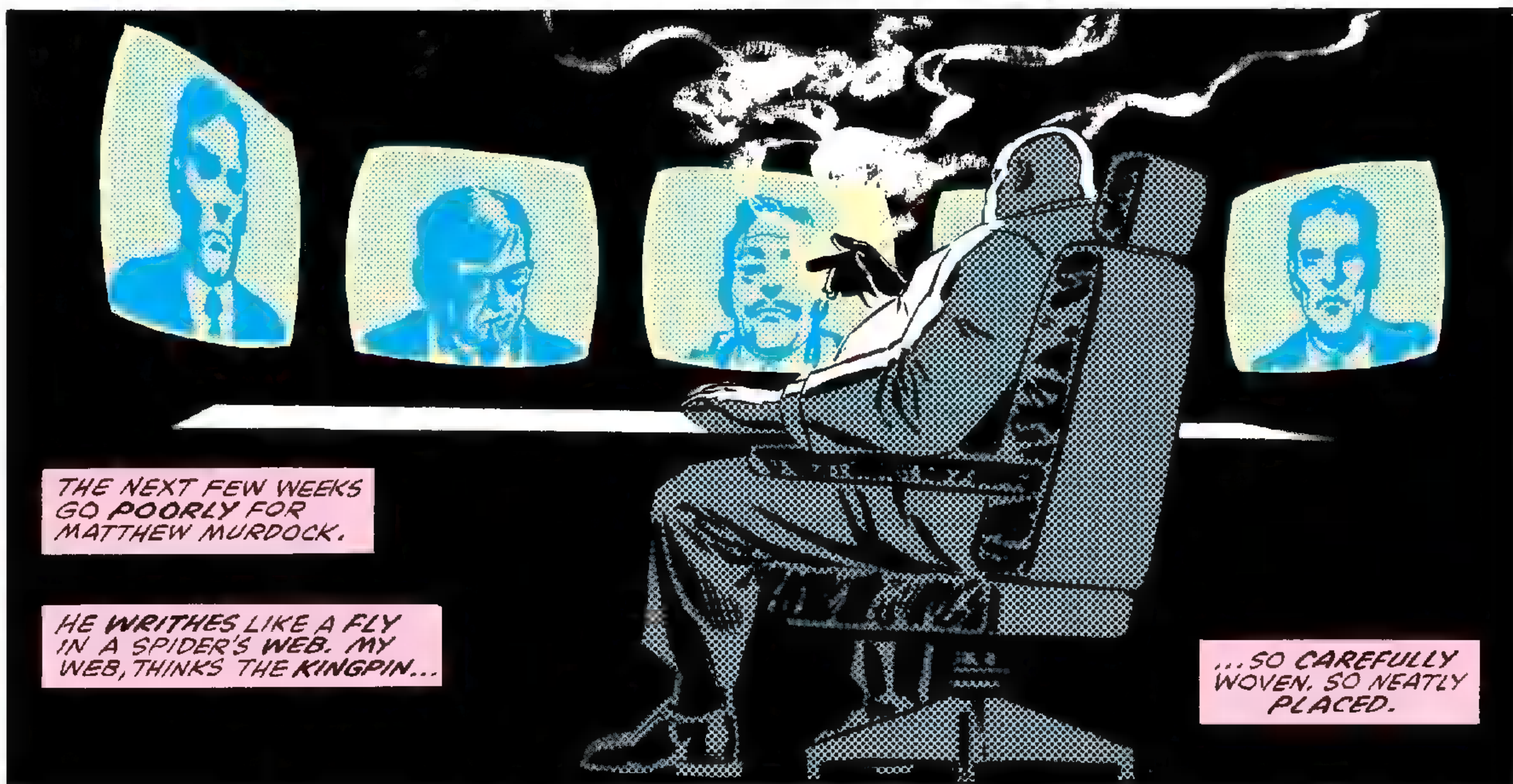
MATT! HI! LISTEN, THE CRAZIEST THING HAPPENED LAST NIGHT--  
--WHAT? HARD TO HEAR YOU, MATT, WHERE-- A PHONE BOOTH? AT THIS HOUR?...



...WH...DID YOU SAY GRAND JURY?  
...NO, I HADN'T HEARD.

OH, GOLLY, OH GOLLY.

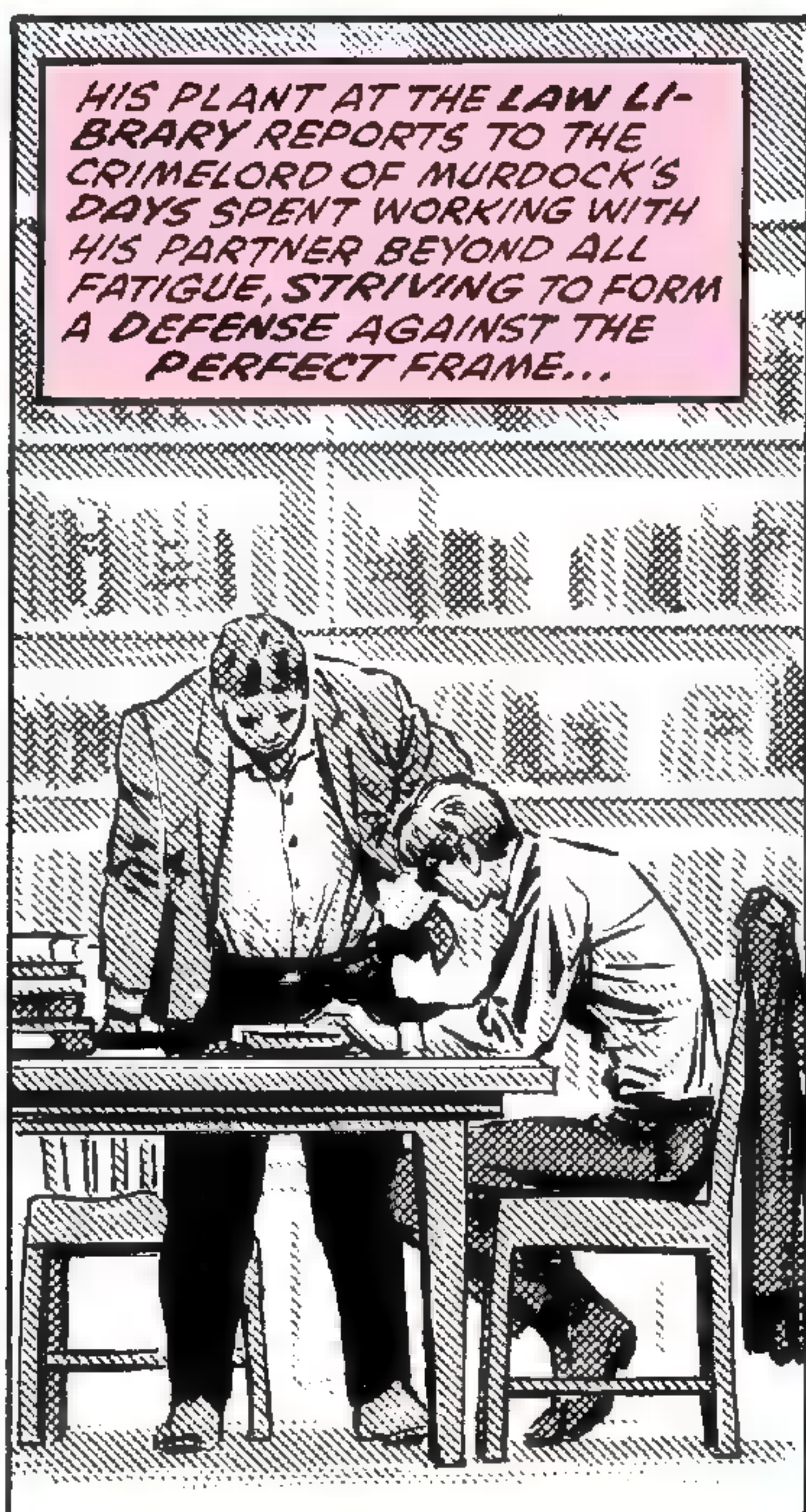




THE NEXT FEW WEEKS  
GO POORLY FOR  
MATTHEW MURDOCK.

HE WRITHES LIKE A FLY  
IN A SPIDER'S WEB. MY  
WEB, THINKS THE KINGPIN...

...SO CAREFULLY  
WOVEN. SO NEATLY  
PLACED.



HIS PLANT AT THE LAW LI-  
BRARY REPORTS TO THE  
CRIMELORD OF MURDOCK'S  
DAYS SPENT WORKING WITH  
HIS PARTNER BEYOND ALL  
FATIGUE, STRIVING TO FORM  
A DEFENSE AGAINST THE  
PERFECT FRAME...



...PHOTOGRAPHS, TAKEN  
BY TELESCOPE-- FOR THE  
MAN'S DEFENSES ARE YET  
UNKNOWN-- PROVIDE A STOP-  
MOTION STUDY OF MURDOCK'S  
DETERIORATION...



...MOST DELICIOUS ARE THE  
NIGHTS, AS LOW-LEVEL STOOLIES,  
LIKE DISTANT NERVE ENDINGS,  
TELL OF INCREASINGLY VIOLENT,  
INCREASINGLY ABERRANT  
ASSAULTS BY A WARRIOR WHOSE  
FISTS ARE NO HELP AGAINST THE  
CORROSIVE GAS THAT FILLS HIS  
LIFE...

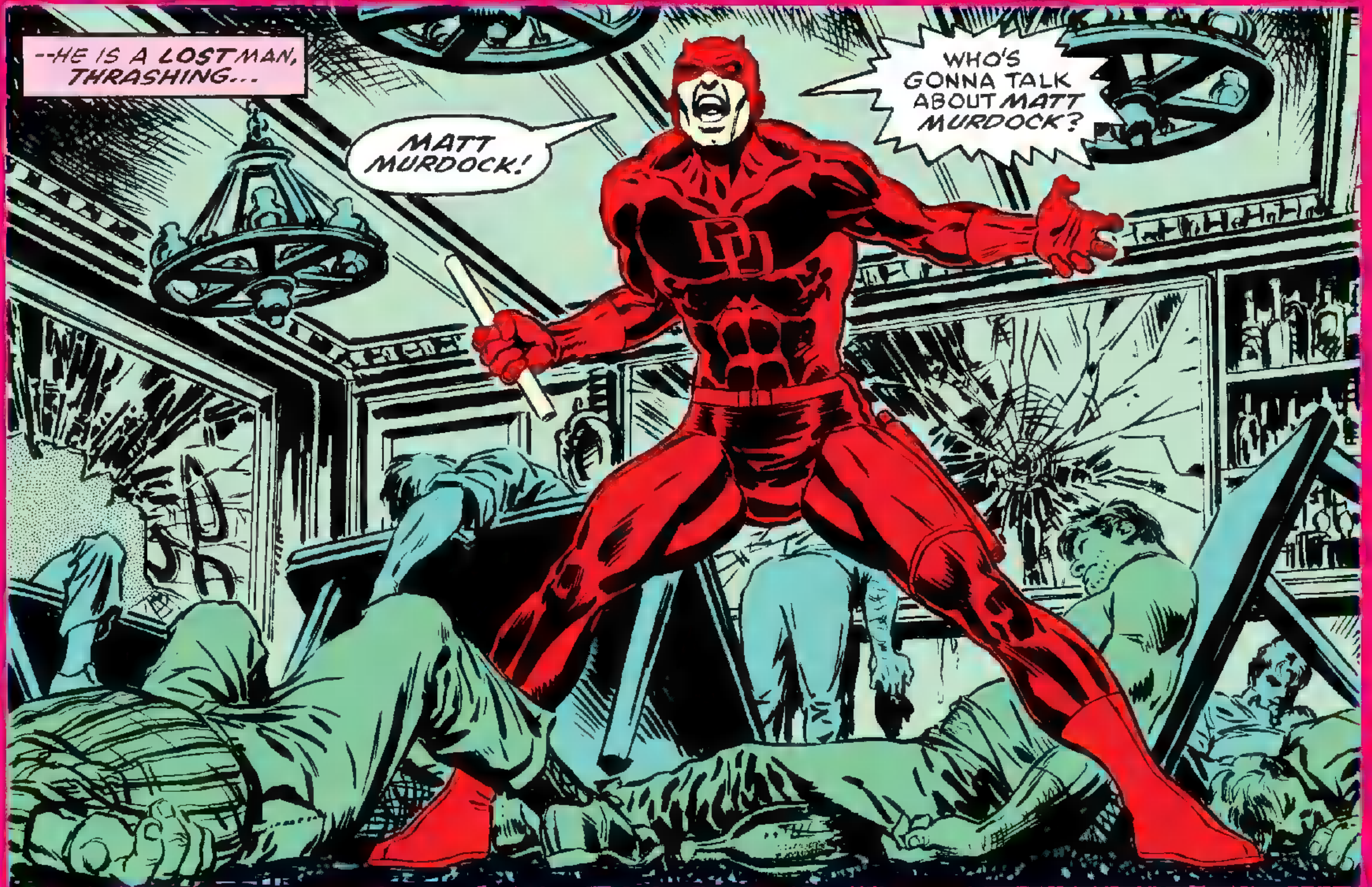


...ASSAULTS WHICH CLIMAX IN  
AN ENLIGHTENING EPISODE.

IT HAPPENS IN A WATERFRONT  
SALOON-- ONE HE FREQUENTS  
TO PRY INFORMATION FROM  
THE LOWEST ECHELON OF MY  
ORGANIZATION.

ONE HE ENTERS NOW AS  
AN ANGRY BEGGAR--  
WITH NO SENSE OF  
CAUTION OR STRATEGY--





NO ONE TELLS HIM ANYTHING OF VALUE. NO ONE COULD, BUT I.

FOR I HAVE KEPT MY MOVEMENTS SCATTERED AMONG A DOZEN LIEUTENANTS, NONE OF WHOM POSSESS MORE THAN A SINGLE SCRAP OF INFORMATION.

I HAVE GIVEN THE WORD-- FROM STILLSON TO KAREN PAGE-- ALL WHO MIGHT KNOW WILL DIE.

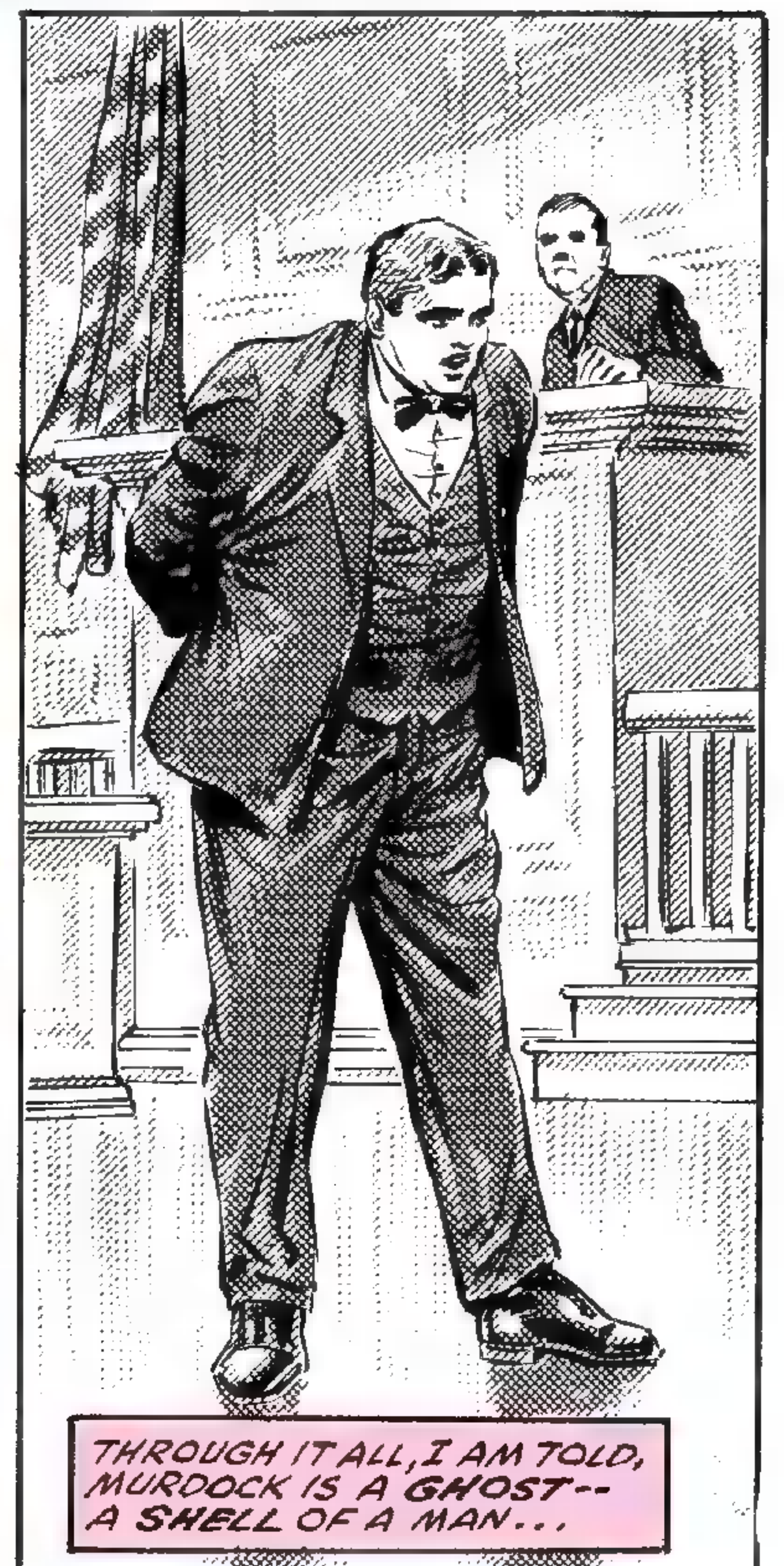


DAREDEVIL IS MATTHEW MURDOCK --AND MORE--

--THERE IS A RIFT INSIDE HIM--A WEDGE --STEADILY WEAKENING HIS REASON--

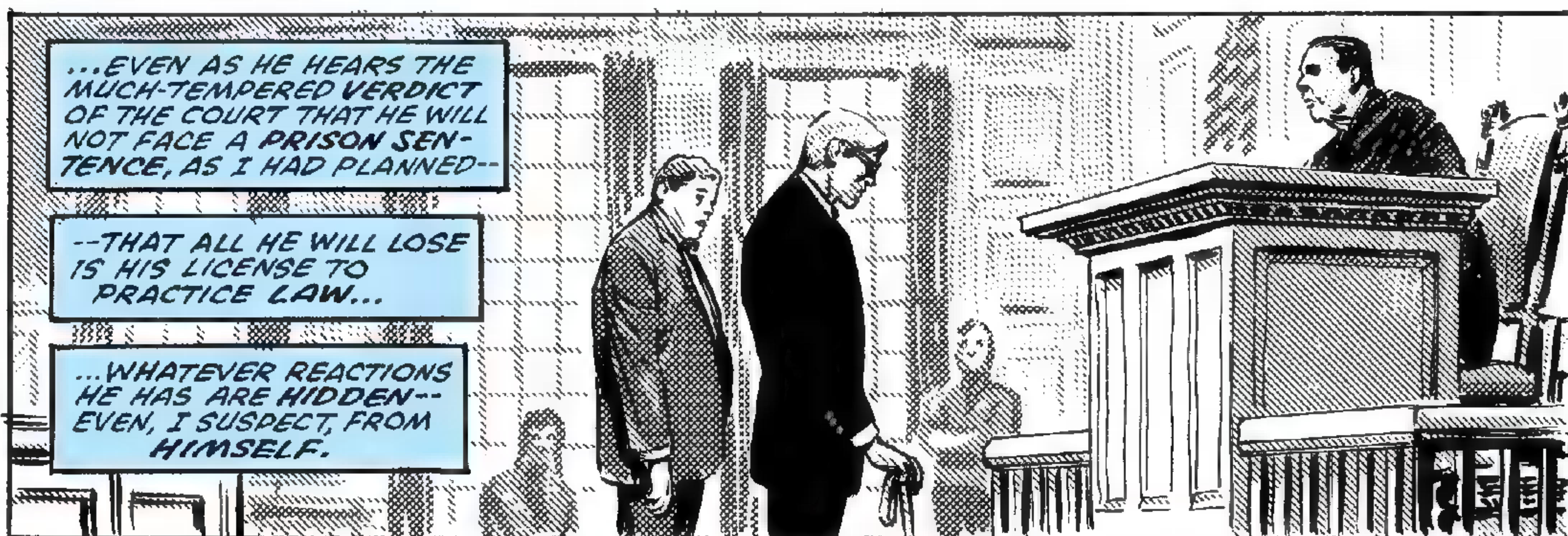
--STEADILY DRIVING HIM INSANE.

THE HEARING IS MADE NOTEWORTHY BY THE PERFORMANCE OF FRANKLIN NELSON, WHOSE EYE FOR LEGAL DETAIL AND IMAGINATIVE USE OF PRECEDENT CAUSE ME TO MAKE A NOTE TO HAVE HIM HIRED.



THROUGH IT ALL, I AM TOLD, MURDOCK IS A GHOST-- A SHELL OF A MAN...





...EVEN AS HE HEARS THE MUCH-TEMPERED VERDICT OF THE COURT THAT HE WILL NOT FACE A PRISON SENTENCE, AS I HAD PLANNED--

--THAT ALL HE WILL LOSE IS HIS LICENSE TO PRACTICE LAW...

...WHATEVER REACTIONS HE HAS ARE HIDDEN-- EVEN, I SUSPECT, FROM HIMSELF.



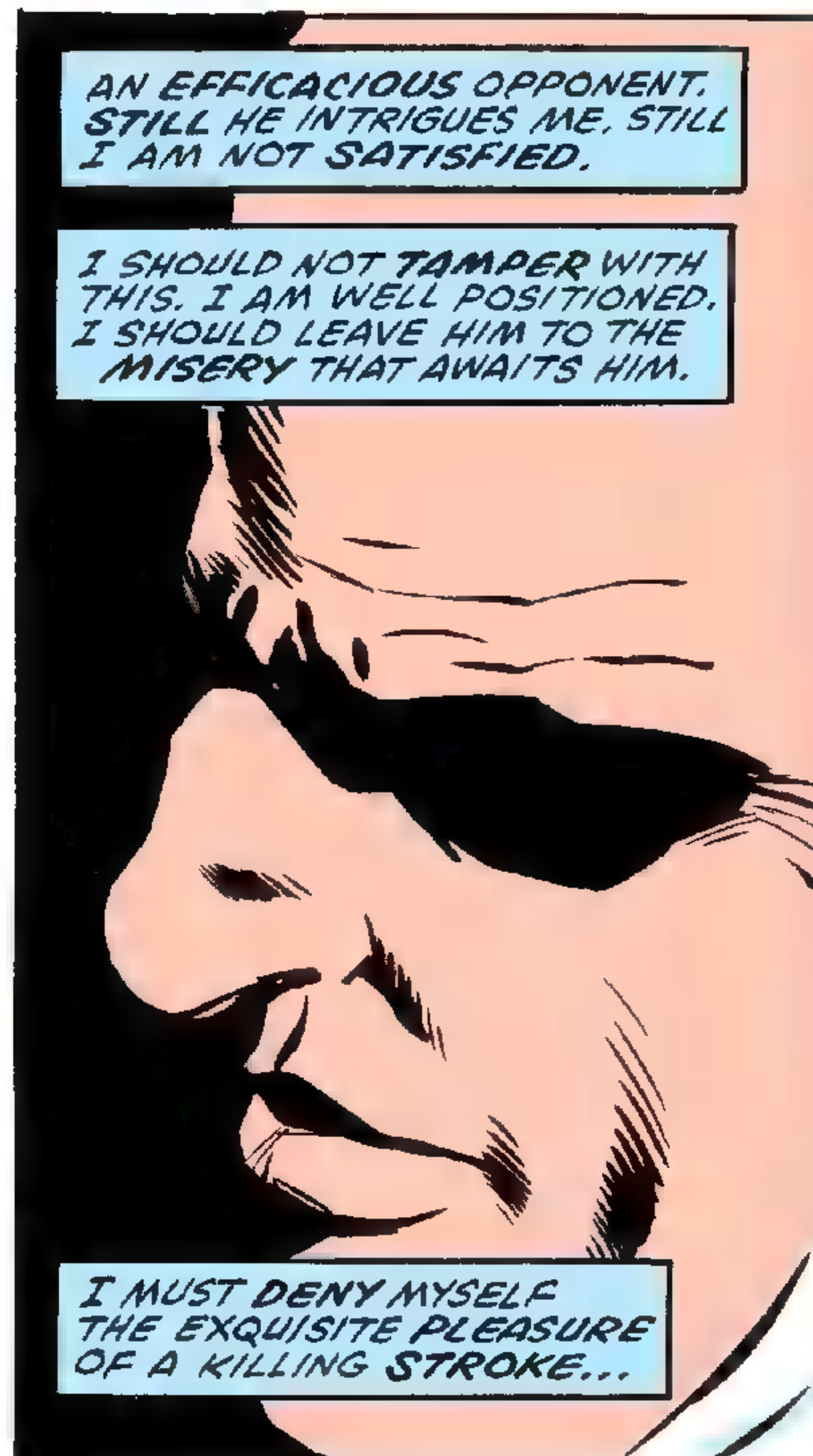
HE FACES POVERTY AND PUBLIC SHAME. HE WILL BE HOUNDED BY DOCTORED TAX FILES, DEPRIVED OF HIS VERY HOME. SURVIVAL WILL BECOME HIS ONLY CONCERN.

PERHAPS I WILL HIRE HIM --WHAT IS LEFT OF HIM-- AFTER A TIME, AFTER HE HAS LEARNED HOW POWERLESS HE IS.



HIS TALENTS WOULD BE VALUABLE-- AND HIS HONOR WILL CRUSH ITSELF.

HIS TALENT. YES. ANY MAN SO DEDICATED AS TO PRETEND TO BLINDNESS IN DAILY LIFE HAS SURELY DEVELOPED A RANGE OF METHODS AND TECHNIQUES THAT WOULD BE AN ASSET TO MY ENTERPRISES.



AN EFFICACIOUS OPPONENT. STILL HE INTRIGUES ME. STILL I AM NOT SATISFIED.

I SHOULD NOT TAMPER WITH THIS. I AM WELL POSITIONED. I SHOULD LEAVE HIM TO THE MISERY THAT AWAITS HIM.

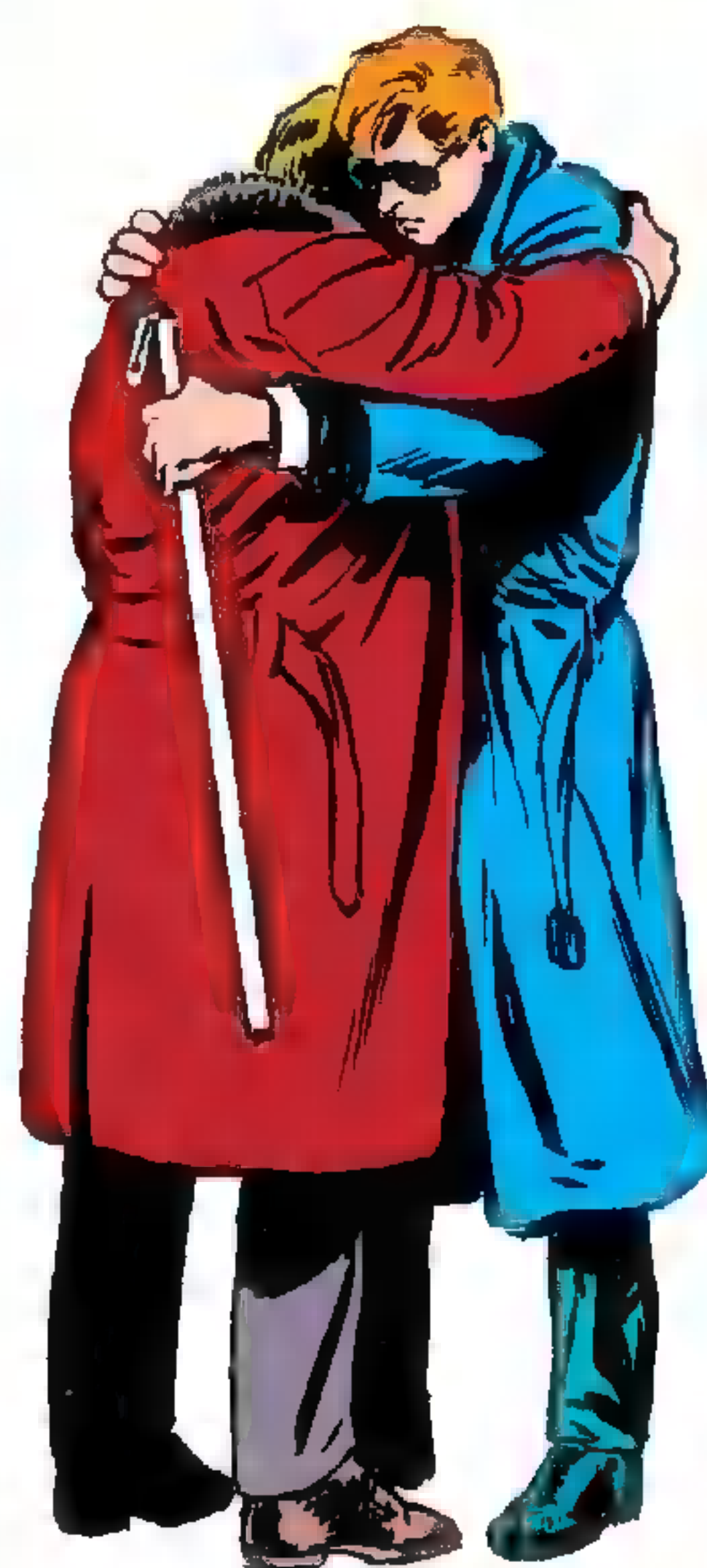
I MUST DENY MYSELF THE EXQUISITE PLEASURE OF A KILLING STROKE...



I FEEL AWFUL, MATT... JUST AWFUL...

YOU WERE BRILLIANT, FOGGY. YOU KEPT ME OUT OF PRISON.

I HAVEN'T DONE MUCH TO DESERVE THIS KIND OF FRIENDSHIP...



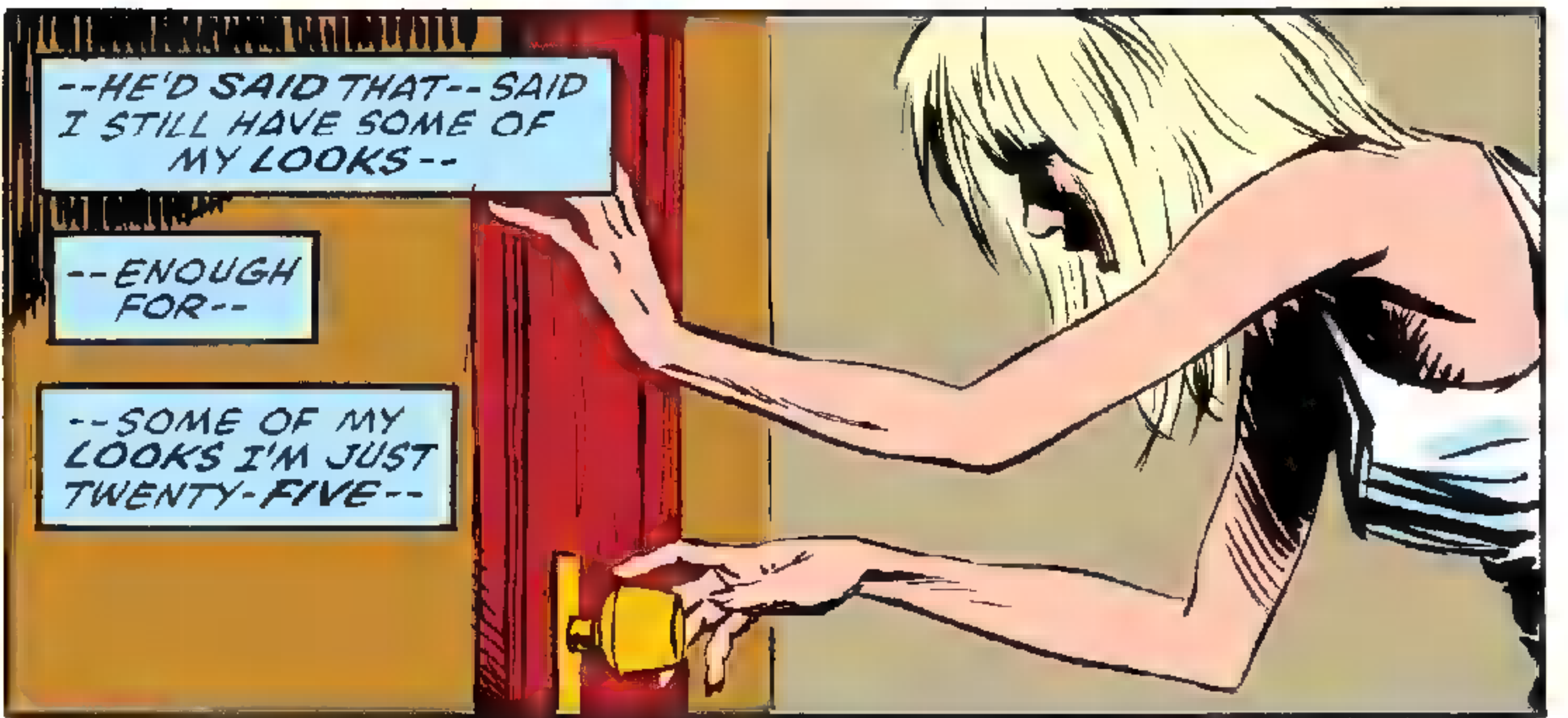




-- NEVER STOPS BEING HOT HERE  
BUT KAREN PAGE IS COLD --  
SHAKING WITH COLD FROM  
HEAD TO FOOT --

-- IT STREAKS ALONG  
HER ARMS AND LEGS  
AND HER STOMACH  
LURCHES LIKE AN  
AIRPLANE ENGINE  
STARTING --

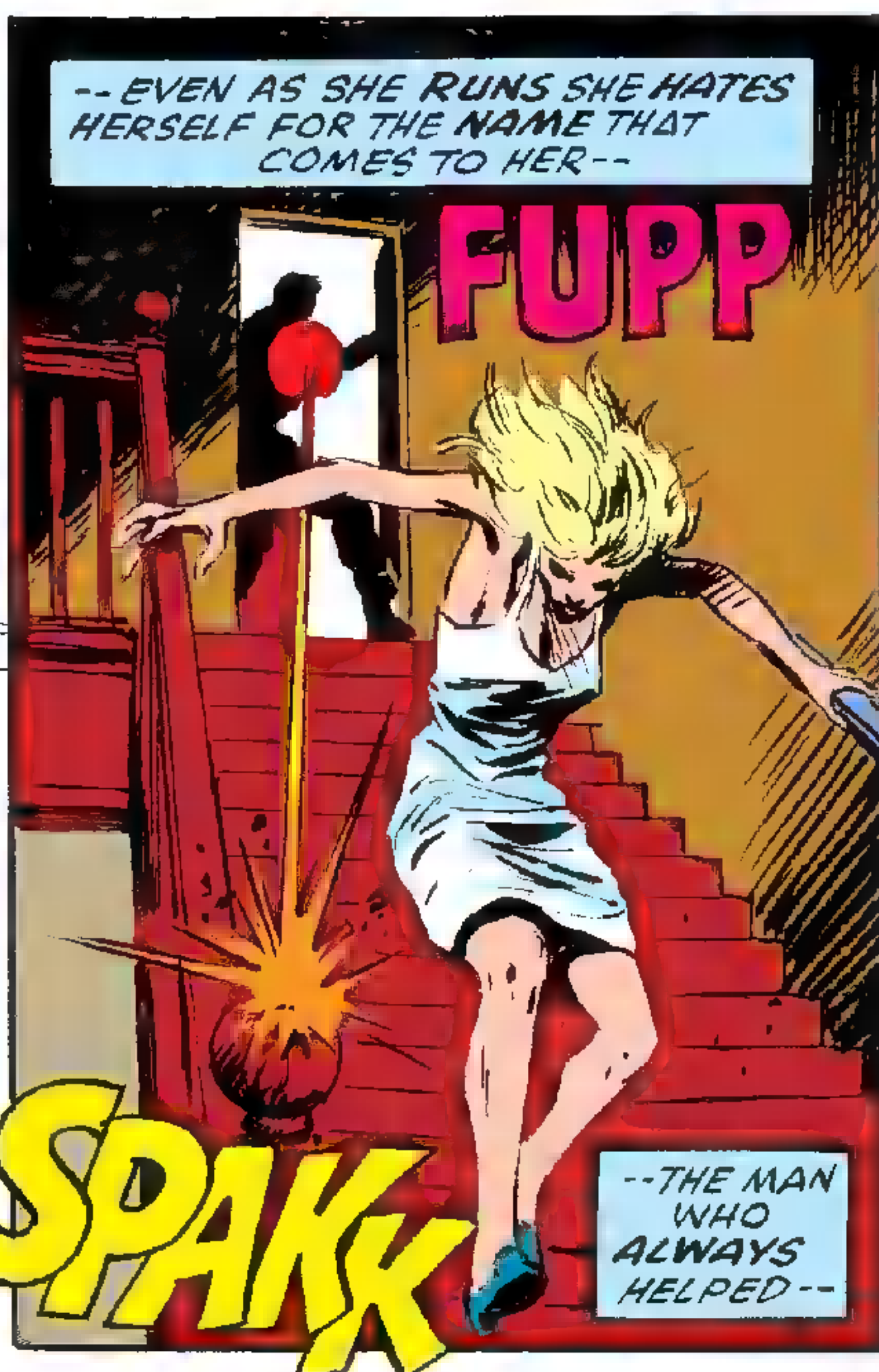
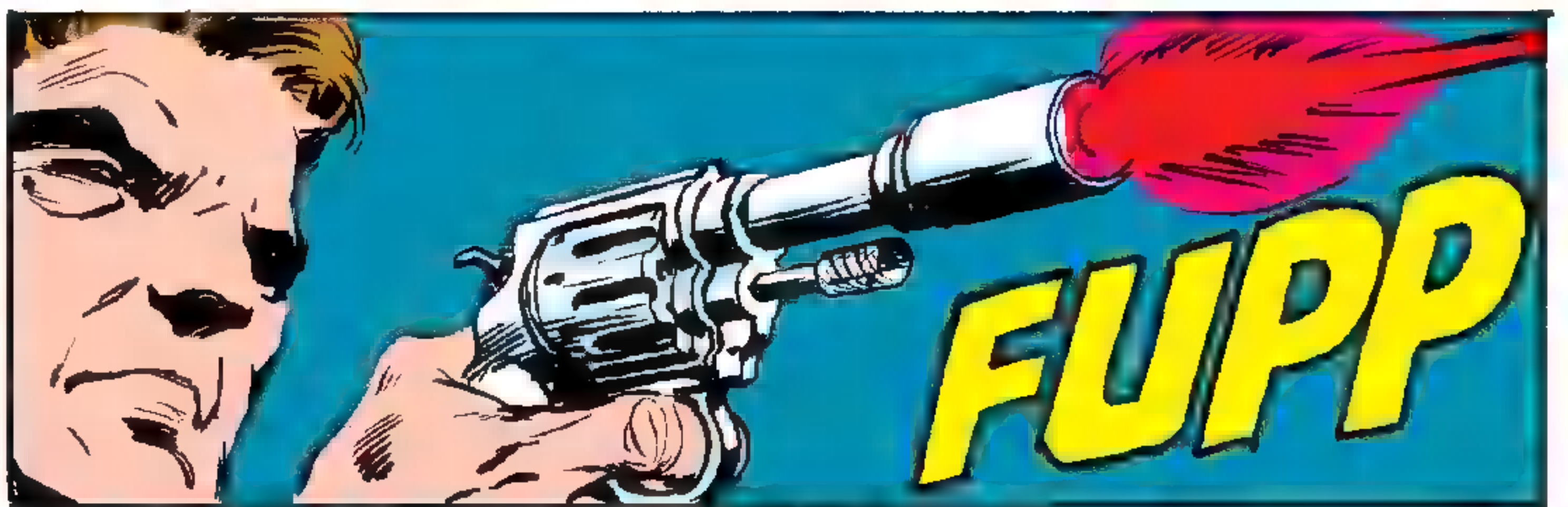
-- GOT NO MONEY  
BUT STILL HAVE  
SOME OF MY LOOKS  
LEFT --



-- HE'D SAID THAT -- SAID  
I STILL HAVE SOME OF  
MY LOOKS --

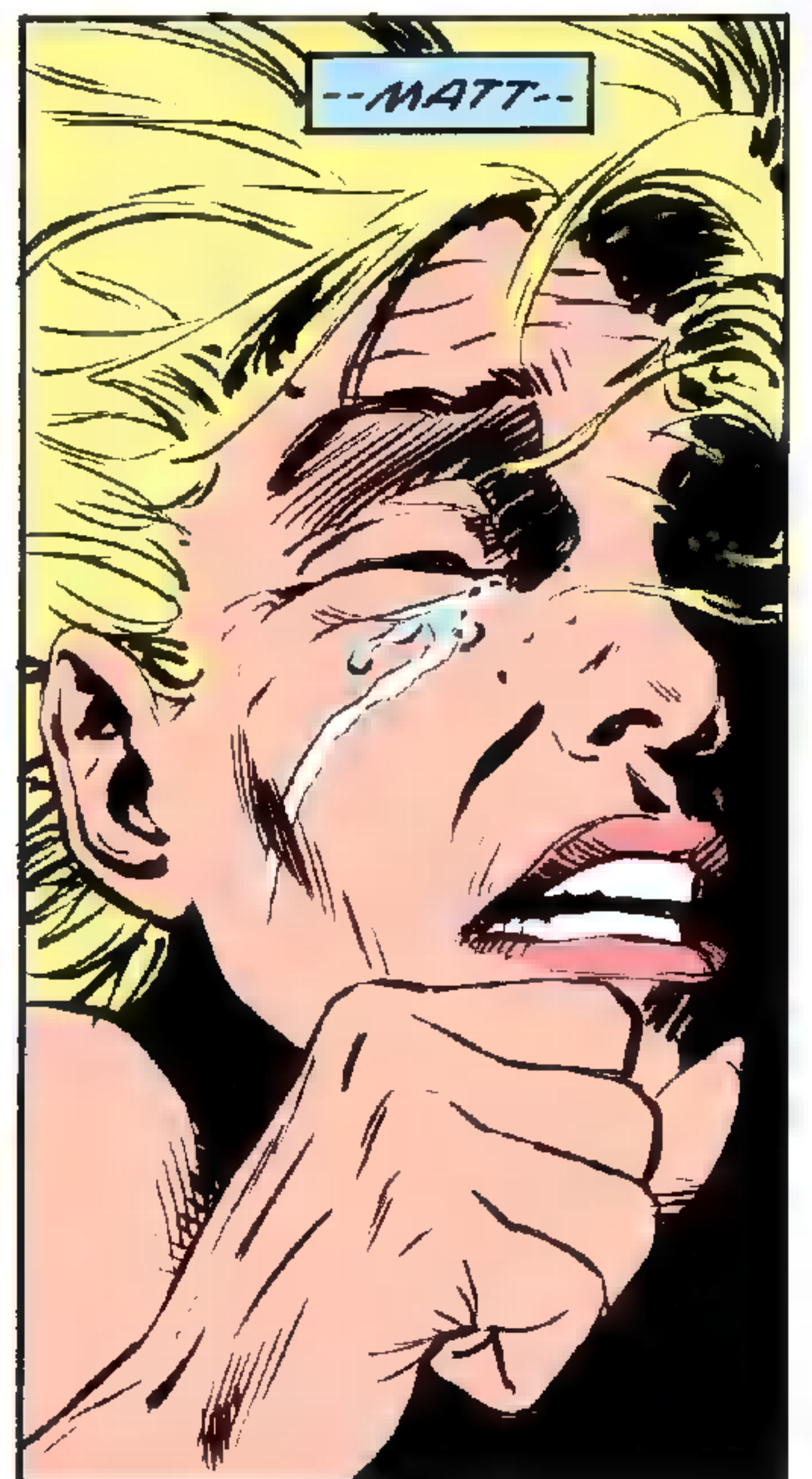
-- ENOUGH  
FOR --

-- SOME OF MY  
LOOKS I'M JUST  
TWENTY-FIVE --



-- EVEN AS SHE RUNS SHE HATES  
HERSELF FOR THE NAME THAT  
COMES TO HER --

-- THE MAN  
WHO  
ALWAYS  
HELPED --



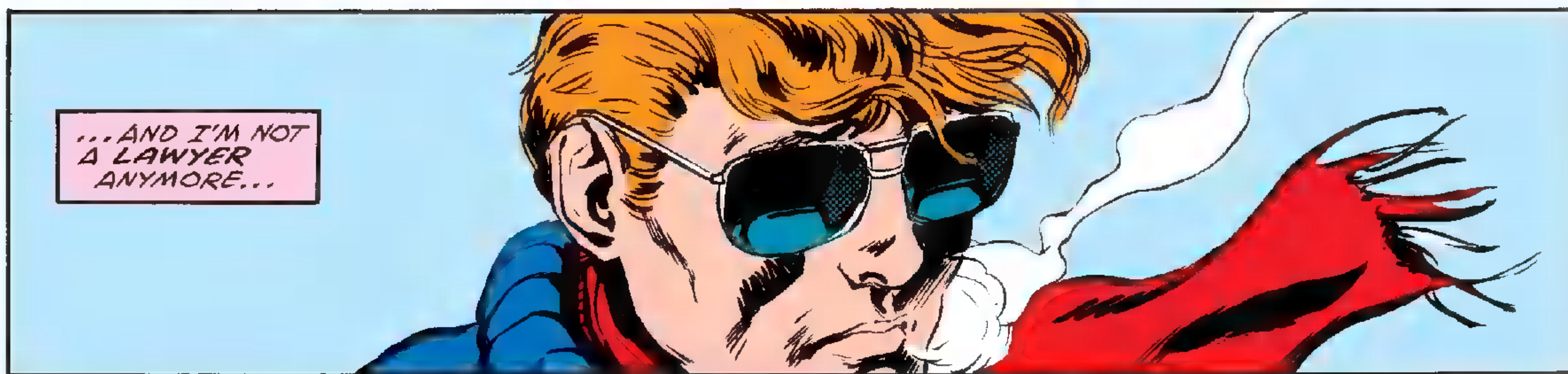
-- MATT --





THE NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE  
SITS TOO BIG IN MY JACKET  
POCKET. I'VE GOT THIRTY  
DAYS TO AVOID REPOSSESSION  
--BY PAYING OUT MONEY THE  
IRS WON'T LET ME NEAR.

THIRTY DAYS AND  
TEN DOLLARS IN  
MY WALLET AND...



...AND I'M NOT  
A LAWYER  
ANYMORE...



I'M NOT DEFEATED,  
EITHER. NOT YET.

MAYBE...MAYBE I'VE BEEN  
THINKING ABOUT IT ALL  
WRONG. LOOKING FOR A  
SINGLE ENEMY TO PIN IT  
ALL ON.

MAYBE IT'S EVERY-  
BODY. FROM INTERNAL  
REVENUE TO CON ED  
TO MA BELL TO--

--TO GLORI. I CALL  
FOGGY AT SEVEN IN  
THE MORNING AND  
GLORI ANSWERS.

FOGGY. HE'S IN  
ON IT TOO.

NO. FOGGY STOOD UP FOR ME.  
FOUGHT FOR ME. HE... BUT THAT  
COULD BE PART OF THE PLAN--

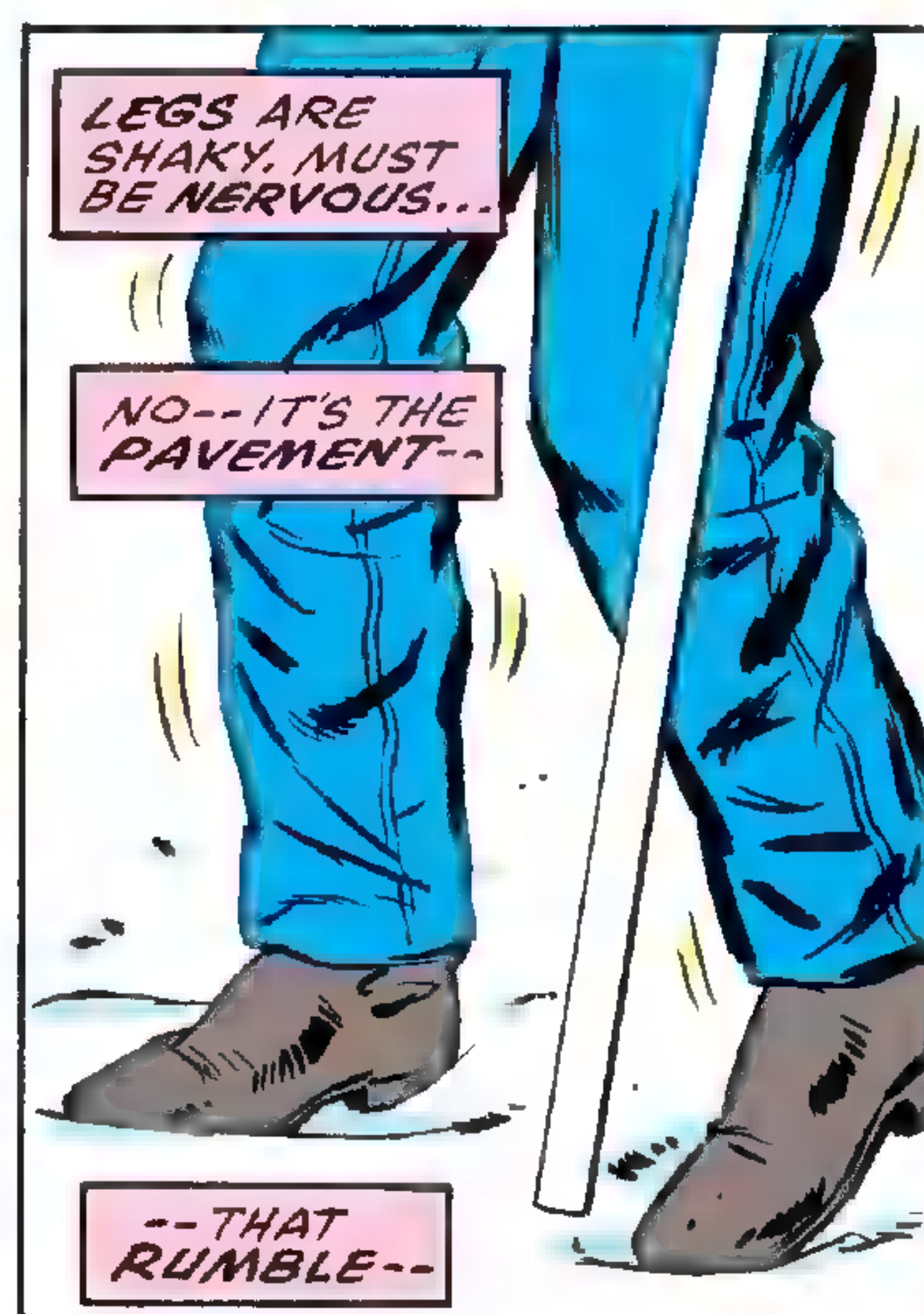


--WHAT AM  
I THINKING?



JUST TIRED. NEED TO  
SLEEP. IN MY OWN BED.  
MY OWN BED.

TOMORROW...  
TOMORROW I'LL  
DO SOMETHING...



LEGS ARE  
SHAKY. MUST  
BE NERVOUS...

NO--IT'S THE  
PAVEMENT--

--THAT  
RUMBLE--









I HEAR A BABY CRYING...

...NO, NOT A BABY--  
SIRENS. FIRETRUCKS.

GUESS I'VE BEEN STANDING  
HERE FOR AWHILE. FIREMEN  
TAKE FOREVER TO SHOW UP.  
TRAFFIC GETS IN THEIR WAY.



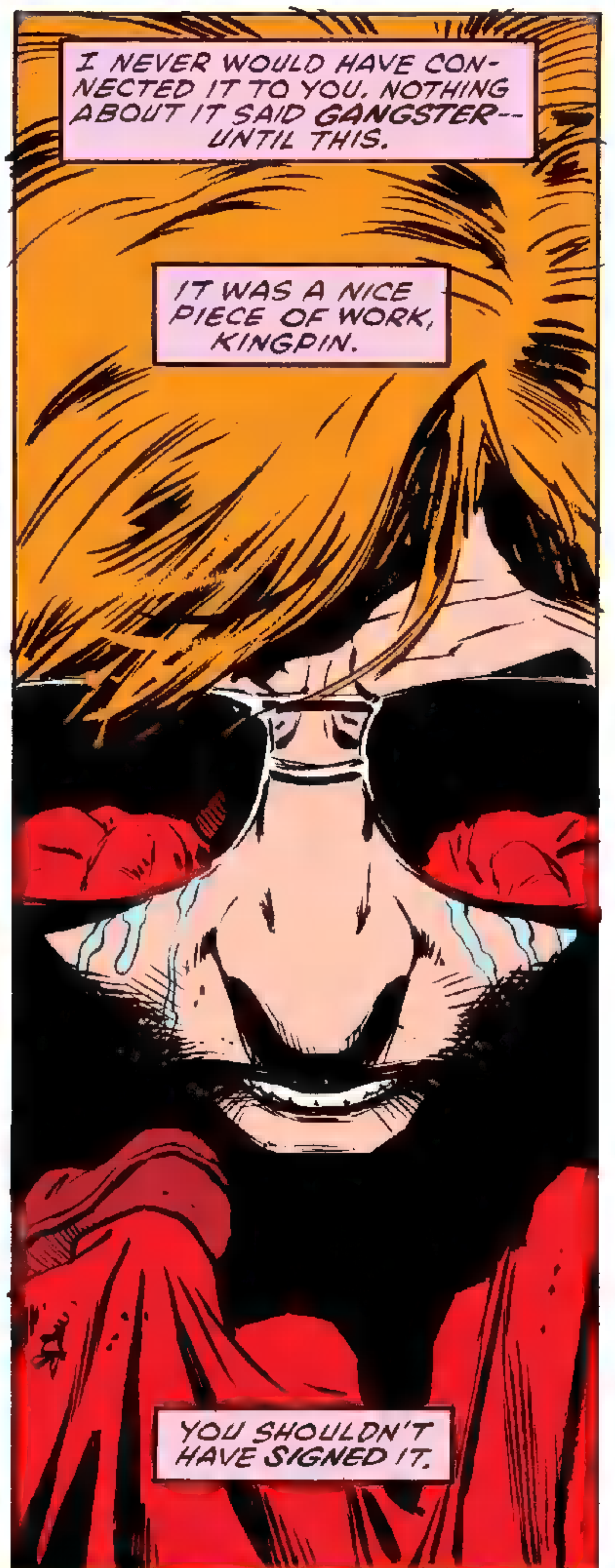
DUST... THE DUST IS  
THICK. COULD CHOKE  
ON IT...

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT.



SO YOU KNOW.

SO THAT'S WHY.



I NEVER WOULD HAVE CON-  
NECTED IT TO YOU. NOTHING  
ABOUT IT SAID GANGSTER--  
UNTIL THIS.

IT WAS A NICE  
PIECE OF WORK,  
KINGPIN.

YOU SHOULDN'T  
HAVE SIGNED IT.

Next: PURGATORY



**MARVEL**  
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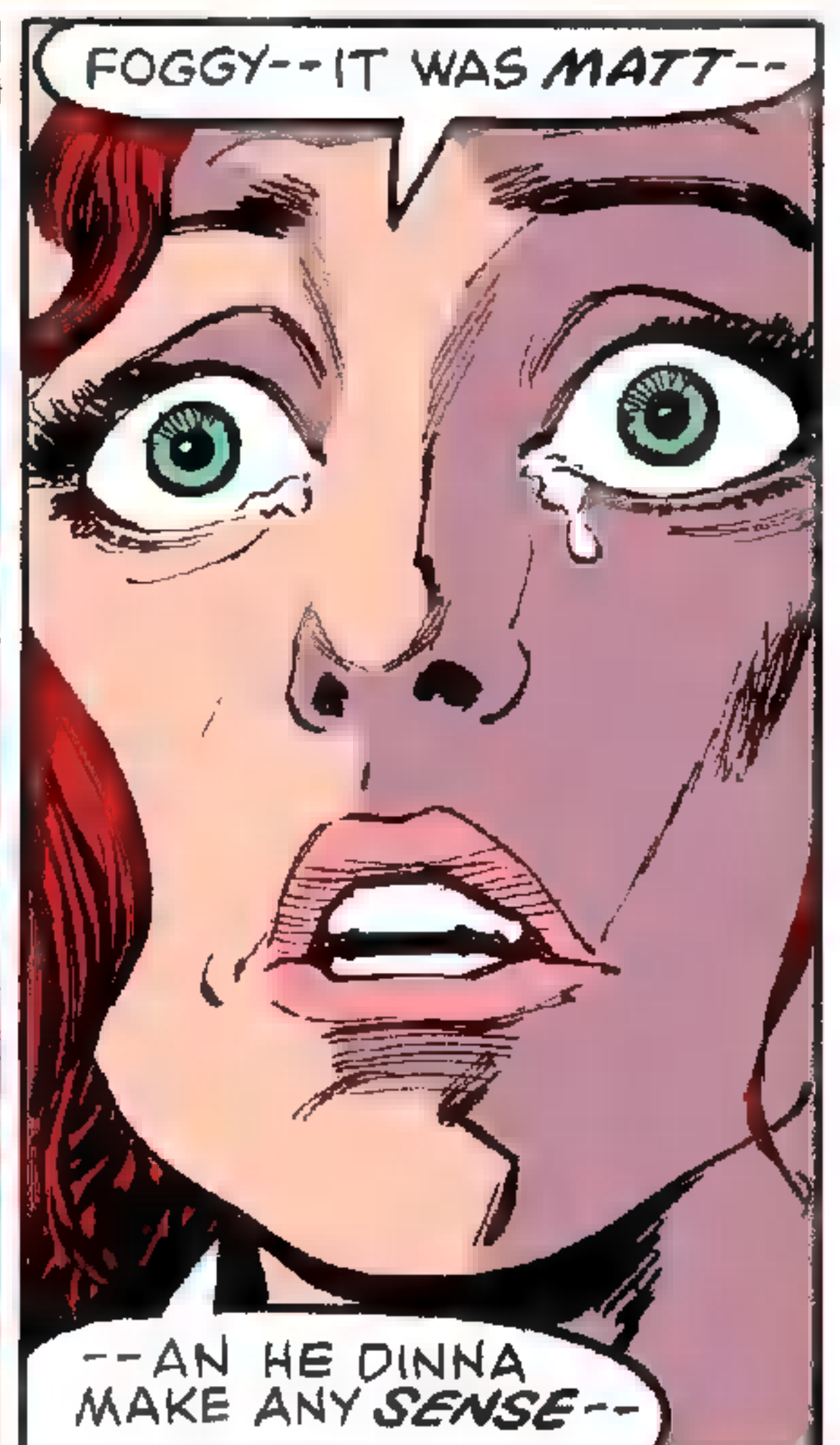
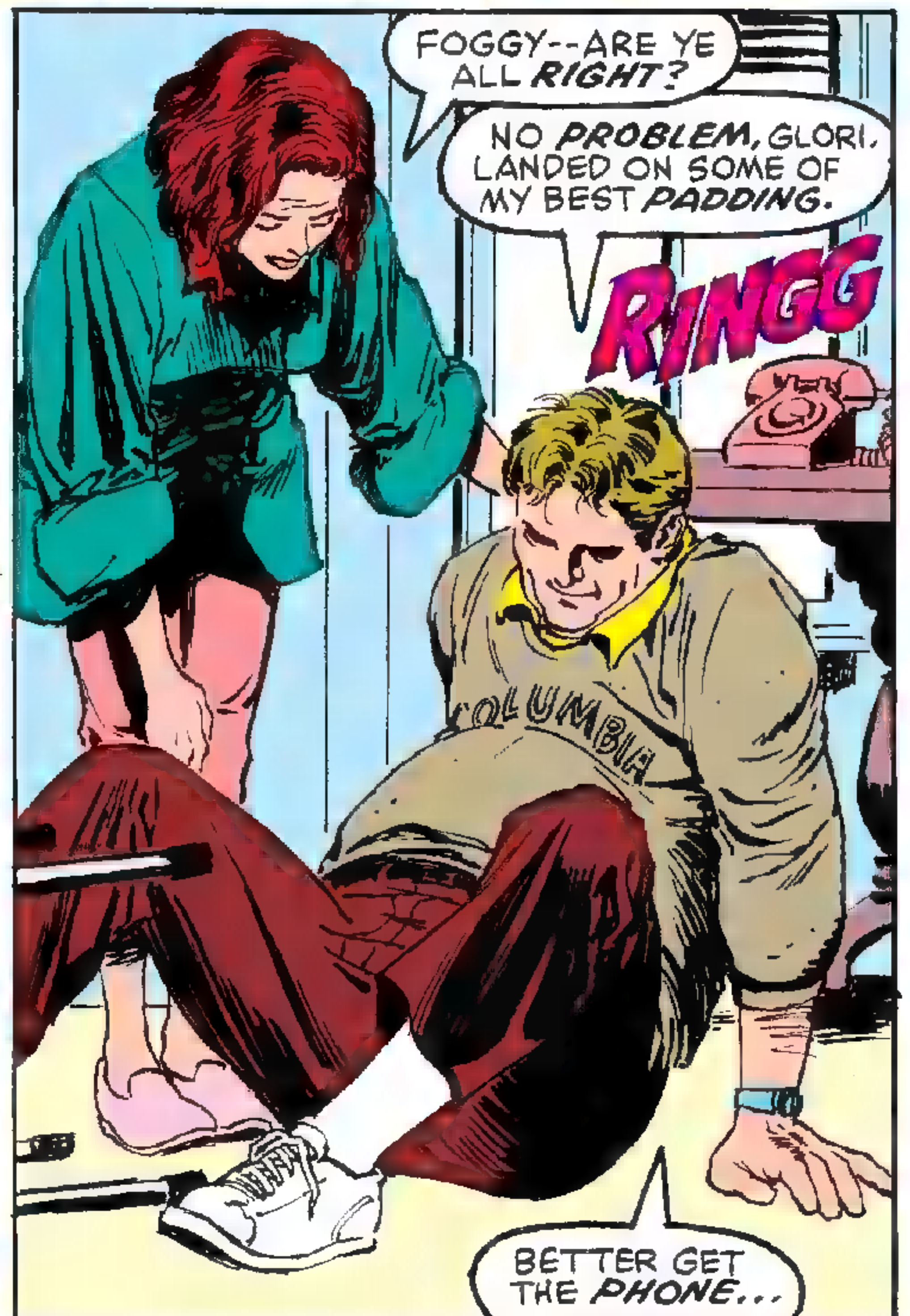
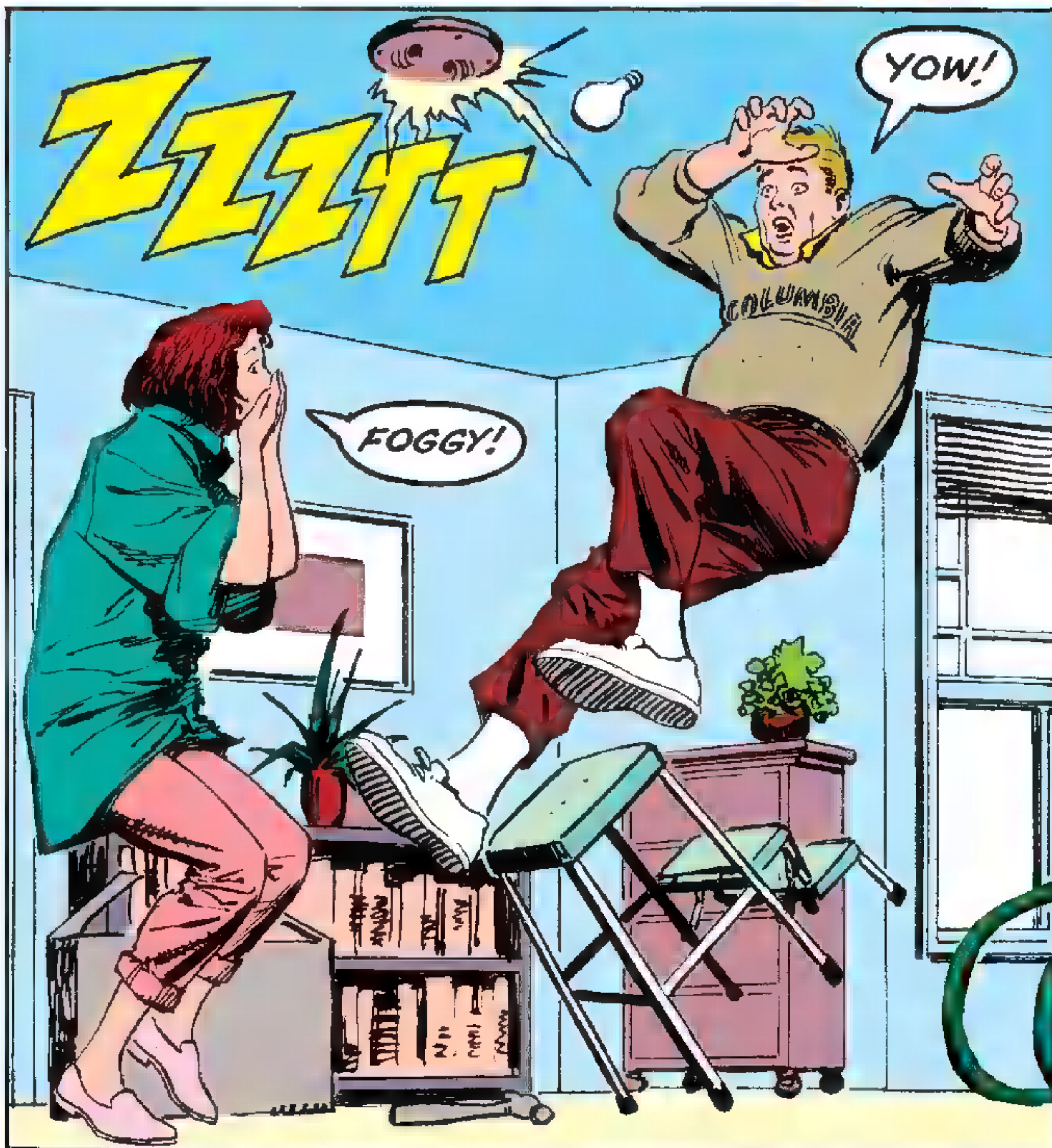
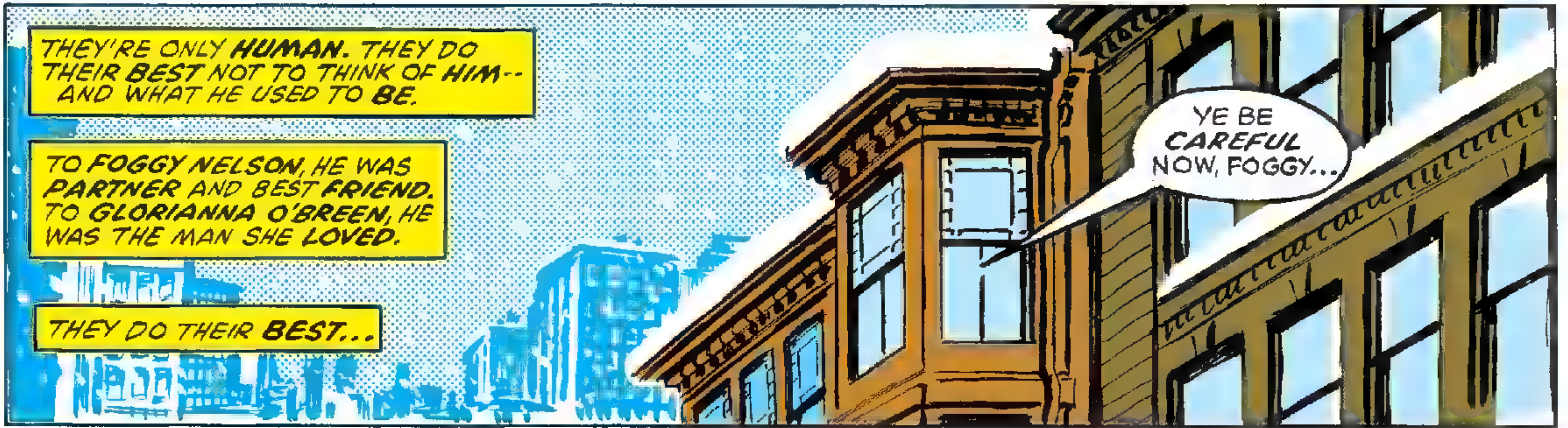
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AUTHORITY

# DAREDEVIL



## PURGATORY







THE WINDOW'S CLOSED--  
BUT YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT.  
NOT WITH THE STIFF BREEZE  
THAT'S BLOWING THROUGH IT,  
GIVING ME A SWEETHEART  
OF A CRAMP IN MY LOWER  
BACK.

SIX INCHES OF SNOW  
OUTSIDE AND STILL  
NO HEAT IN THE ROOM...

AND HERE I'D PLANNED  
ON STAYING AT THE PLAZA.  
THAT WAS BEFORE I DIS-  
COVERED THAT THE IRS  
HAD MADE MY CREDIT  
CARDS SO MUCH WORTH-  
LESS PLASTIC.

LEFT ME WITH TEN  
BUCKS TO MY NAME.

I FOUND A HOTEL  
THAT MADE CHANGE.

Stan Lee  
presents

# PURGATORY

By FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

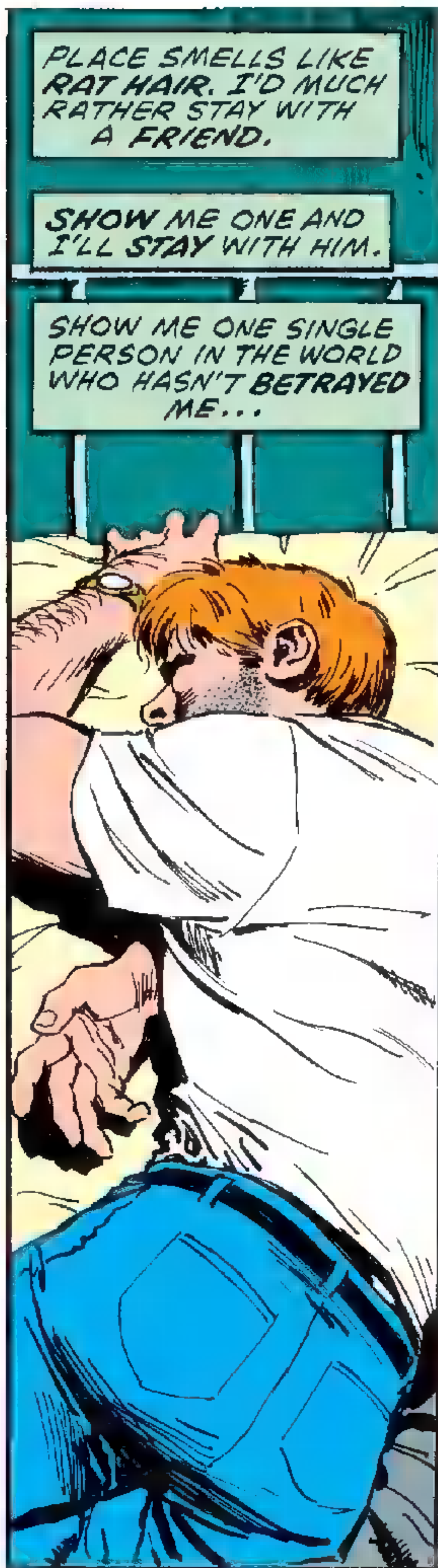
R. LEWIS  
COLORS

JOE ROSEN  
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO  
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER  
EDITOR IN CHIEF





PLACE SMELLS LIKE RAT HAIR. I'D MUCH RATHER STAY WITH A FRIEND.

SHOW ME ONE AND I'LL STAY WITH HIM.

SHOW ME ONE SINGLE PERSON IN THE WORLD WHO HASN'T BETRAYED ME...

JUST A FEW DAYS AGO I WAS A PILLAR OF MY COMMUNITY--A RESPECTED FIGURE IN MY PROFESSION.



NOT TO MENTION MY SIDELINE OF BEING A SUPERHERO.

NOW I'M JUST A BLIND MAN...



...A BLIND MAN WHO'S LOST HIS JOB, HIS LIVELIHOOD HIS HOME, HIS GIRL...

...WHO FATE GAVE THE ABILITY TO HEAR AND SMELL AND TOUCH BETTER THAN ANYBODY IN THE WORLD CAN--

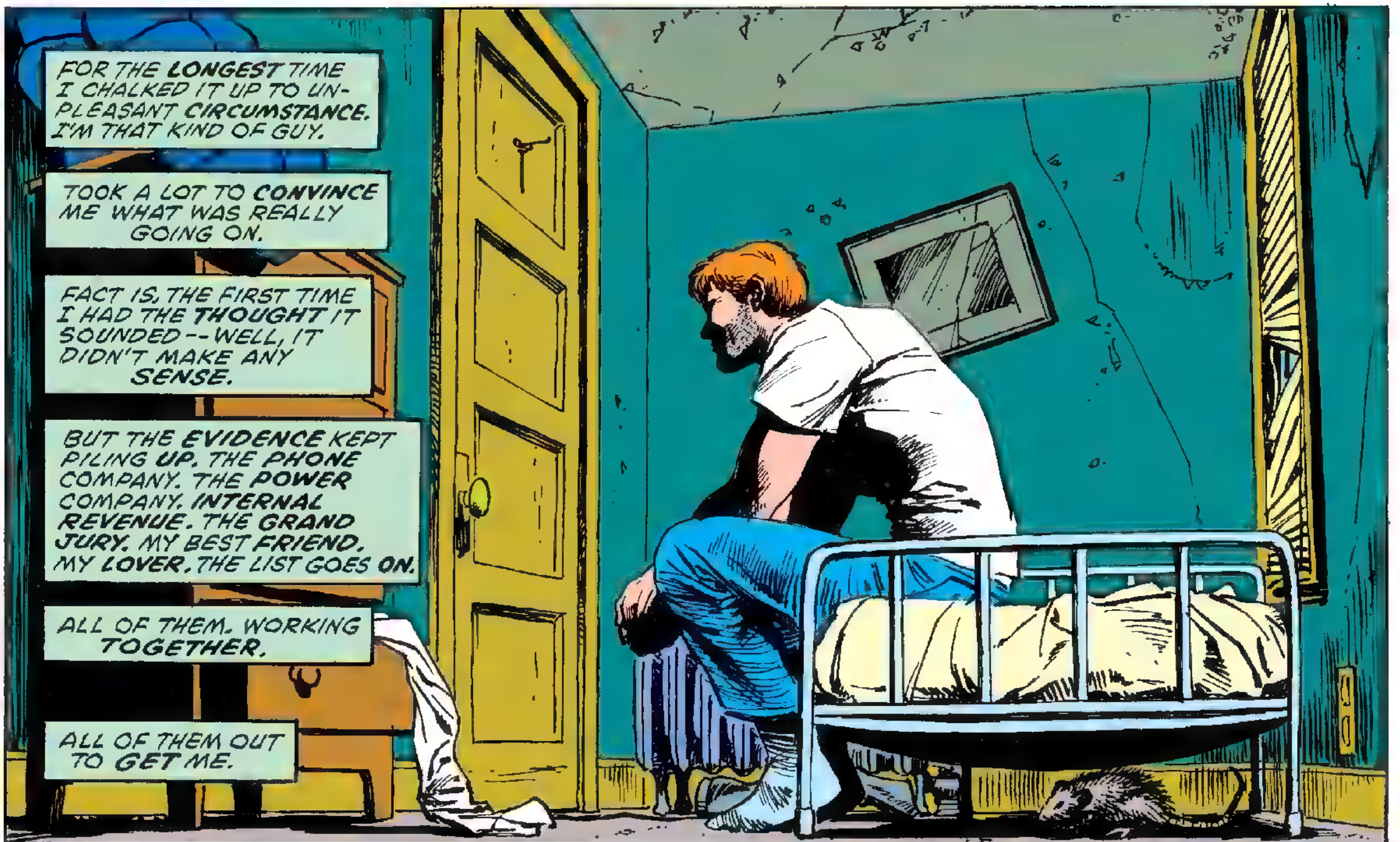
--WHICH IS A GREAT WAY TO CATCH ALL THE MISERY OF BEING ALIVE.



JUST A FEW DAYS AGO...

...NO, I SHOULD HAVE SEEN ALL THIS COMING. STARTED MONTHS AGO, THINGS GOING WRONG FOR ME.

JUST LITTLE THINGS, AT FIRST. THE KIND YOU TRY NOT TO NOTICE. THE KIND THAT ADD UP UNTIL YOU WANT TO...



FOR THE LONGEST TIME I CHALKED IT UP TO UNPLEASANT CIRCUMSTANCE. I'M THAT KIND OF GUY.

TOOK A LOT TO CONVINCE ME WHAT WAS REALLY GOING ON.

FACT IS, THE FIRST TIME I HAD THE THOUGHT IT SOUNDED--WELL, IT DIDN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.

BUT THE EVIDENCE KEPT PILING UP. THE PHONE COMPANY. THE POWER COMPANY. INTERNAL REVENUE. THE GRAND JURY. MY BEST FRIEND. MY LOVER. THE LIST GOES ON.

ALL OF THEM. WORKING TOGETHER.

ALL OF THEM OUT TO GET ME.





NO. NO. THAT'S--  
I'M GOING--

--IT'S THE KINGPIN.

THE KINGPIN. YES.



HE'S THE ONLY REAL  
ENEMY I HAVE. I'VE  
CAUSED HIM A LOT OF  
TROUBLE, FIGHTING  
CRIME--SINCE THAT'S  
HIS BUSINESS, IT  
FOLLOWS THAT I'D  
CAUSE HIM TROUBLE.  
IT MAKES SENSE  
THAT I'D CAUSE HIM  
TROUBLE. IT...



...IT'S THE KINGPIN.  
SOMEHOW HE FOUND OUT  
THAT I'M DAREDEVIL.

HE BRIBED AND  
THREATENED EVERY-  
BODY IT TOOK TO  
DESTROY ME.

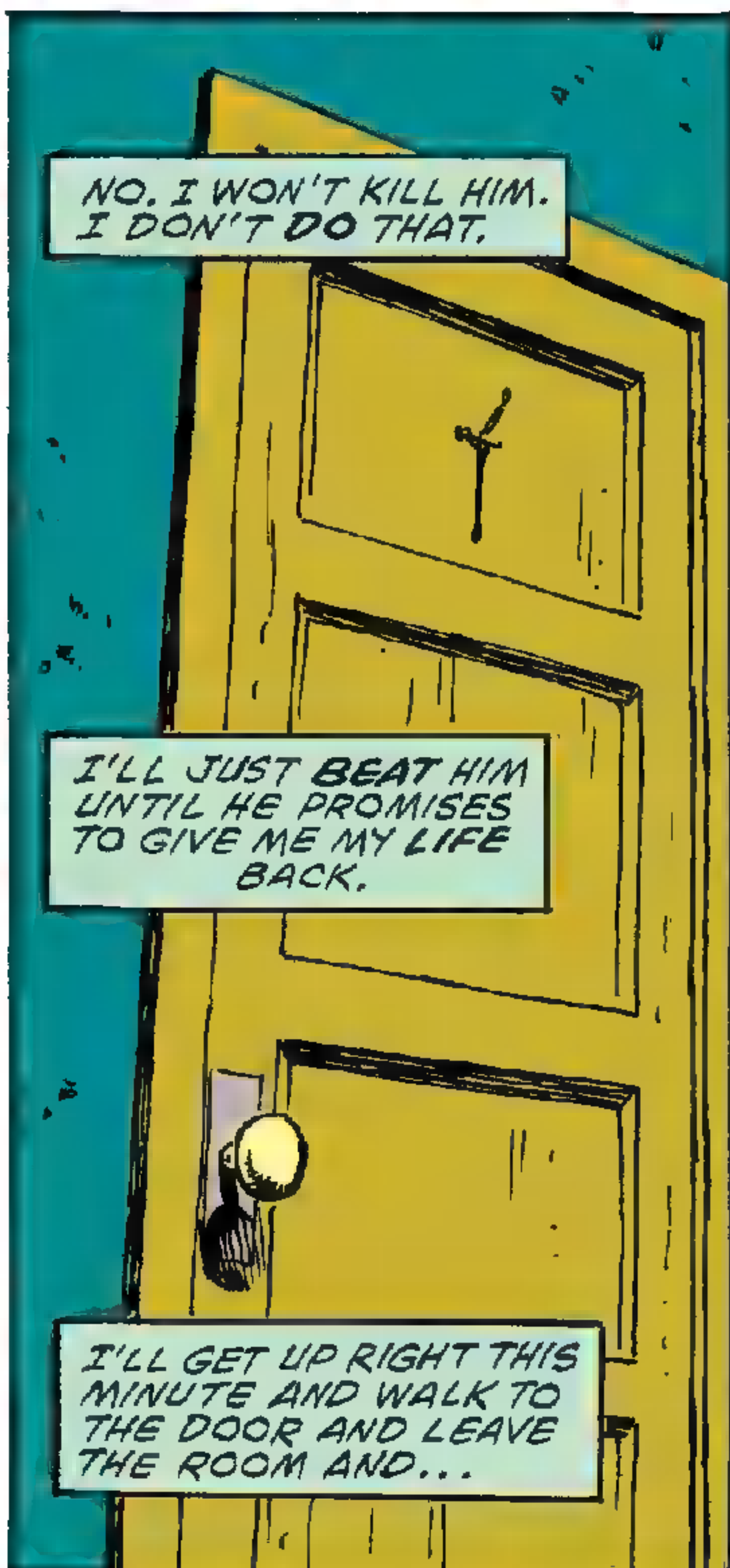
I'VE GIVEN THIS A  
LOT OF THOUGHT.



THAT'S WHY I HAVEN'T  
LEFT THIS ROOM. TO  
THINK AND PUT TO-  
GETHER A PLAN AND  
GET ENOUGH SLEEP  
I SEEM TO NEED SO  
MUCH SLEEP...

...BUT IT'S ALL  
WORKED OUT NOW.  
I'VE GOT MY STRATEGY.

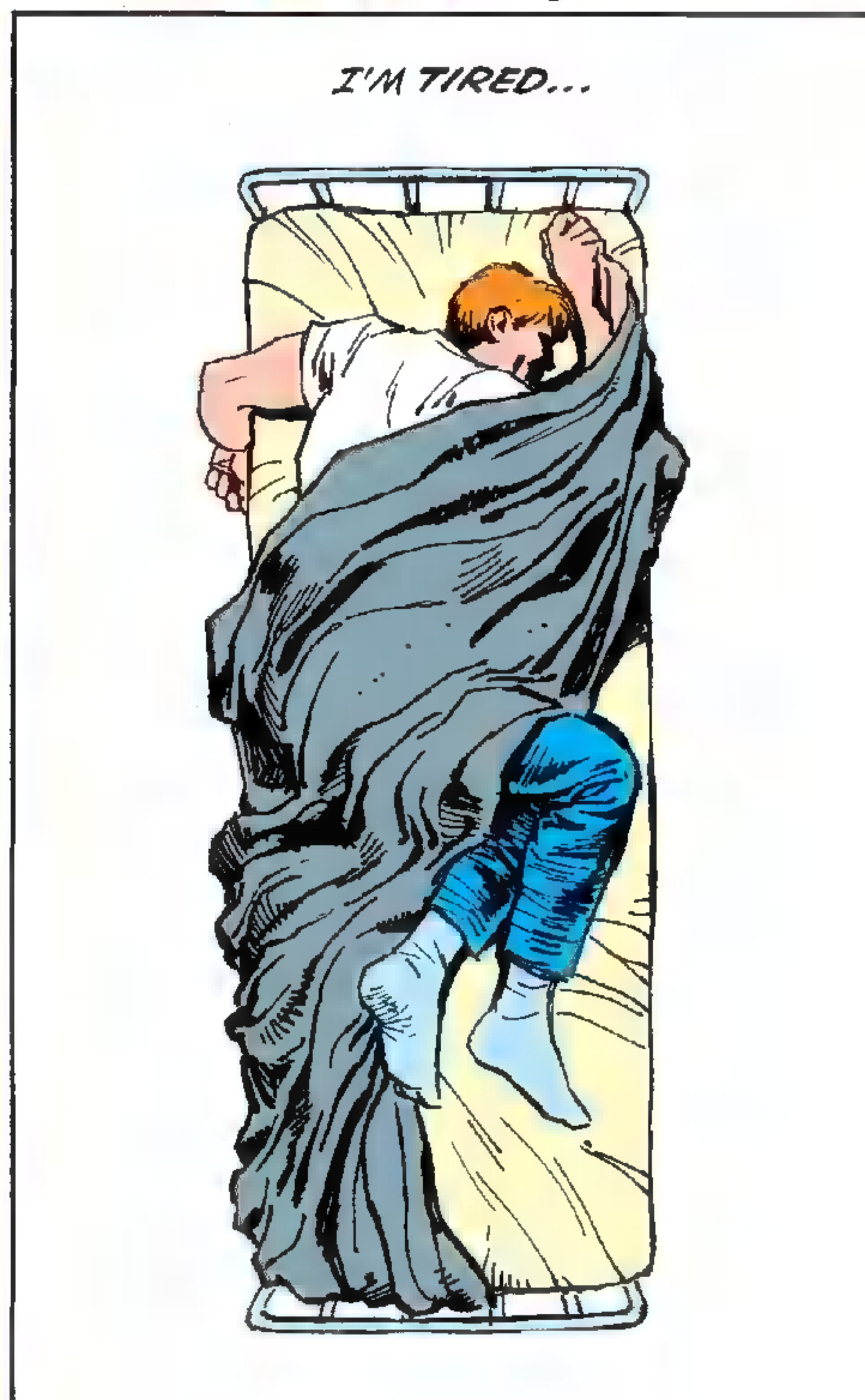
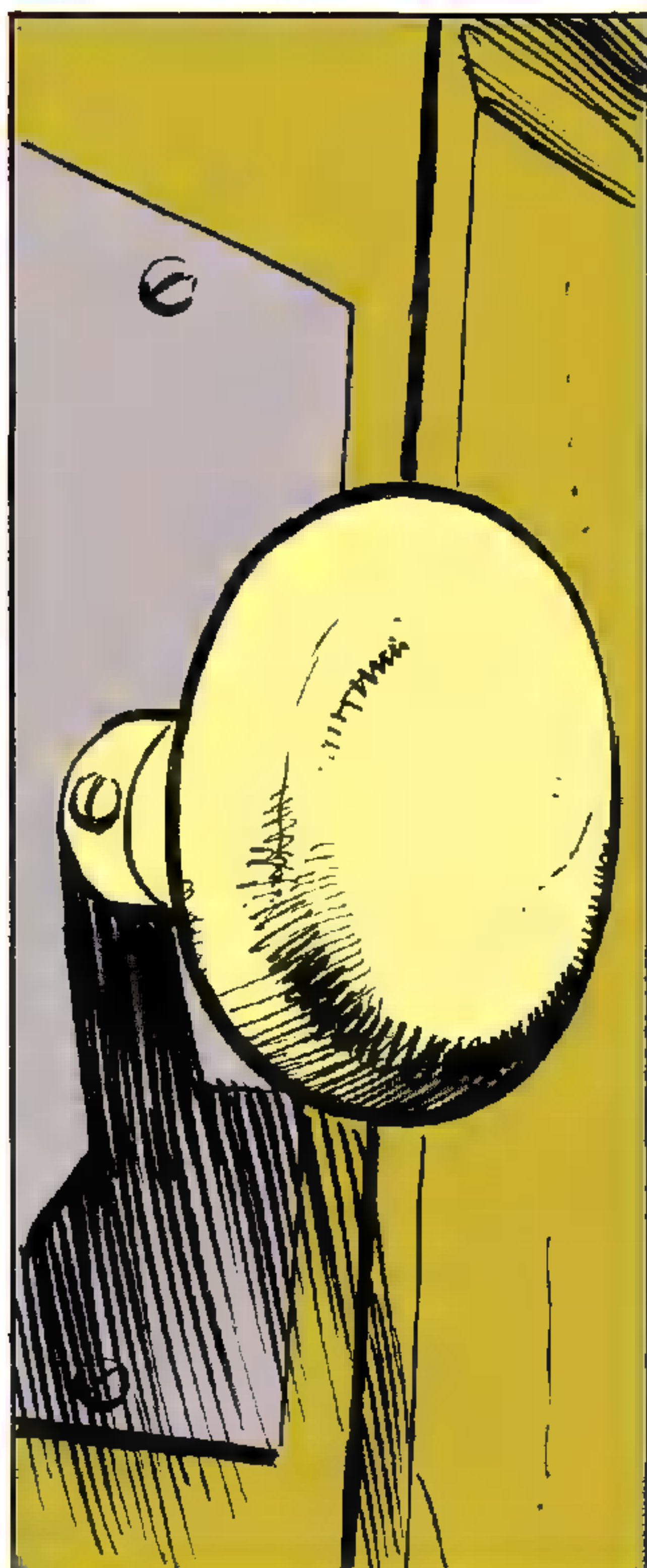
I'M GOING TO GO TO  
THE KINGPIN AND I'M  
GOING TO KILL HIM.



NO. I WON'T KILL HIM.  
I DON'T DO THAT.

I'LL JUST BEAT HIM  
UNTIL HE PROMISES  
TO GIVE ME MY LIFE  
BACK.

I'LL GET UP RIGHT THIS  
MINUTE AND WALK TO  
THE DOOR AND LEAVE  
THE ROOM AND...



I'M TIRED...



HE IS THE LORD OF CRIME.

HE HAS GATHERED THE WARRING GANGS OF THE CITY, ORGANIZED THEM INTO AN ARMY--NO, A BUSINESS, SO EFFICIENT AND SO PROFITABLE THAT THE CITY'S ECONOMY DEPENDS ON THE THIEVES, EXTORTIONISTS, AND MURDERERS AT HIS COMMAND.

HE IS THE KINGPIN--AND MATTHEW MURDOCK HAS BECOME THE LIGHT OF HIS DAYS.



AS DAREDEVIL, MURDOCK HAD COST HIM LITTLE, BUT HOUNDED HIM, ANNOYED HIM, AS A FLY WOULD.

NOW, WITH ALL THE JOY OF A MALICIOUS CHILD, THE KINGPIN TORTURES THE FLY.

IT BEGAN WITH THE REVELATION OF DAREDEVIL'S WEAK SIDE--HIS SECRET IDENTITY, WITH A FEW BRIEF PHONE CALLS, THE KINGPIN SHATTERED MURDOCK'S LIFE, BEYOND ALL HOPE OF RECONSTRUCTION.

THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE END OF IT--WERE IT NOT FOR THE SWEET DISCOVERY...



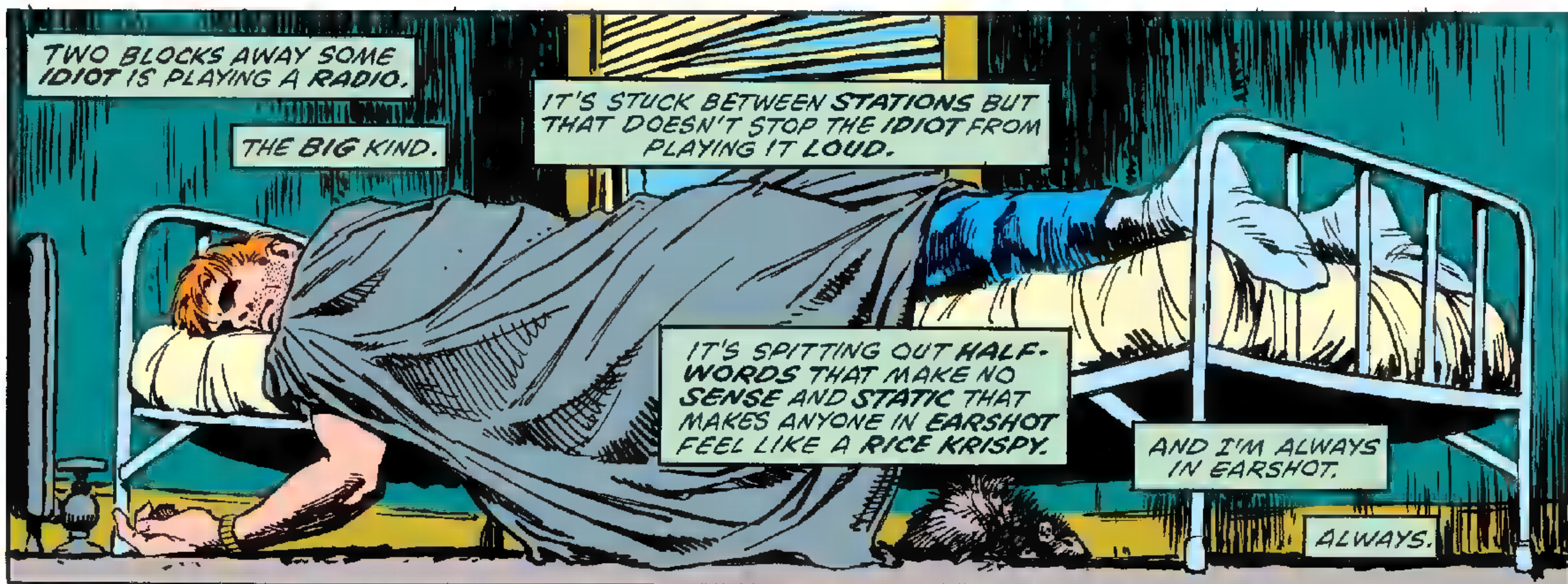
...THAT MATTHEW MURDOCK IS A MAN ON THE EDGE--THAT EVEN BEFORE HIS RUIN, HE WAS NEARLY MAD.

WERE MURDOCK TIED TO A RACK, SLOWLY TORN LIMB FROM LIMB, BEGGING FOR MERCY, THE SPECTACLE COULD BE NO MORE PLEASURABLE TO BEHOLD.

THE KINGPIN LOOKS AT HIS CITY AND THINKS OF HOW WONDERFUL IT IS TO BE ALIVE.







TWO BLOCKS AWAY SOME IDIOT IS PLAYING A RADIO.

THE BIG KIND.

IT'S STUCK BETWEEN STATIONS BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP THE IDIOT FROM PLAYING IT LOUD.

IT'S SPITTING OUT HALF-WORDS THAT MAKE NO SENSE AND STATIC THAT MAKES ANYONE IN EARSHOT FEEL LIKE A RICE KRISPY.

AND I'M ALWAYS IN EARSHOT.

ALWAYS.



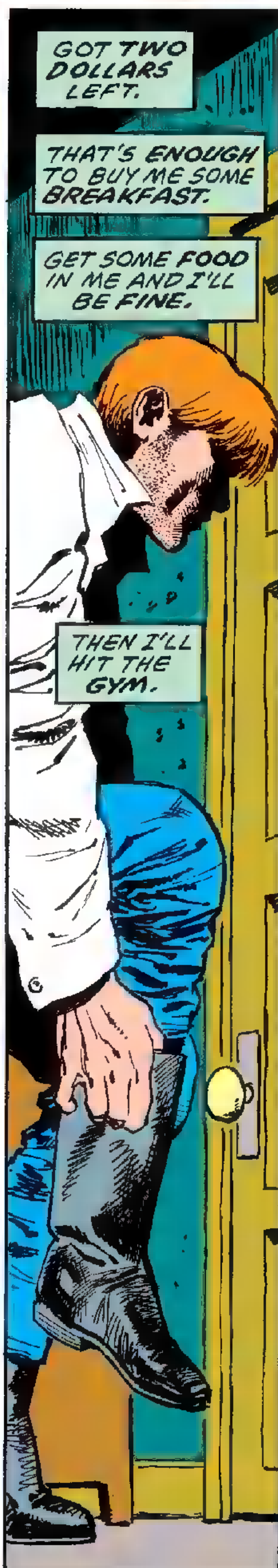
THAT CAR ALARM WON'T EASE UP, EITHER.

DOESN'T CARE HOW TIRED I AM.

MIGHT AS WELL GET UP. WALK OUT THE DOOR. GET SOMETHING TO EAT.



WALK OUT THE DOOR.

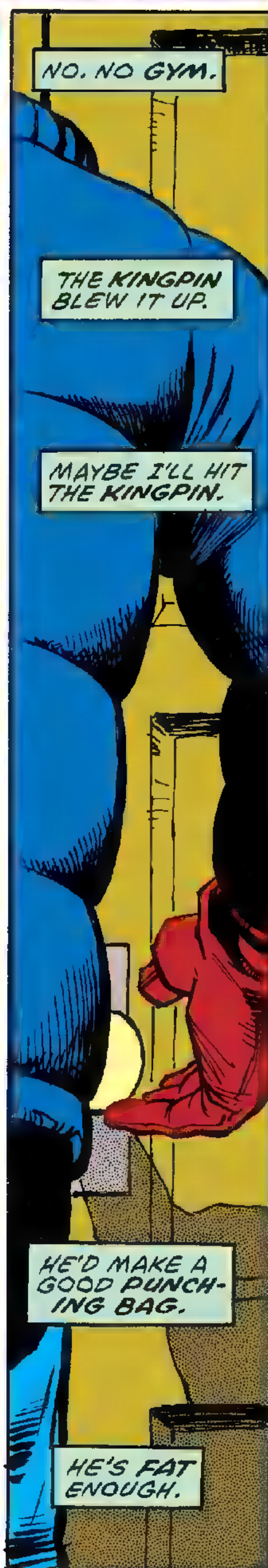


GOT TWO DOLLARS LEFT.

THAT'S ENOUGH TO BUY ME SOME BREAKFAST.

GET SOME FOOD IN ME AND I'LL BE FINE.

THEN I'LL HIT THE GYM.



NO. NO GYM.

THE KINGPIN BLEW IT UP.

MAYBE I'LL HIT THE KINGPIN.

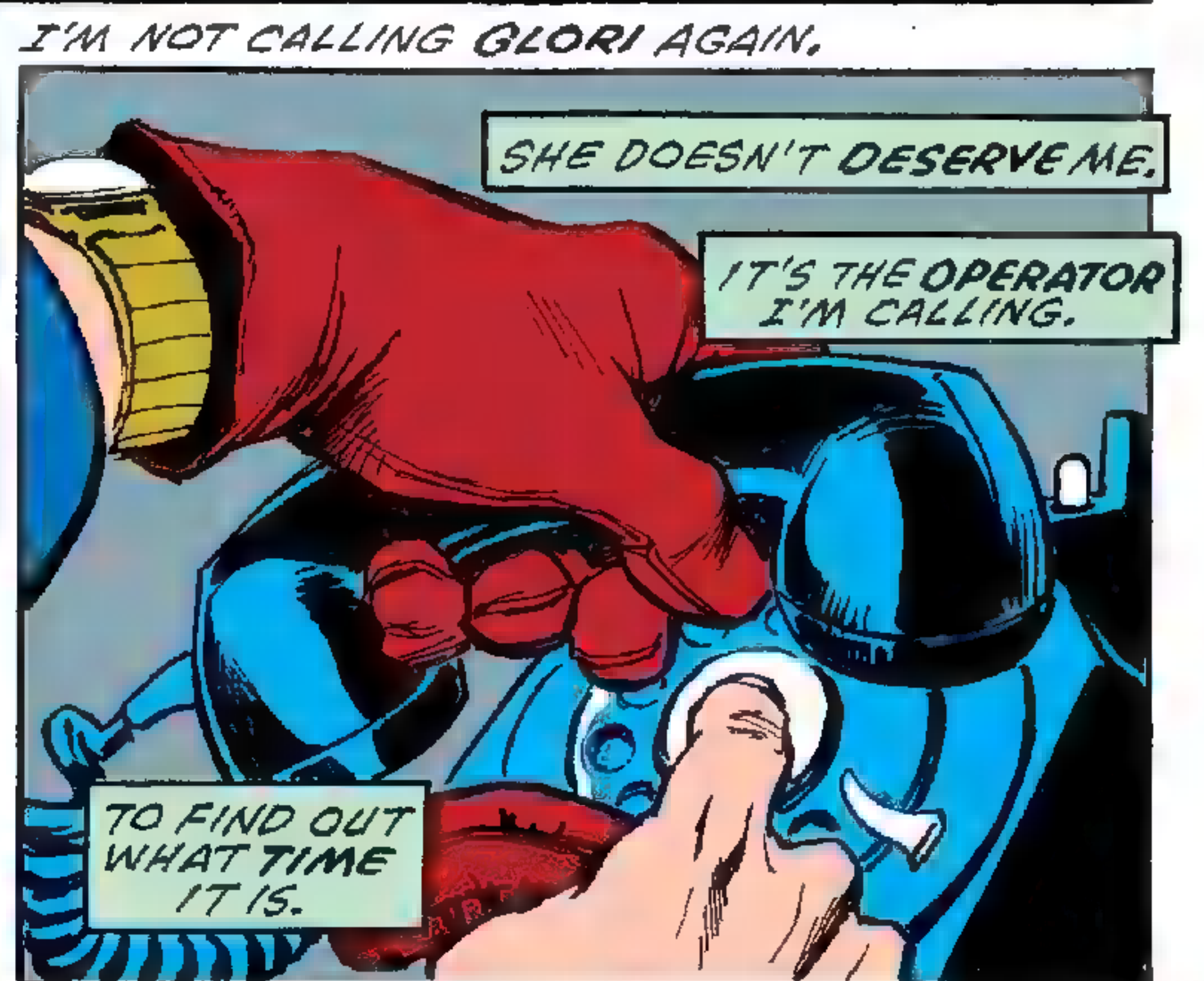
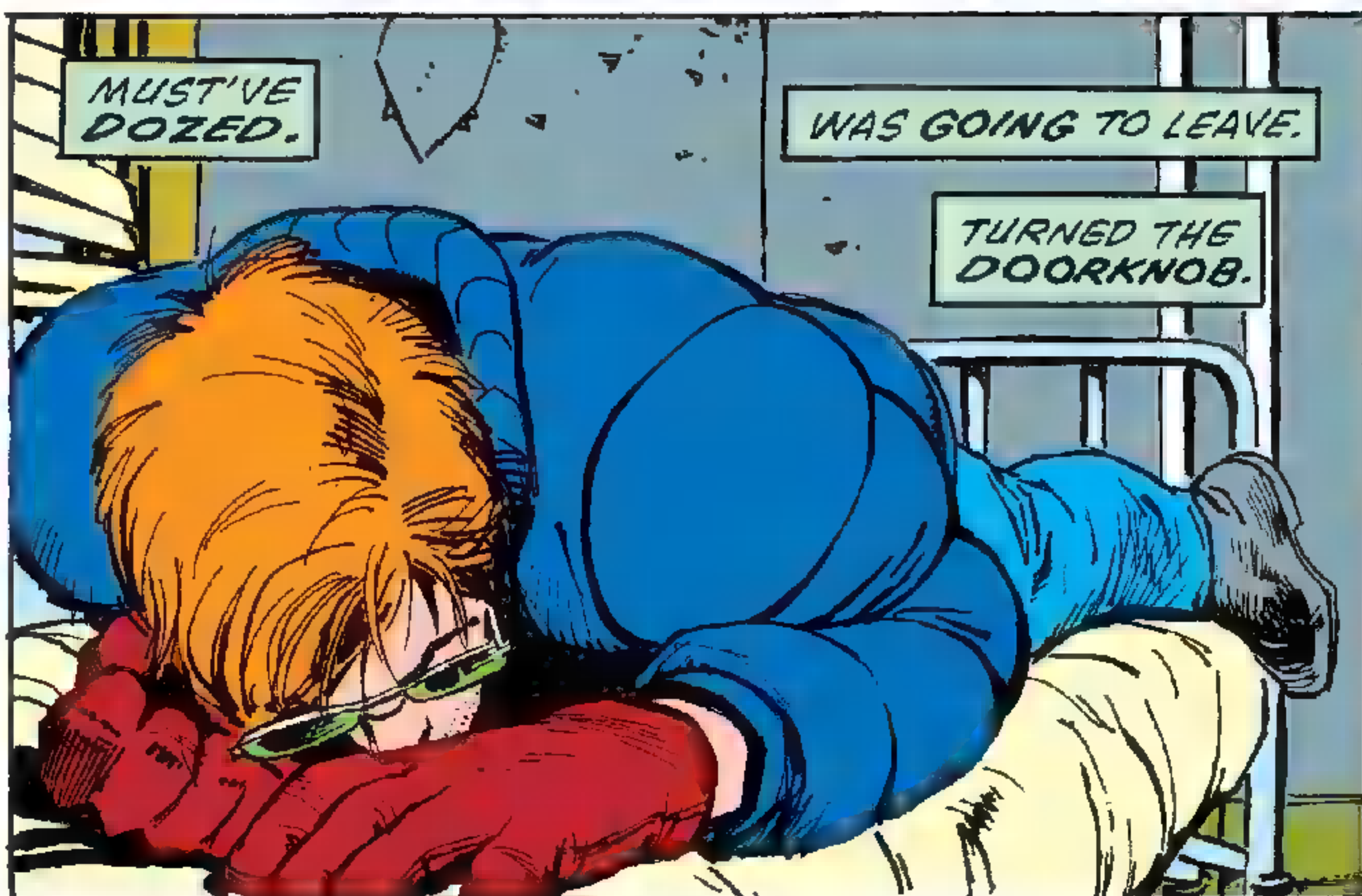
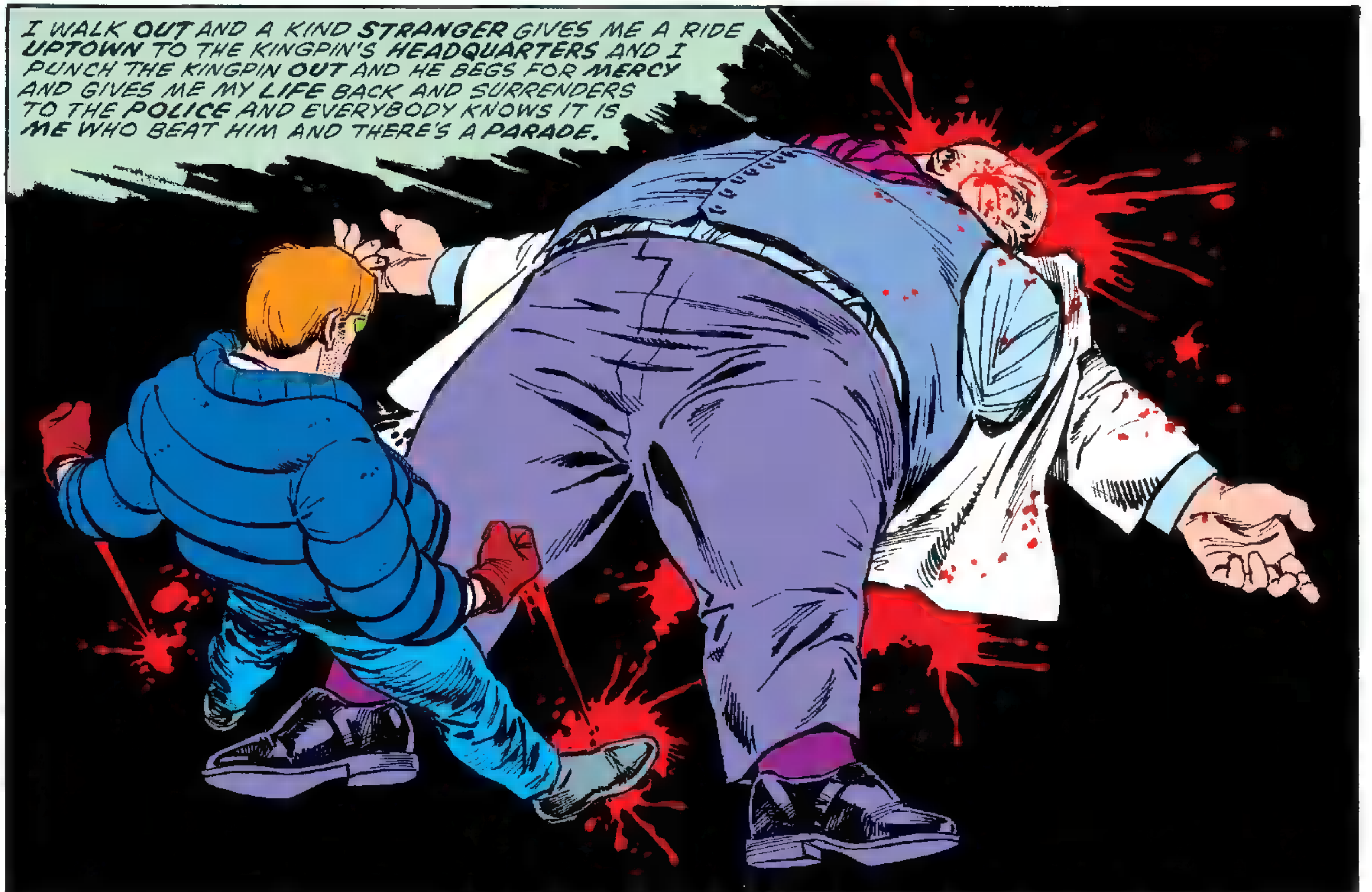
HE'D MAKE A GOOD PUNCHING BAG.

HE'S FAT ENOUGH.

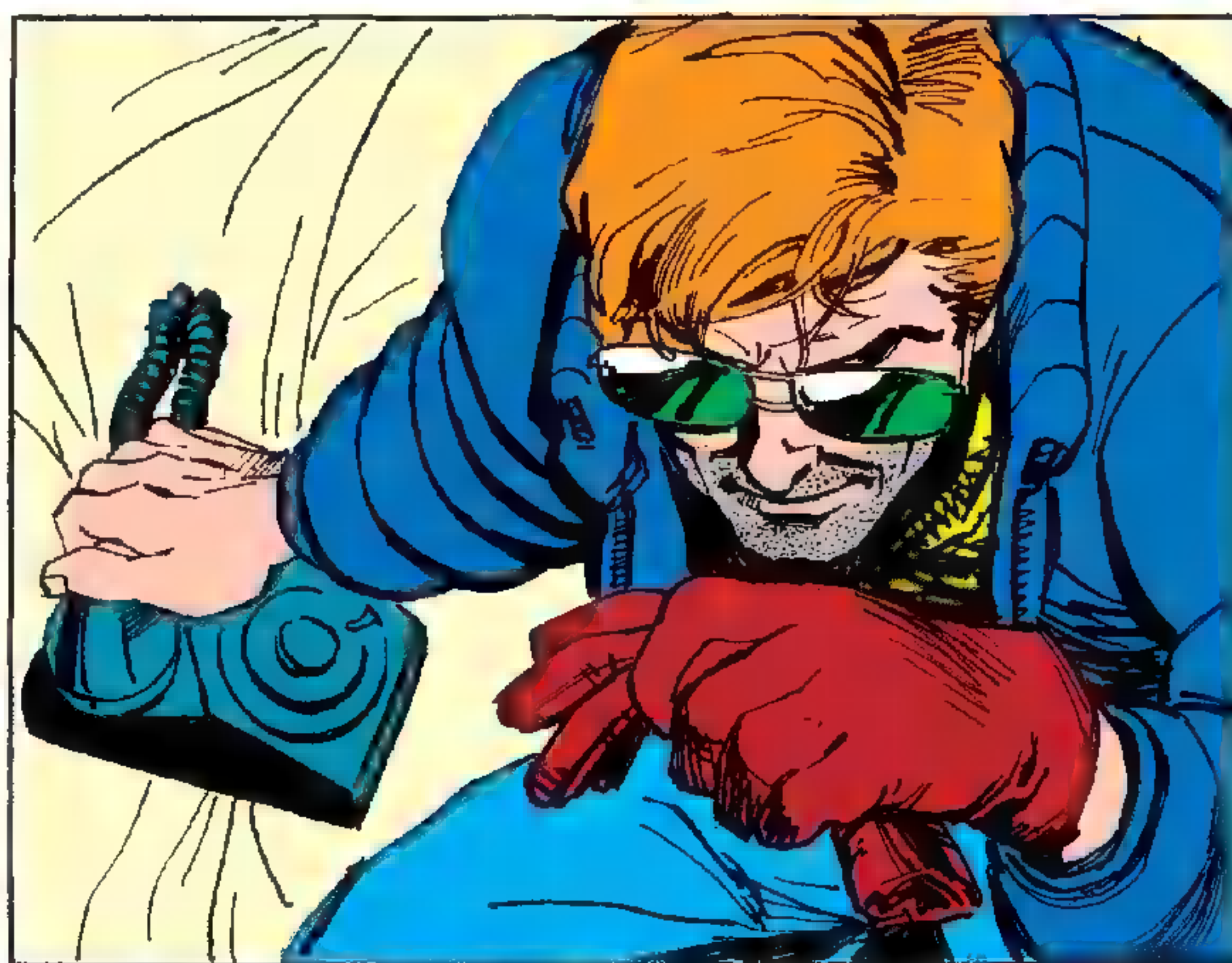
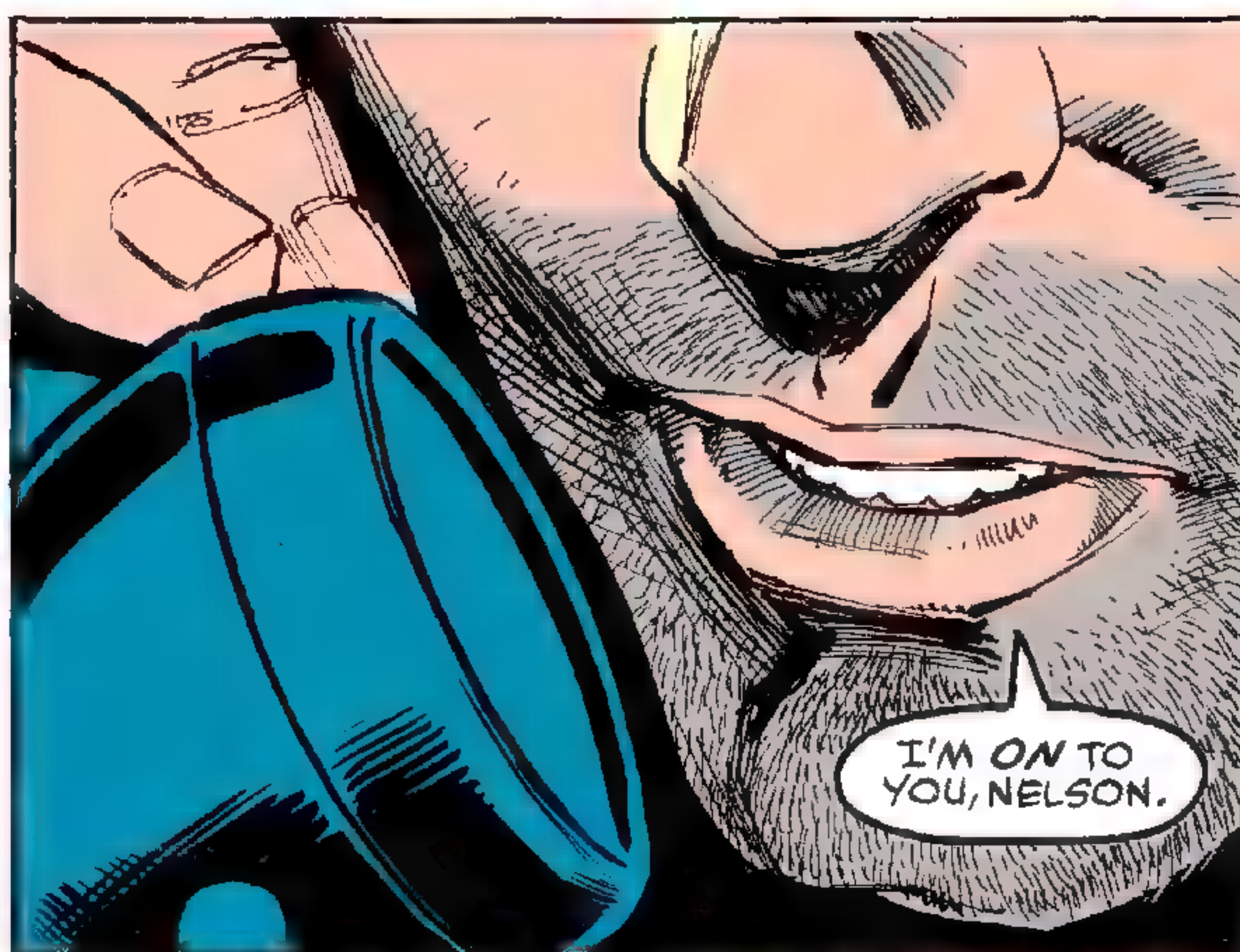
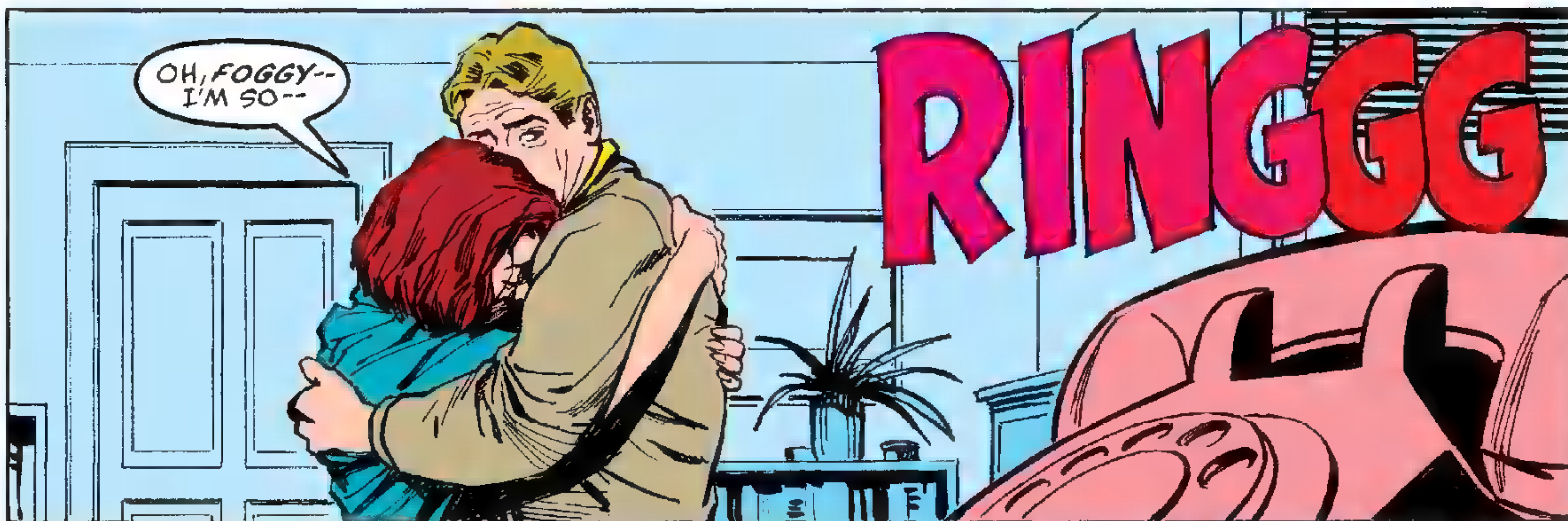


WALK OUT THE DOOR.











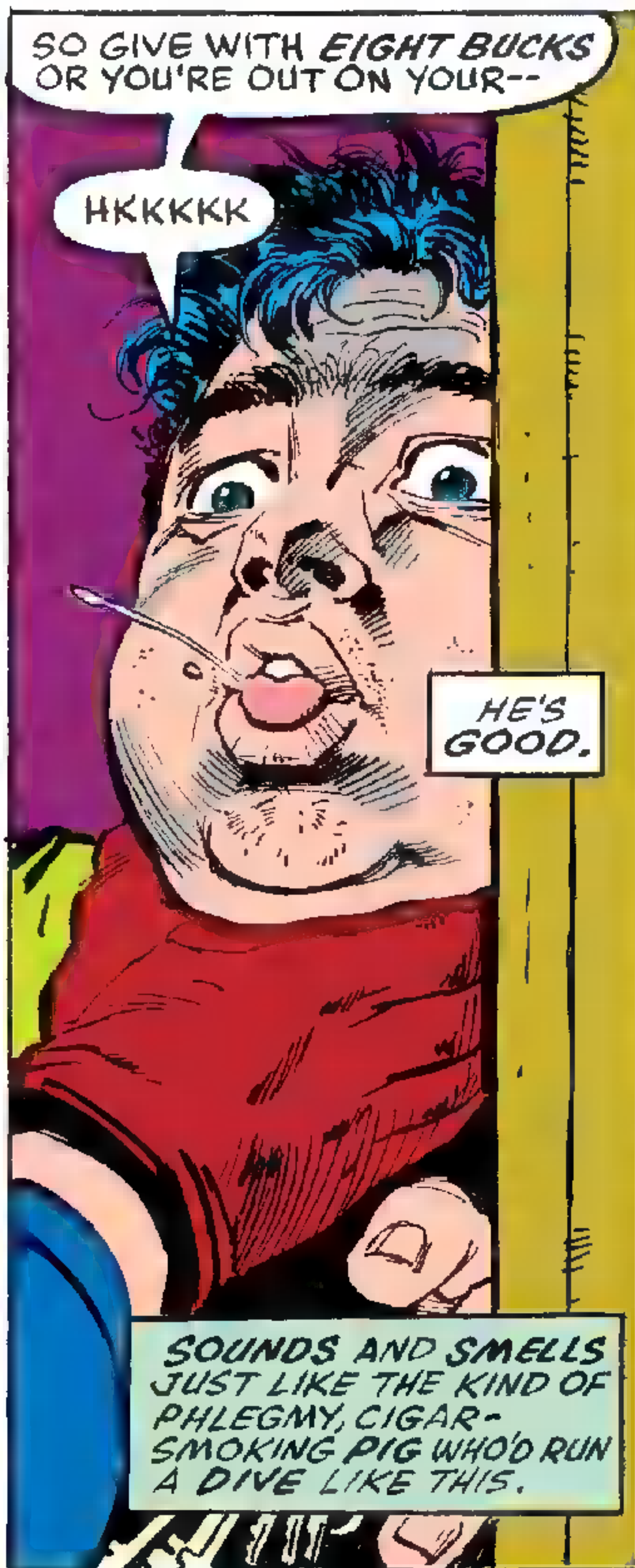


MUTTERED CURSE.

KEYS JANGLING.

LOCK  
TURNING.

CHECKOUT  
WAS AT  
NOON, BUM.



SO GIVE WITH EIGHT BUCKS  
OR YOU'RE OUT ON YOUR--

HKKKKK

HE'S  
GOOD.

SOUNDS AND SMELLS  
JUST LIKE THE KIND OF  
PHLEGMY, CIGAR-  
SMOKING PIG WHO'D RUN  
A DIVE LIKE THIS.



DRIBBLES SPIT ON MY  
HAND AND GOES LIMP.

IT'S A GOOD FAINT.

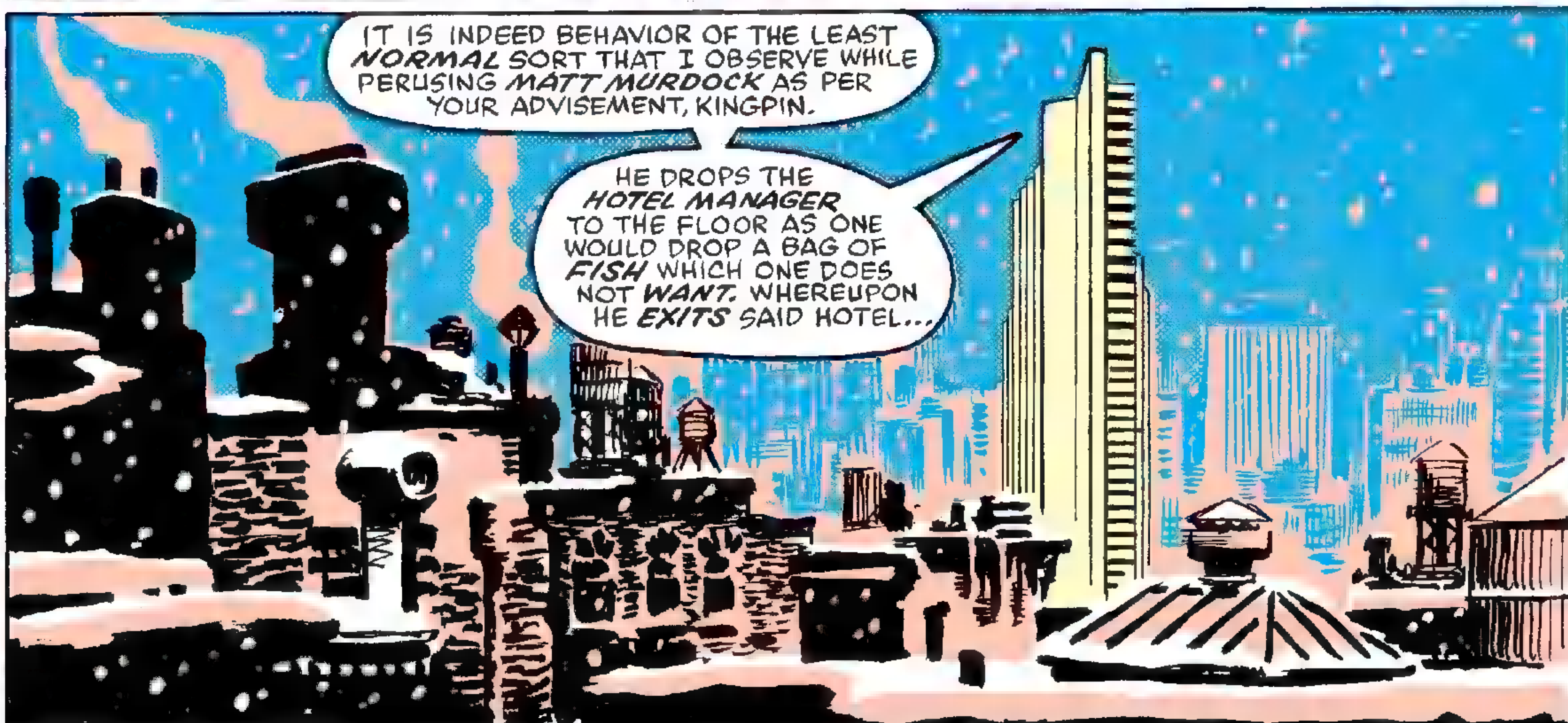
I LET HIM GET AWAY  
WITH IT.



NO POINT IN  
QUESTIONING  
HIM.

I KNOW WHO  
SENT HIM.

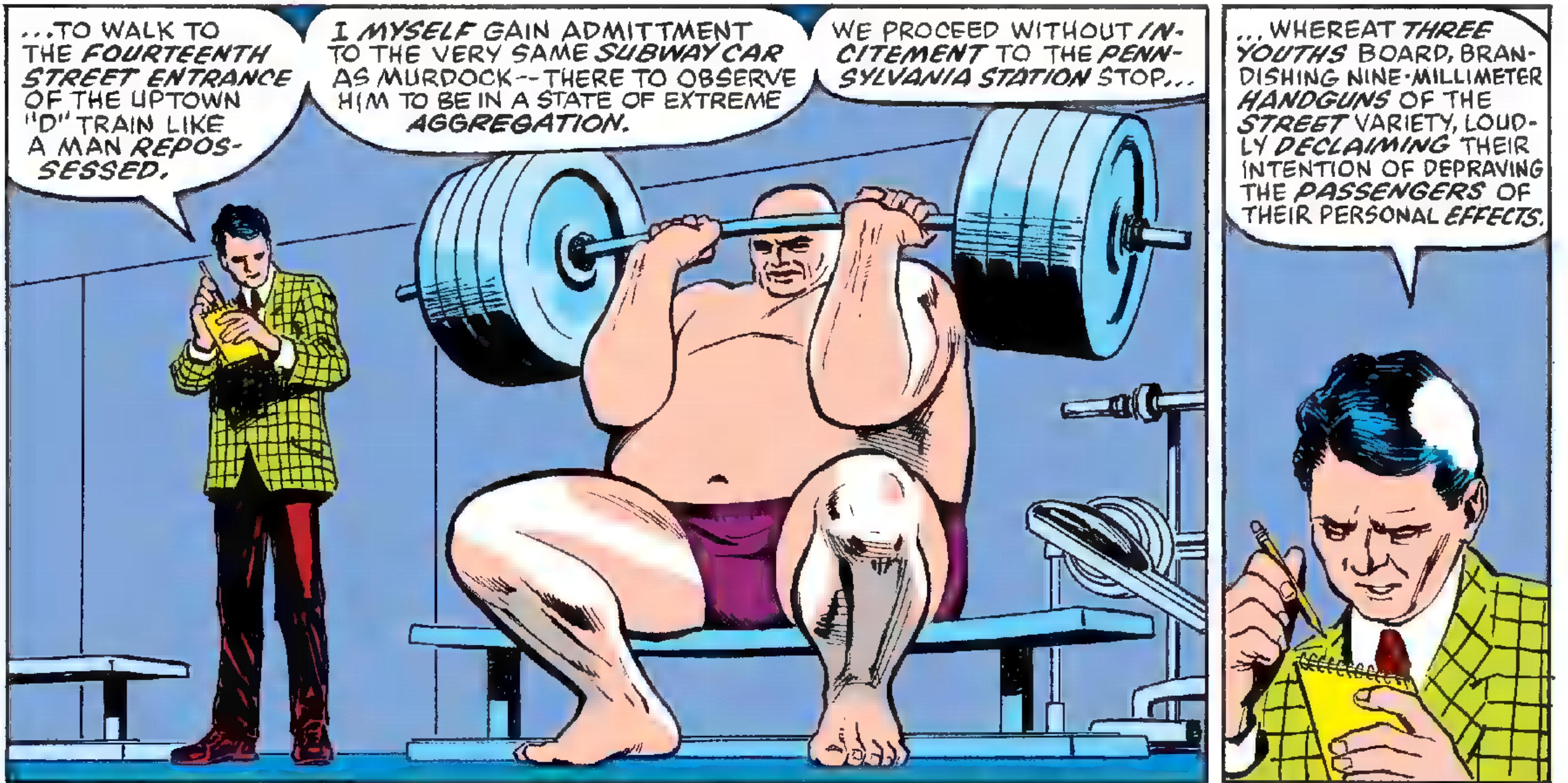
AND I'M  
COMING  
FOR YOU,  
KINGPIN.



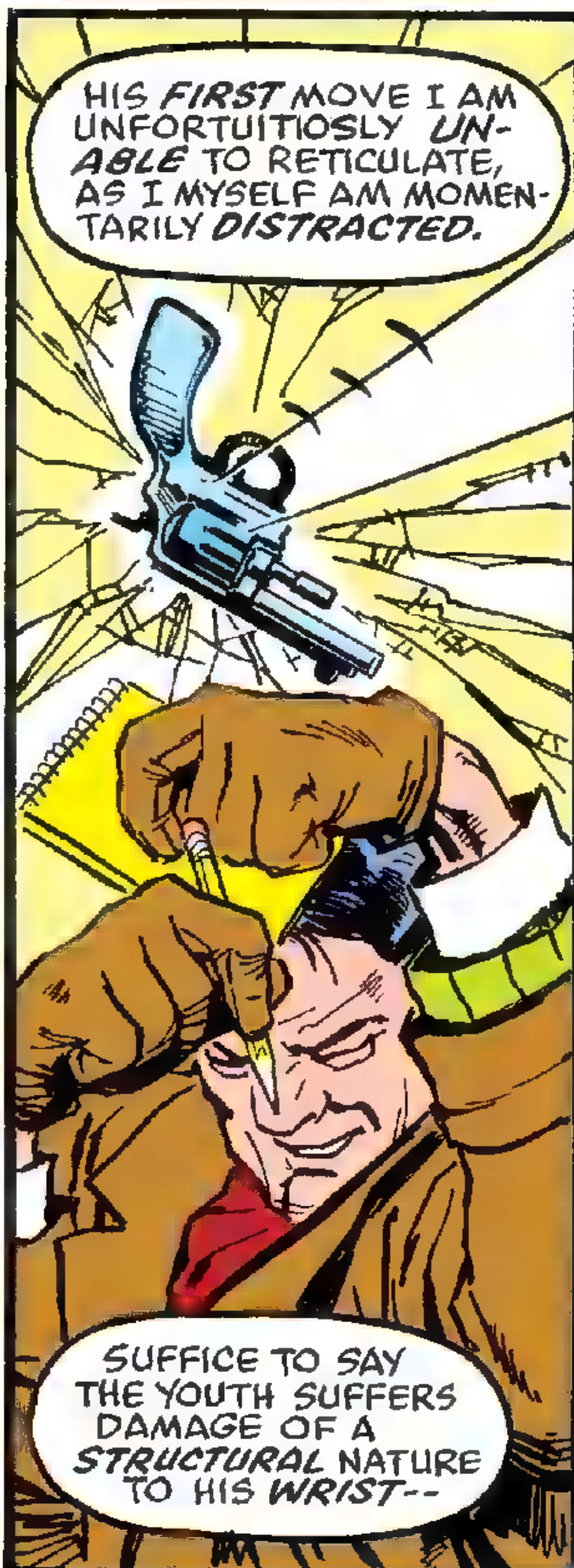
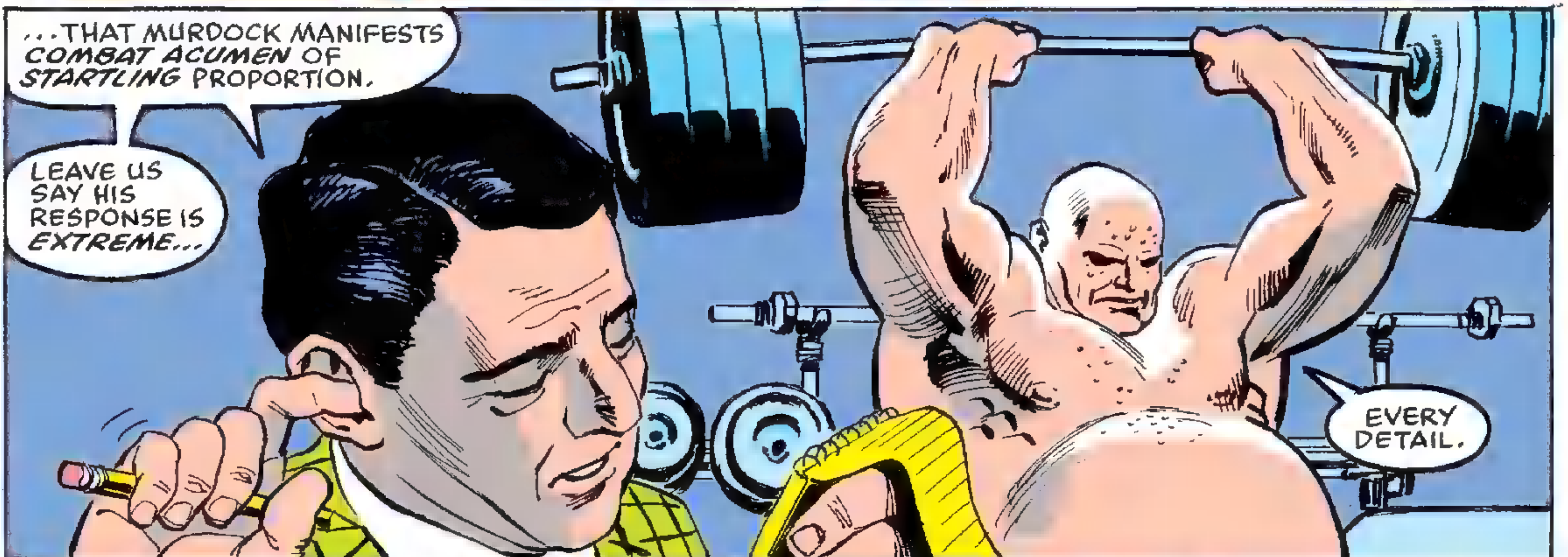
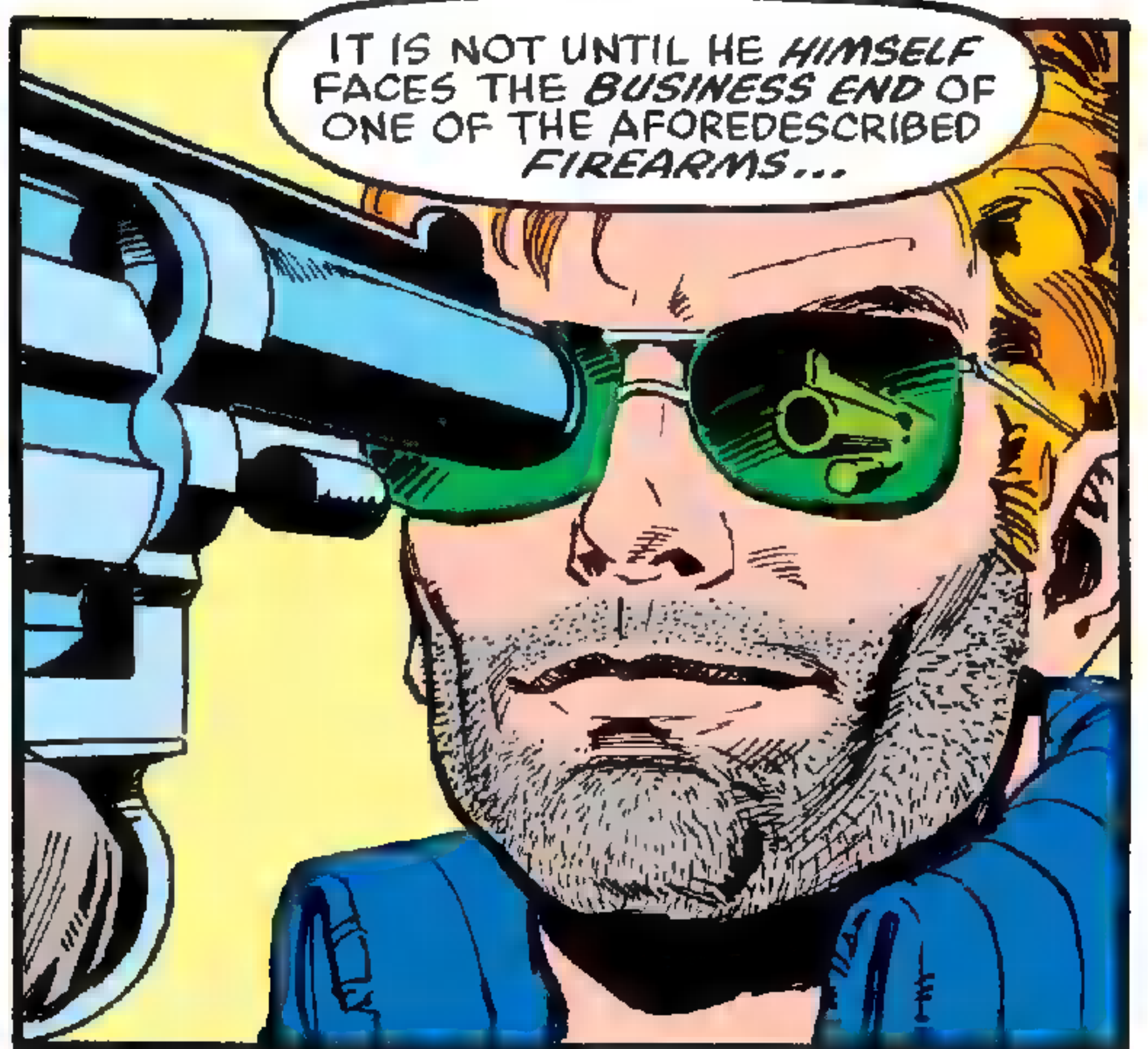
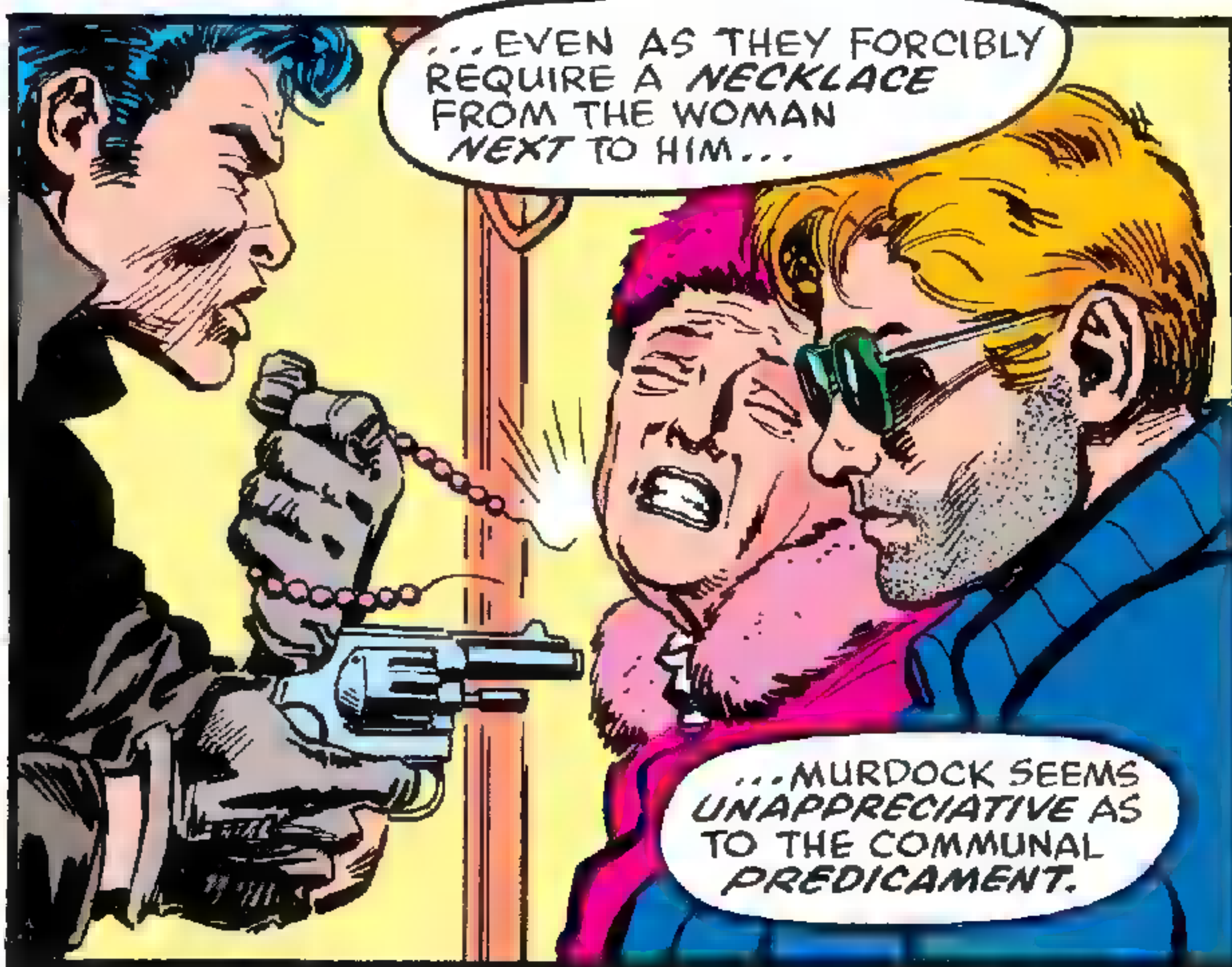
IT IS INDEED BEHAVIOR OF THE LEAST  
NORMAL SORT THAT I OBSERVE WHILE  
PERUSING MATT MURDOCK AS PER  
YOUR ADVISEMENT, KINGPIN.

HE DROPS THE  
HOTEL MANAGER  
TO THE FLOOR AS ONE  
WOULD DROP A BAG OF  
FISH WHICH ONE DOES  
NOT WANT. WHEREUPON  
HE EXITS SAID HOTEL...

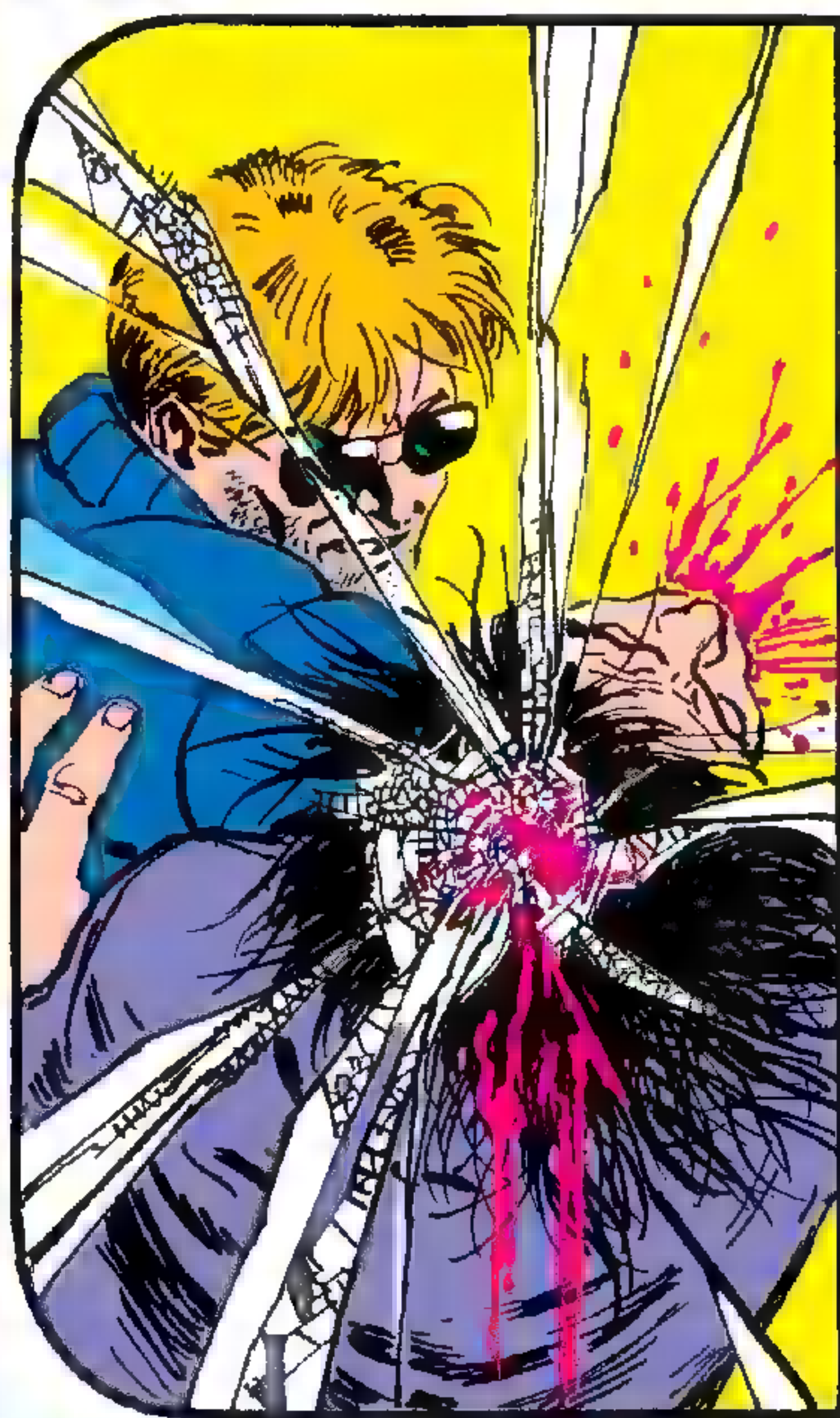




















FOGGY? IT'S MATT--  
NO, PLEASE DON'T  
HANG UP... I... I  
NEED YOUR *HELP*...

I THINK I'M  
*SICK*, FOGGY.  
SOMETHING...  
THERE'S SOME-  
THING WRONG  
WITH MY *MIND*  
... I JUST...

... I JUST  
BEAT UP A  
*COP*...



... YOU SEE, IT'S THE  
*KINGPIN*. I KEEP  
THINKING EVERYBODY'S  
WORKING FOR HIM  
AND...

... OH, YEAH. I KNOW  
*THAT*. PRACTICALLY  
EVERYBODY *IS* WORK-  
ING FOR HIM. BUT THIS  
WAS JUST A *COP* AND  
THERE WAS NO  
*REASON* TO...

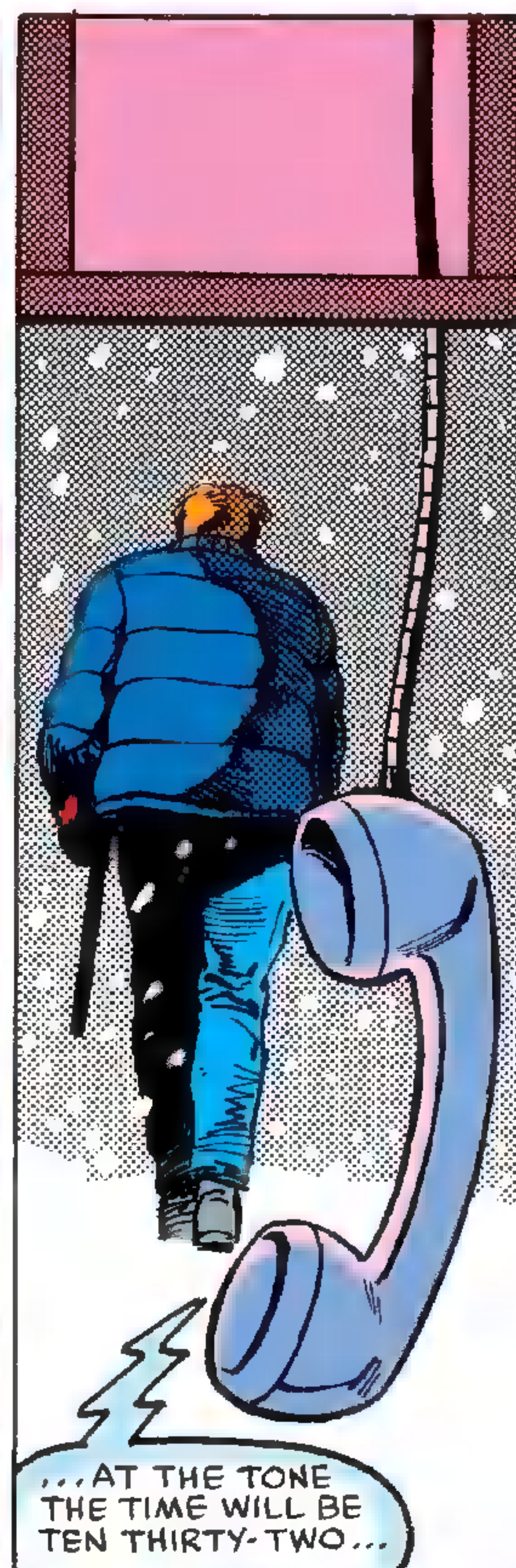
... WHAT?... OH  
... YOU *SURE*?...



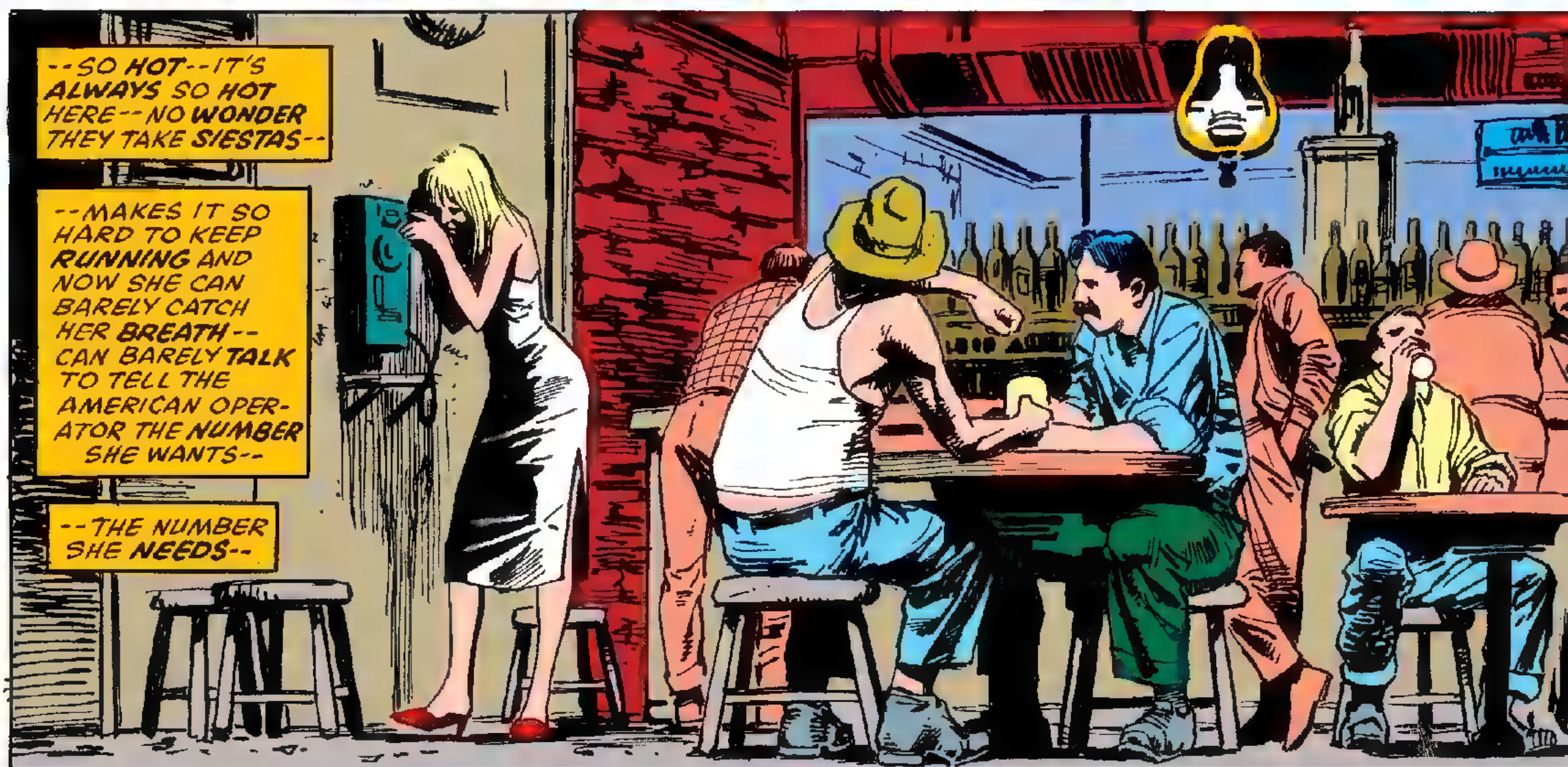
... OKAY, WELL MAYBE  
THE *COP*. BUT THERE'S  
SOMETHING *WRONG*  
WITH ME, FOGGY. I...

... BUT IF I GO  
THERE I'LL TRY TO  
KILL THE *KINGPIN*.  
I...

... BUT... BUT  
I... OKAY, BUDDY.  
I'LL GIVE IT MY  
BEST SHOT.



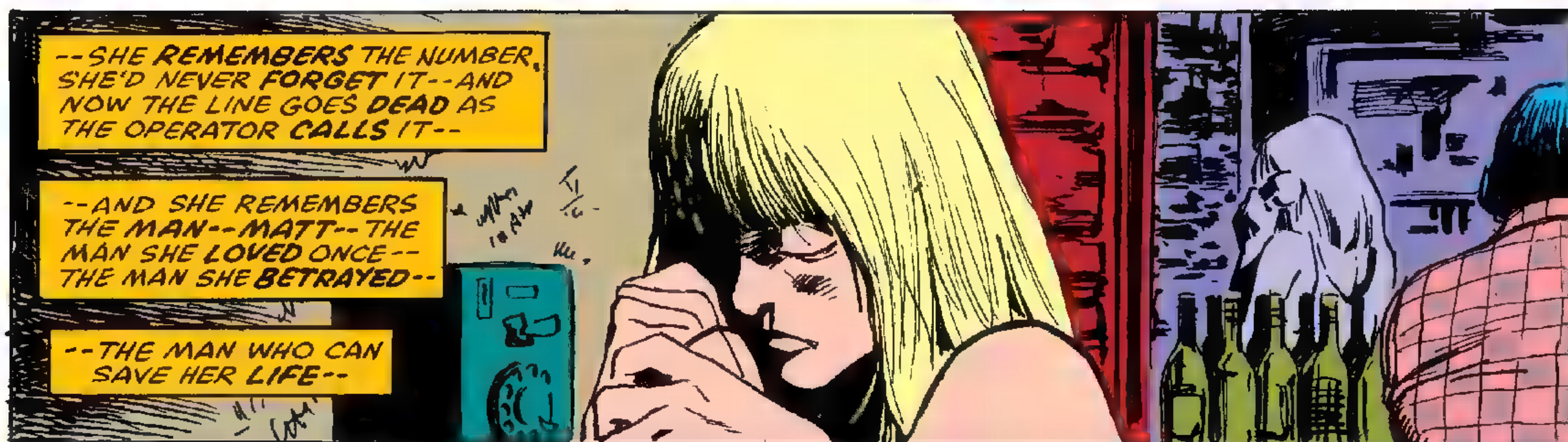
... AT THE TONE  
THE TIME WILL BE  
TEN THIRTY-TWO...



-- SO HOT-- IT'S  
ALWAYS SO HOT  
HERE-- NO WONDER  
THEY TAKE *SIESTAS*--

-- MAKES IT SO  
HARD TO KEEP  
*RUNNING* AND  
NOW SHE CAN  
BARELY CATCH  
HER *BREATH*--  
CAN BARELY TALK  
TO TELL THE  
AMERICAN OPER-  
ATOR THE NUMBER  
SHE WANTS--

-- THE NUMBER  
SHE NEEDS--



-- SHE REMEMBERS THE NUMBER,  
SHE'D NEVER FORGET IT-- AND  
NOW THE LINE GOES DEAD AS  
THE OPERATOR CALLS IT--

-- AND SHE REMEMBERS  
THE MAN-- MATT-- THE  
MAN SHE LOVED ONCE--  
THE MAN SHE BETRAYED--

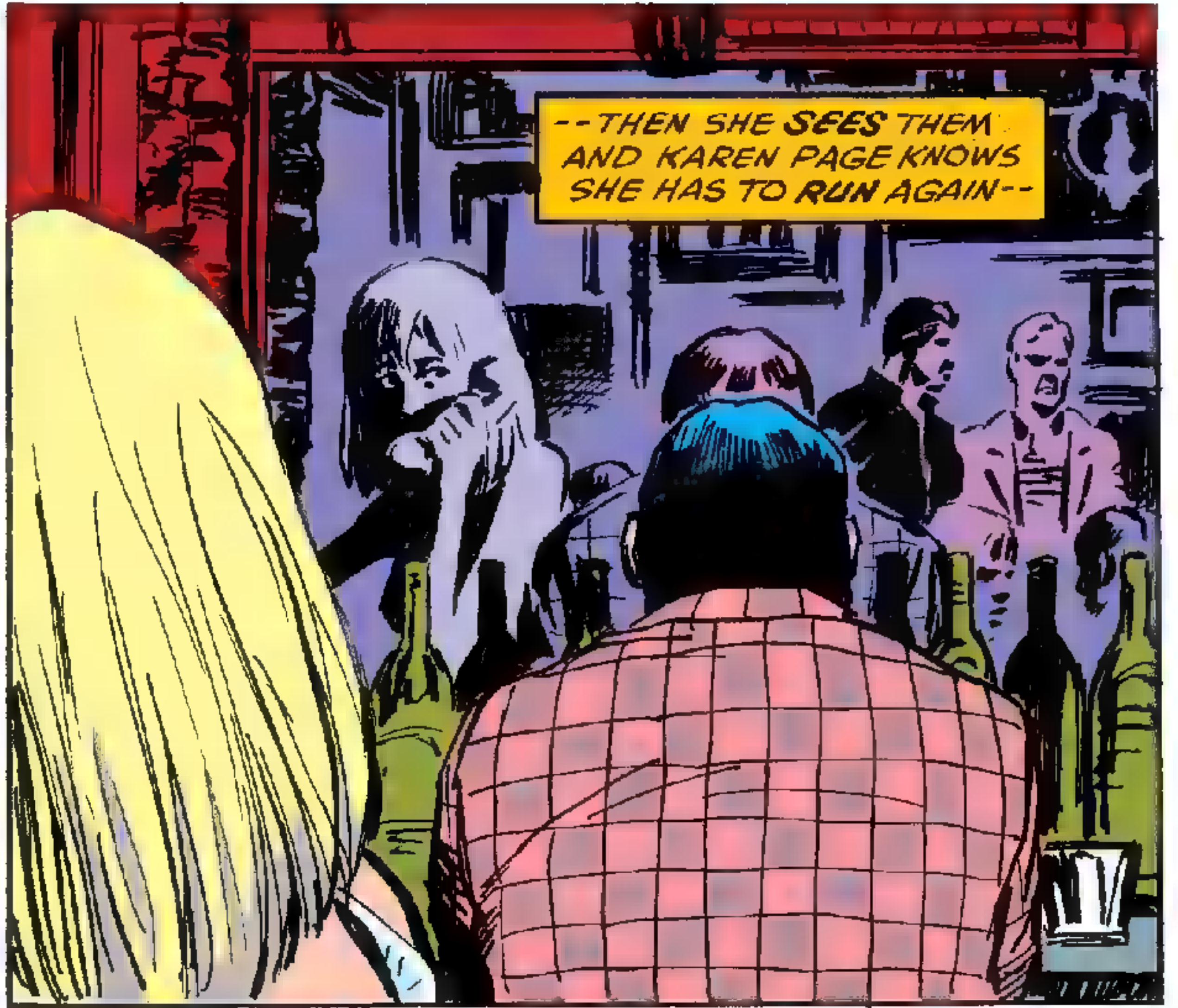
-- THE MAN WHO CAN  
SAVE HER LIFE--



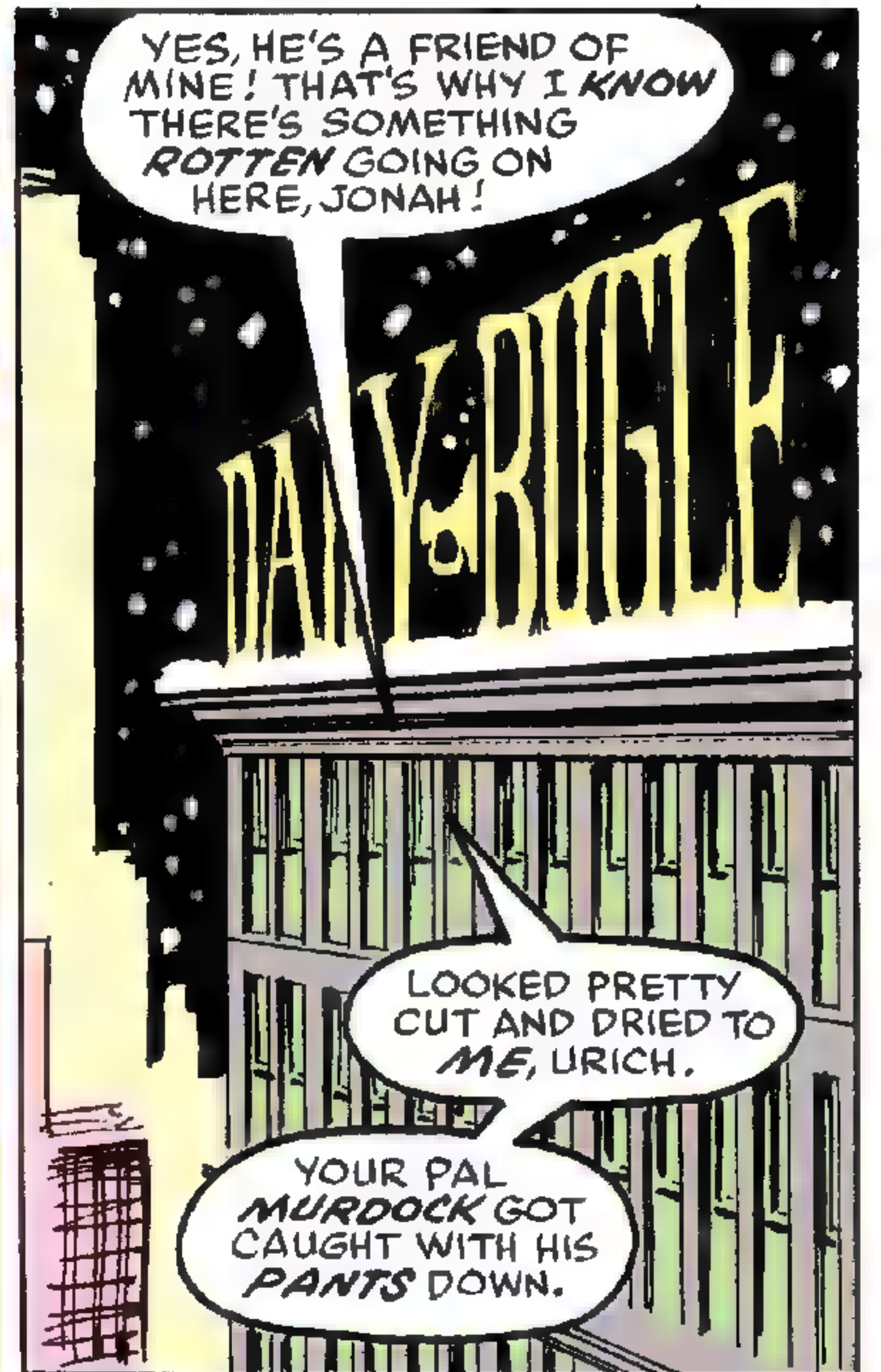
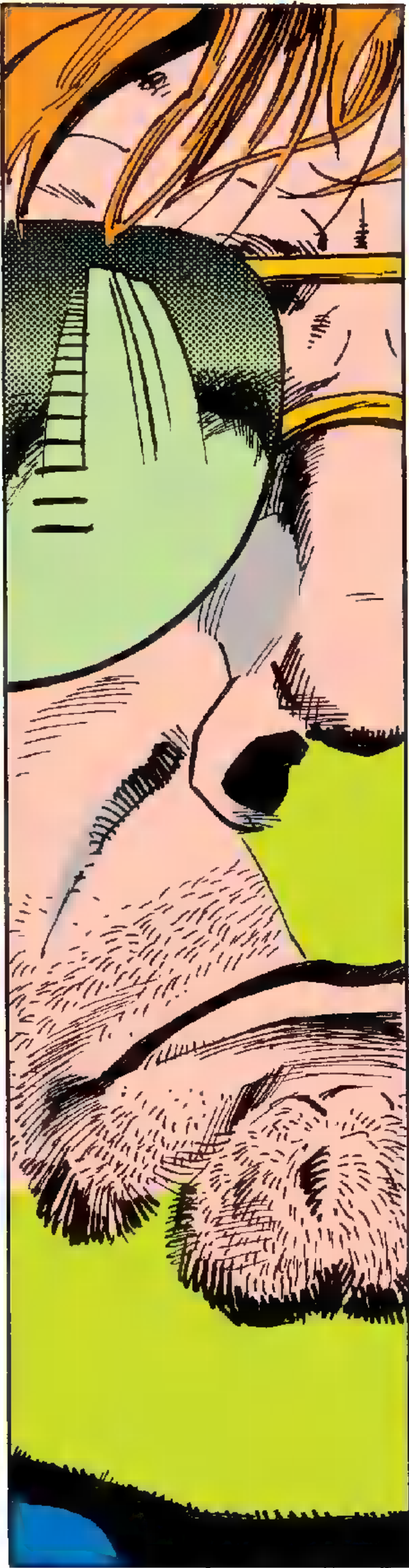


-- BUT NOW THE OPERATOR IS SAYING  
THE NUMBER HAS BEEN DISCONNECTED--  
BUT SHE KNOWS SHE GOT IT RIGHT AND  
MATT WOULD NEVER MOVE HE LOVES  
THAT HOUSE--

-- AND SHE MAKES  
THE OPERATOR  
**CHECK FOR HER**  
AND THERE'S NO  
**LISTING--**



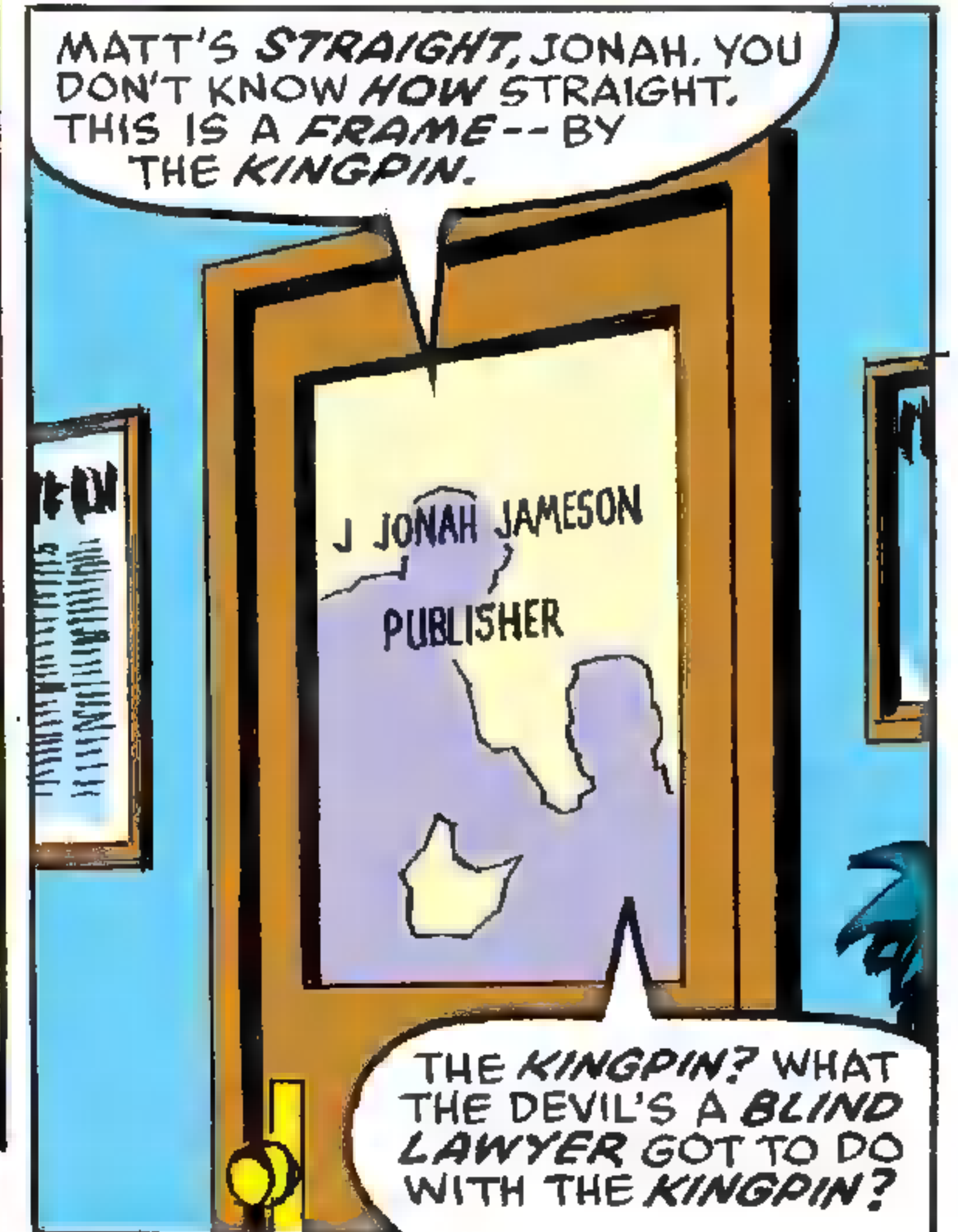
-- THEN SHE SEES THEM  
AND KAREN PAGE KNOWS  
SHE HAS TO RUN AGAIN--



YES, HE'S A FRIEND OF  
MINE! THAT'S WHY I KNOW  
THERE'S SOMETHING  
**ROTTEN** GOING ON  
HERE, JONAH!

LOOKED PRETTY  
CUT AND DRIED TO  
ME, URICH.

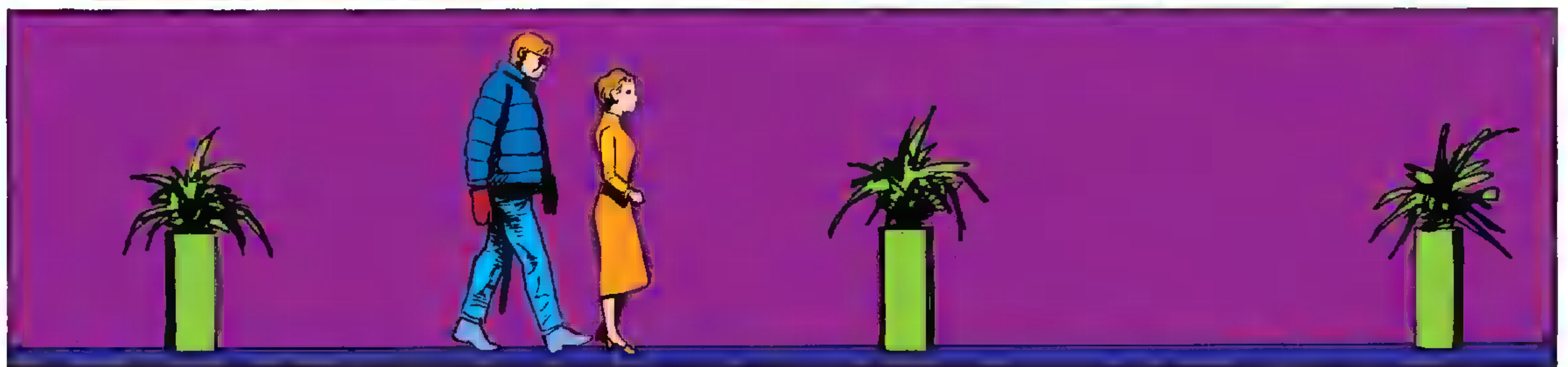
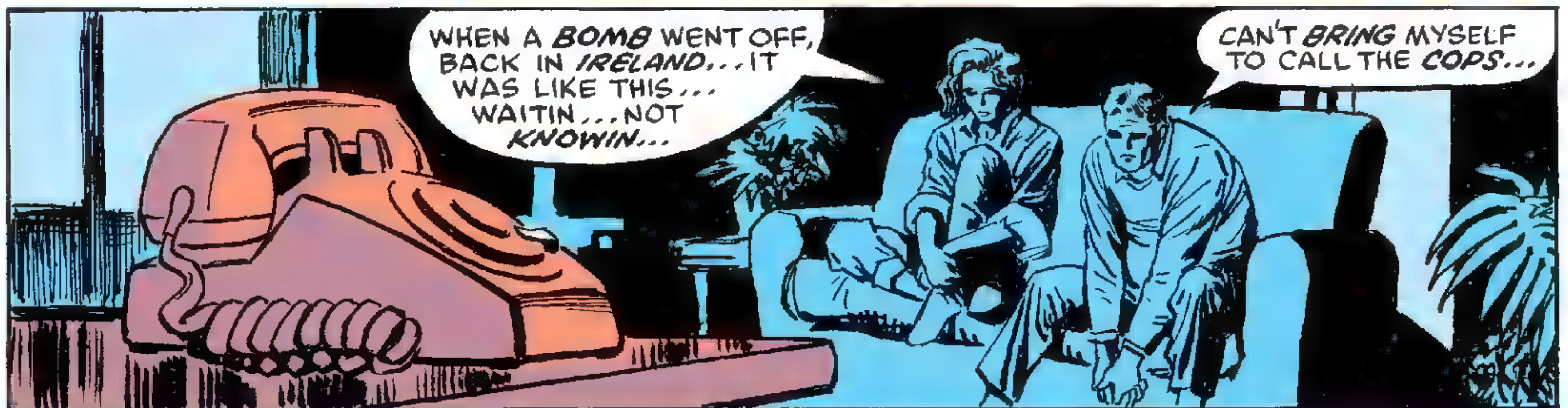
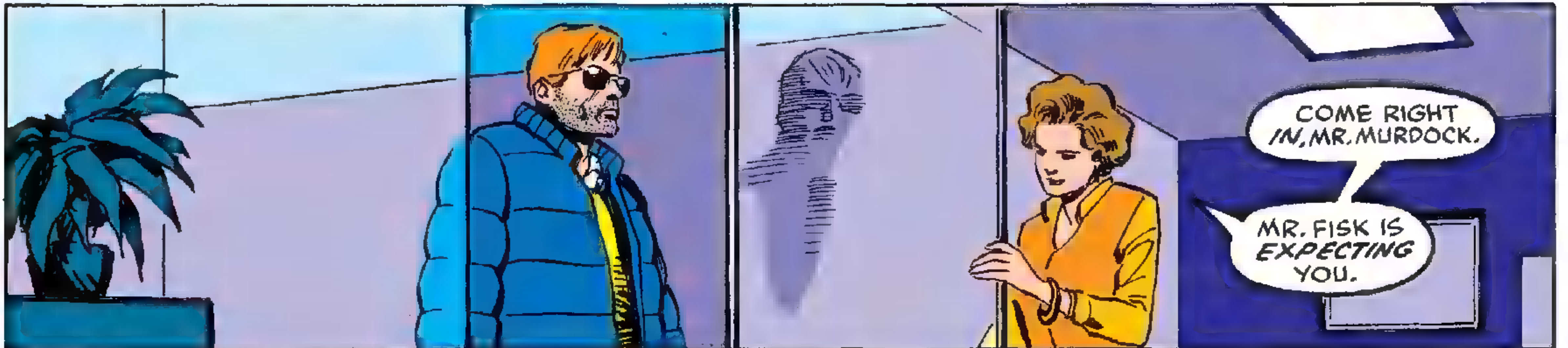
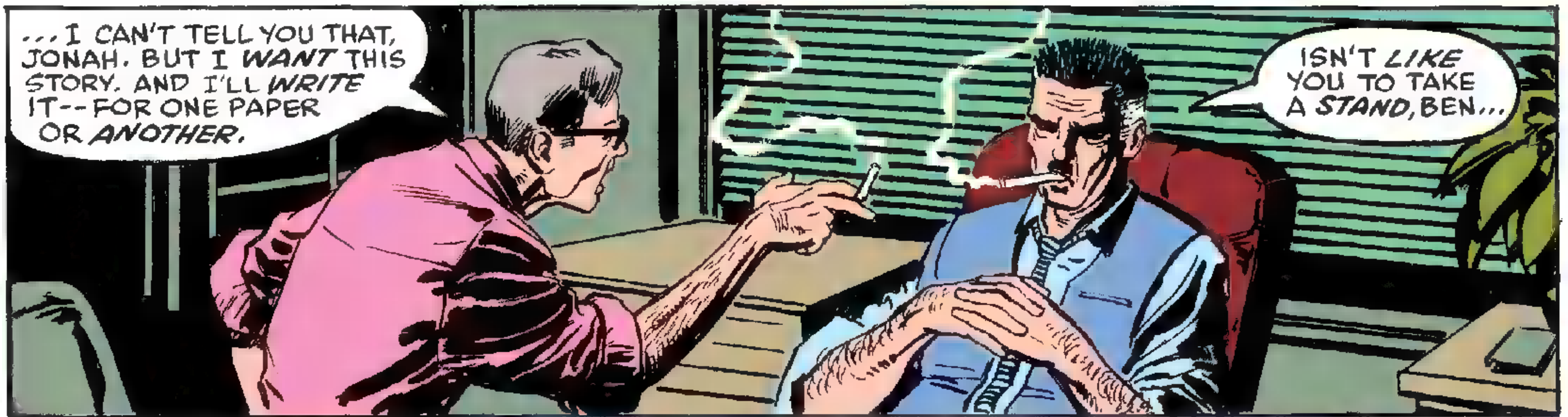
YOUR PAL  
**MURDOCK** GOT  
CAUGHT WITH HIS  
**PANTS** DOWN.



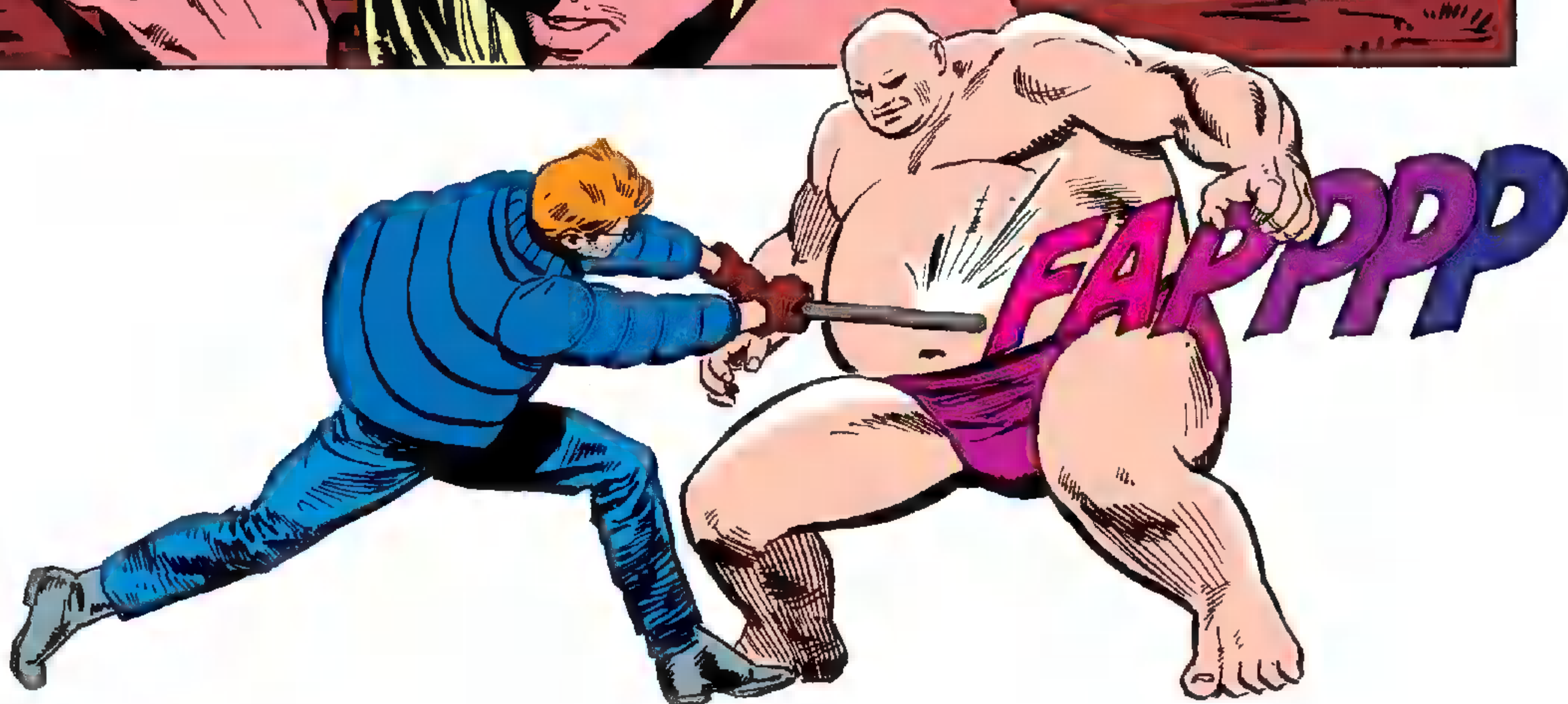
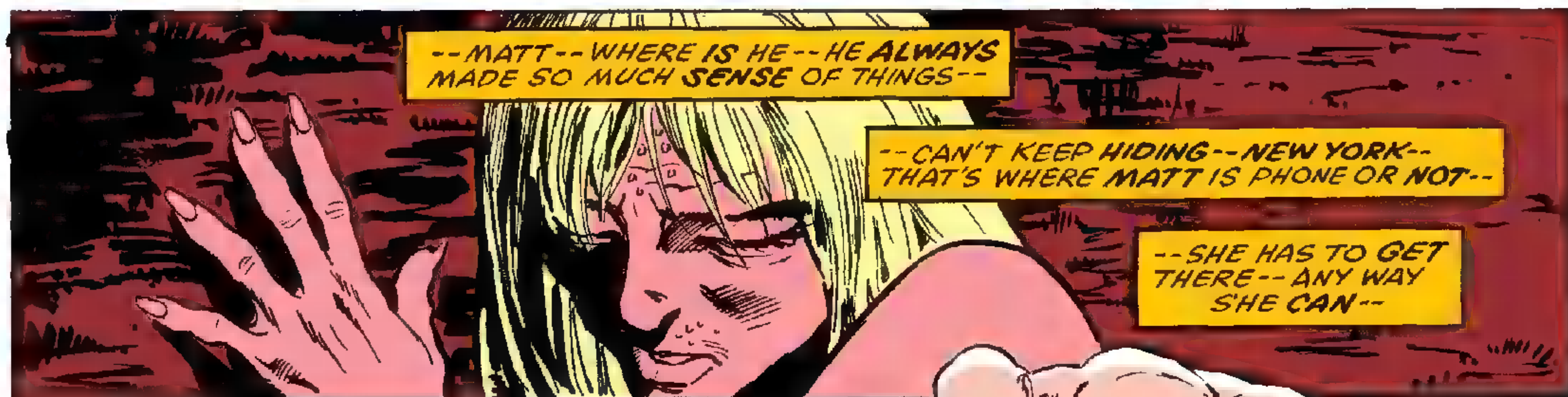
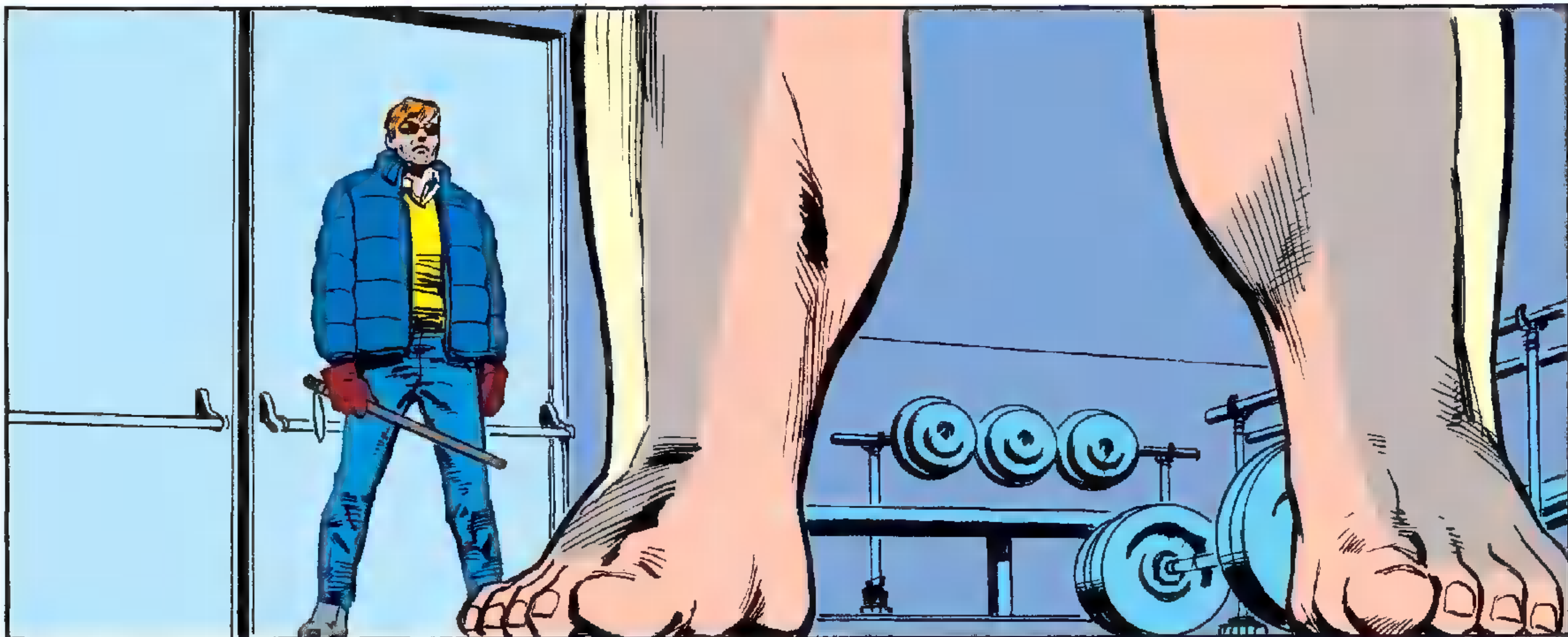
MATT'S **STRAIGHT**, JONAH. YOU  
DON'T KNOW **HOW STRAIGHT**.  
THIS IS A **FRAME--** BY  
THE **KINGPIN**.

THE **KINGPIN**? WHAT  
THE DEVIL'S A **BLIND**  
LAWYER GOT TO DO  
WITH THE **KINGPIN**?

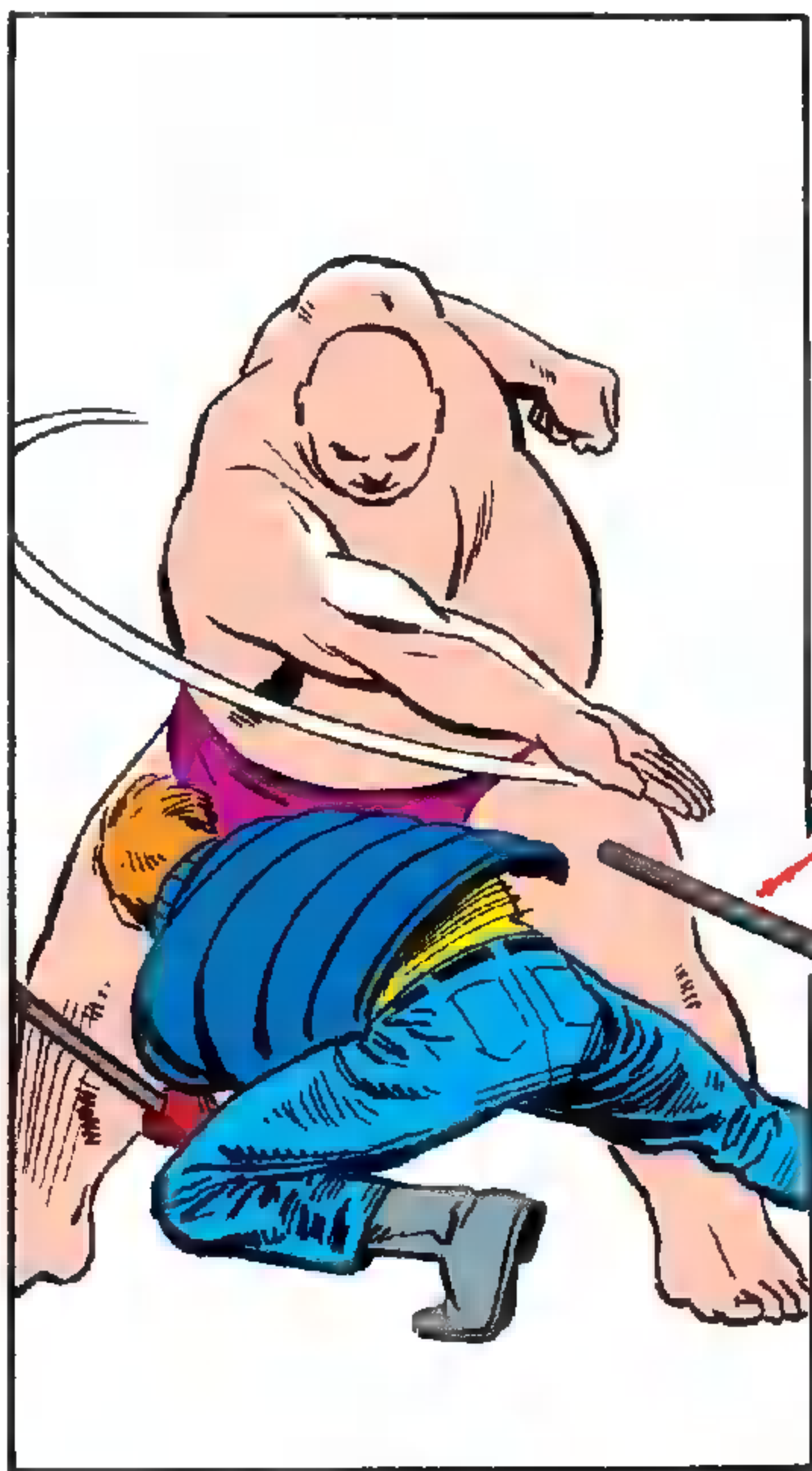




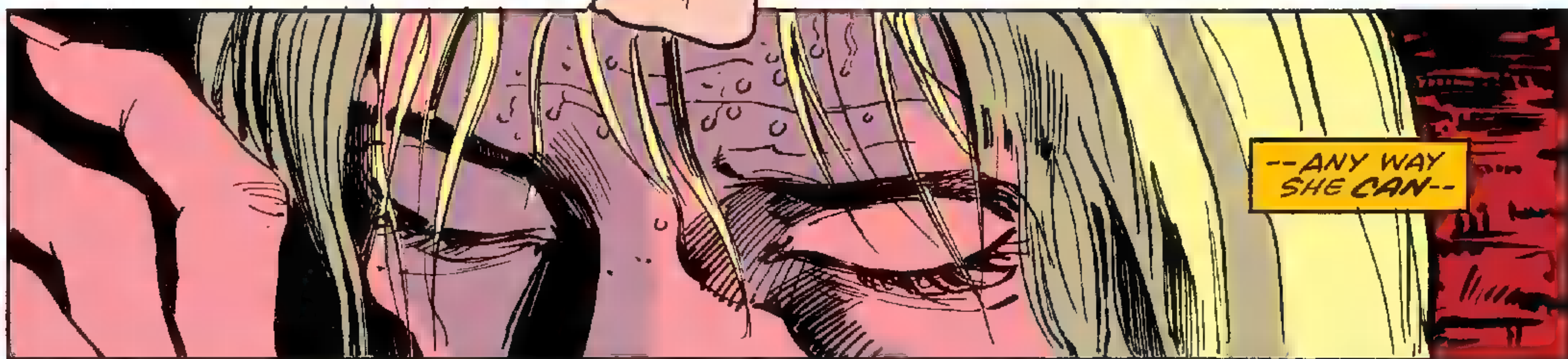
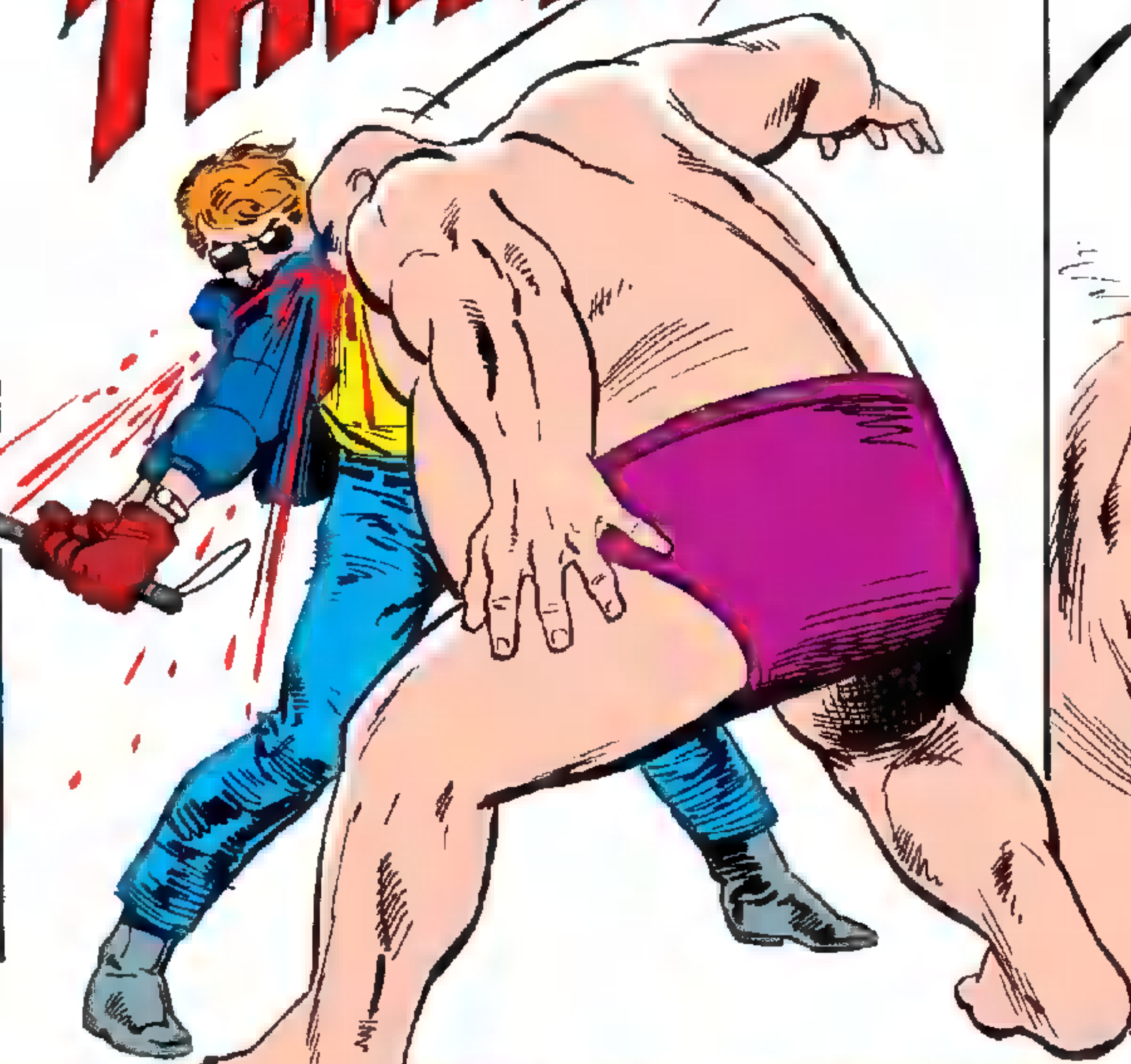




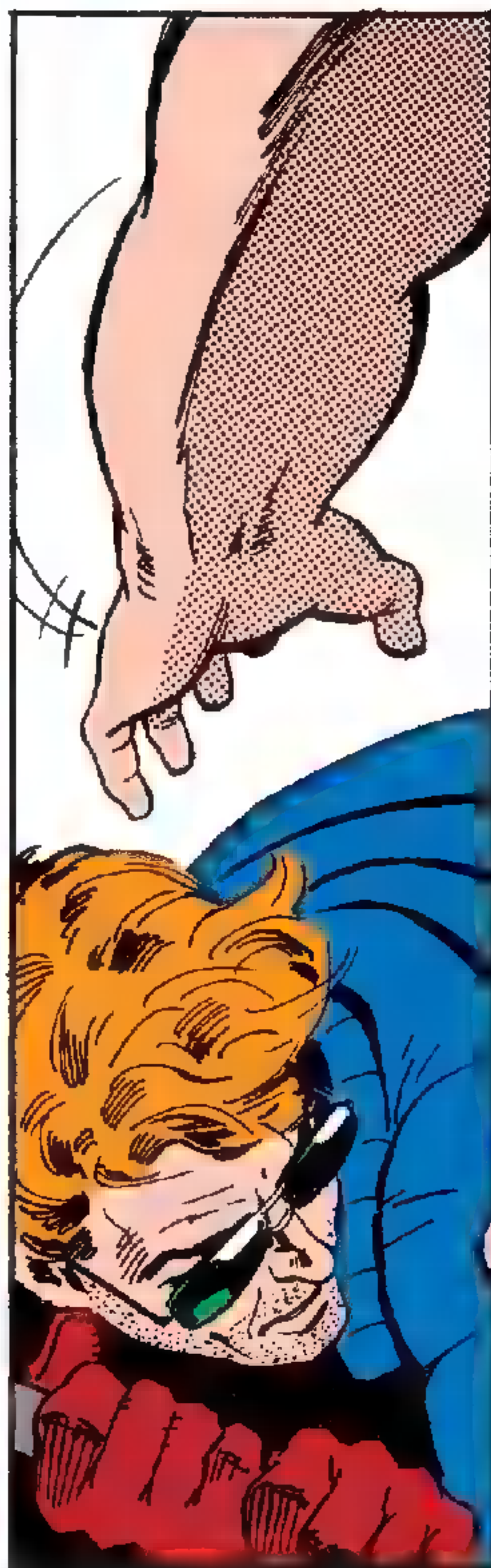
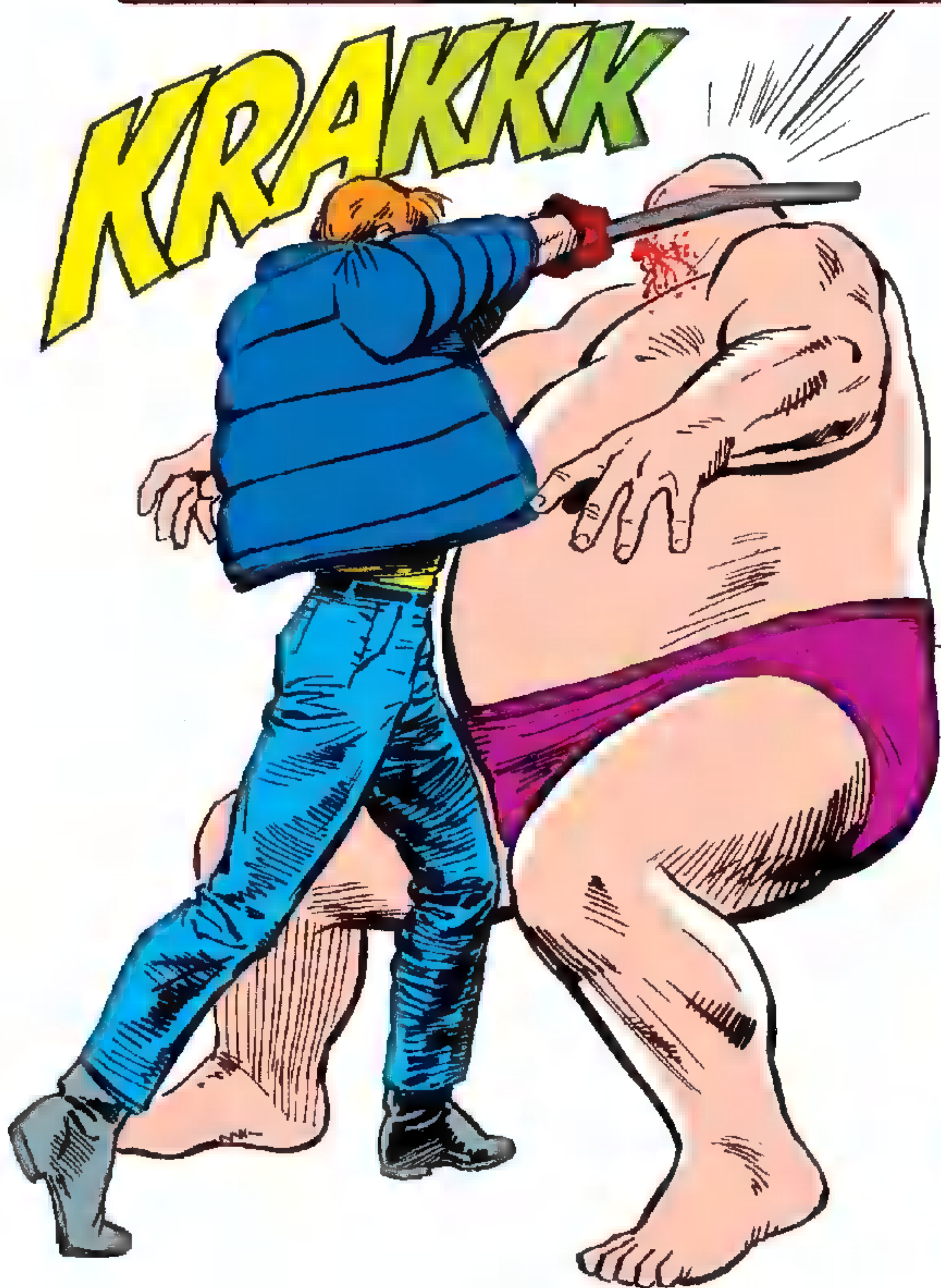




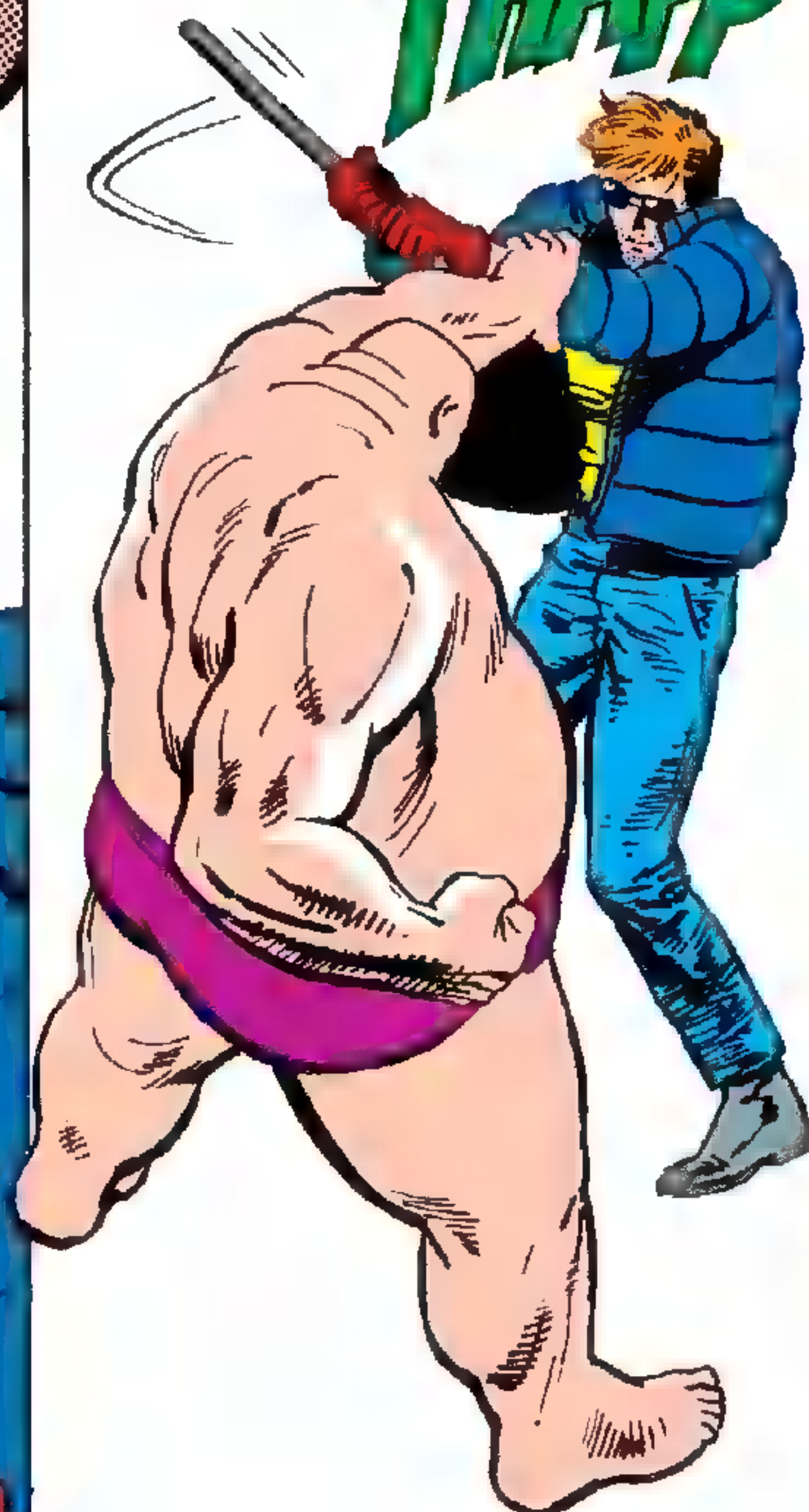
**THWAKK**



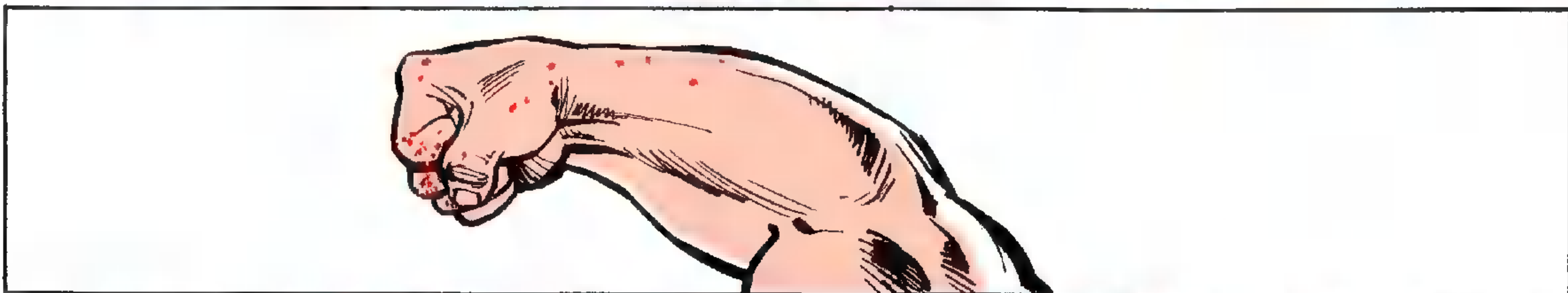
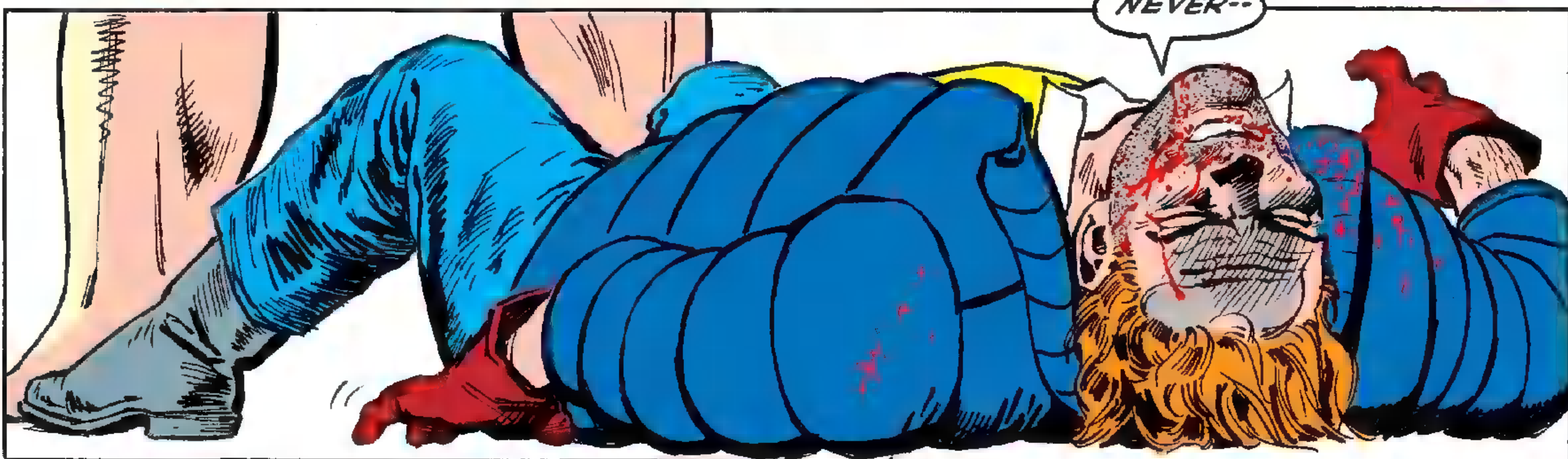
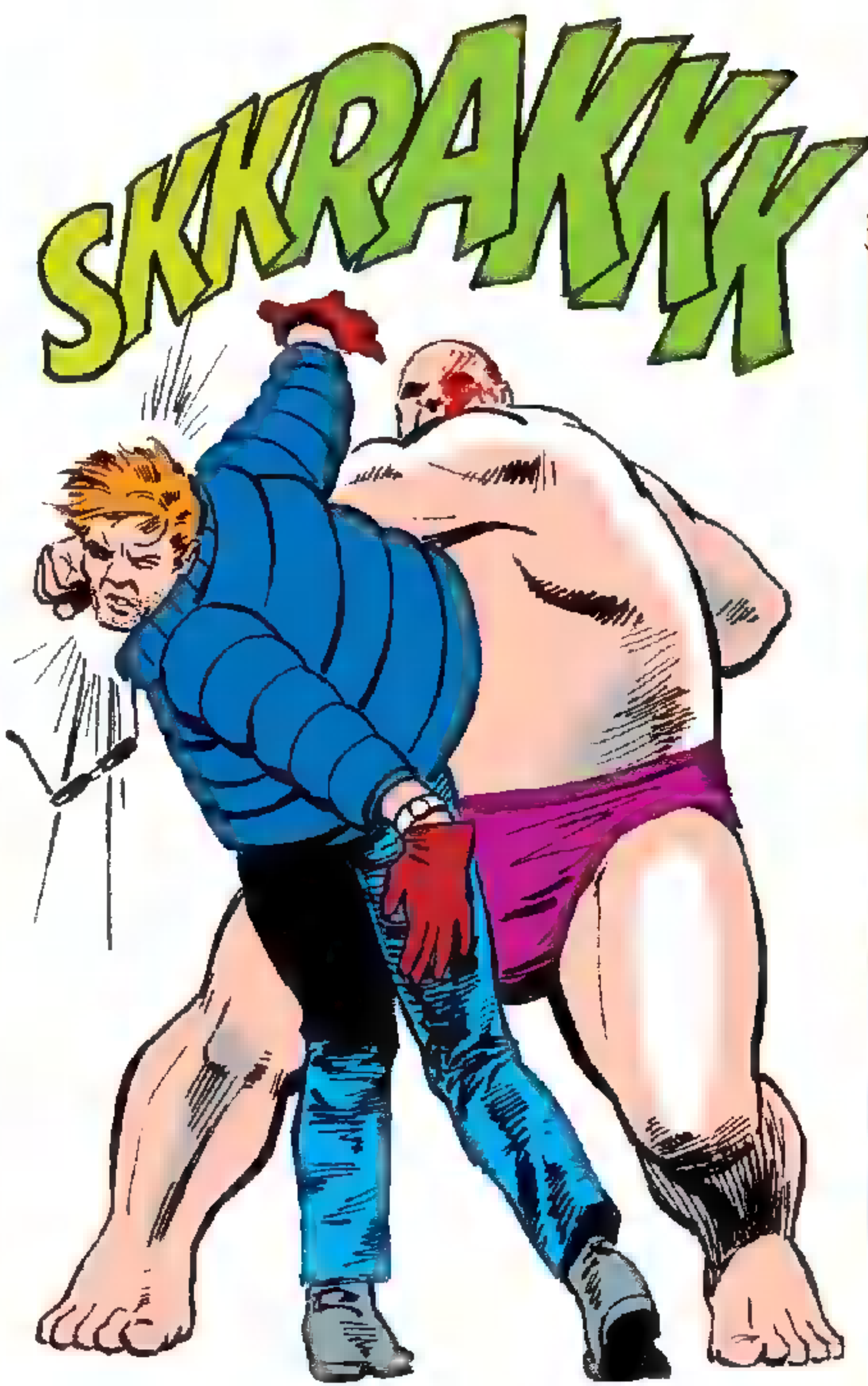
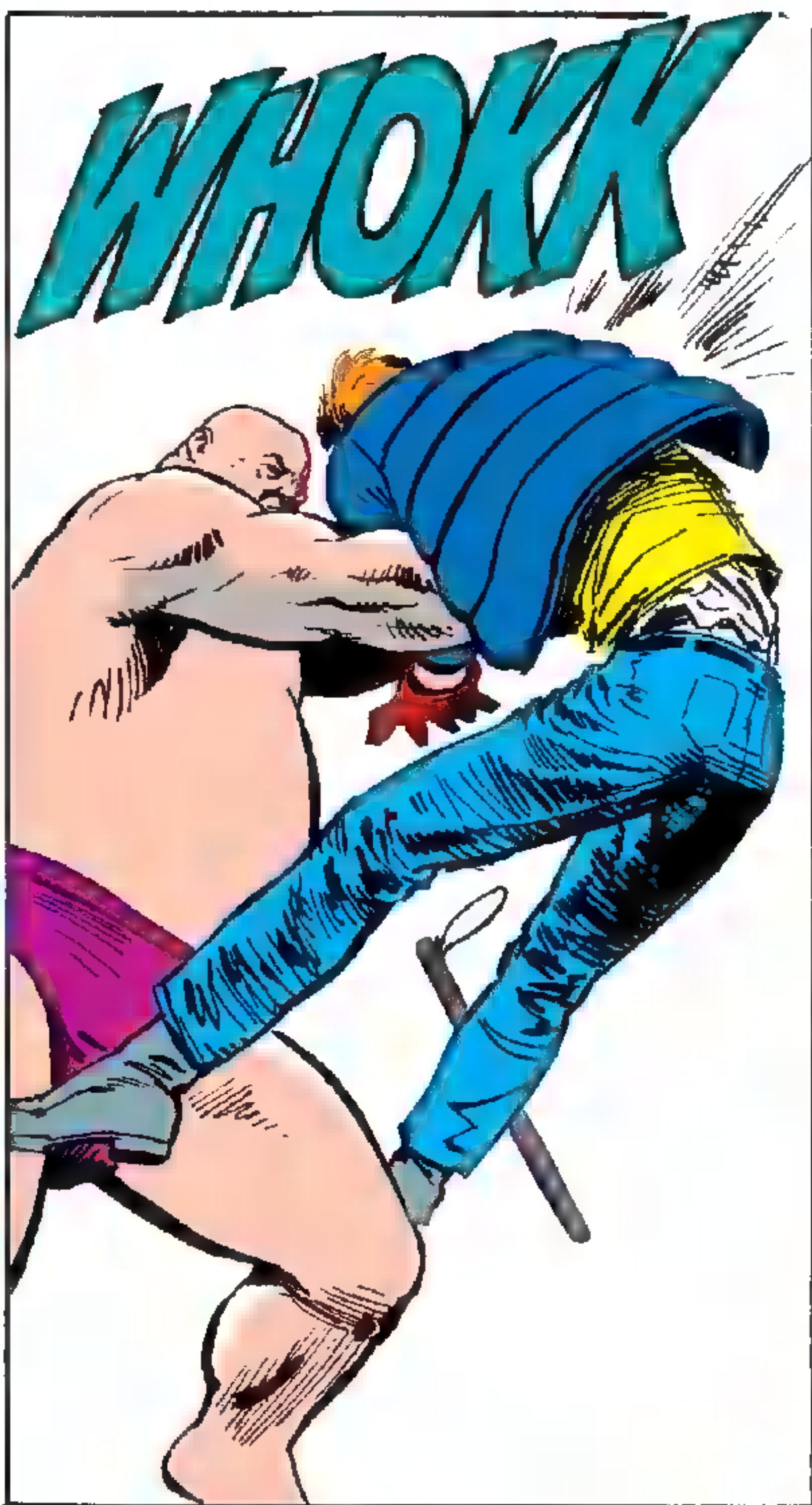
**KRAK**



**THAPP**







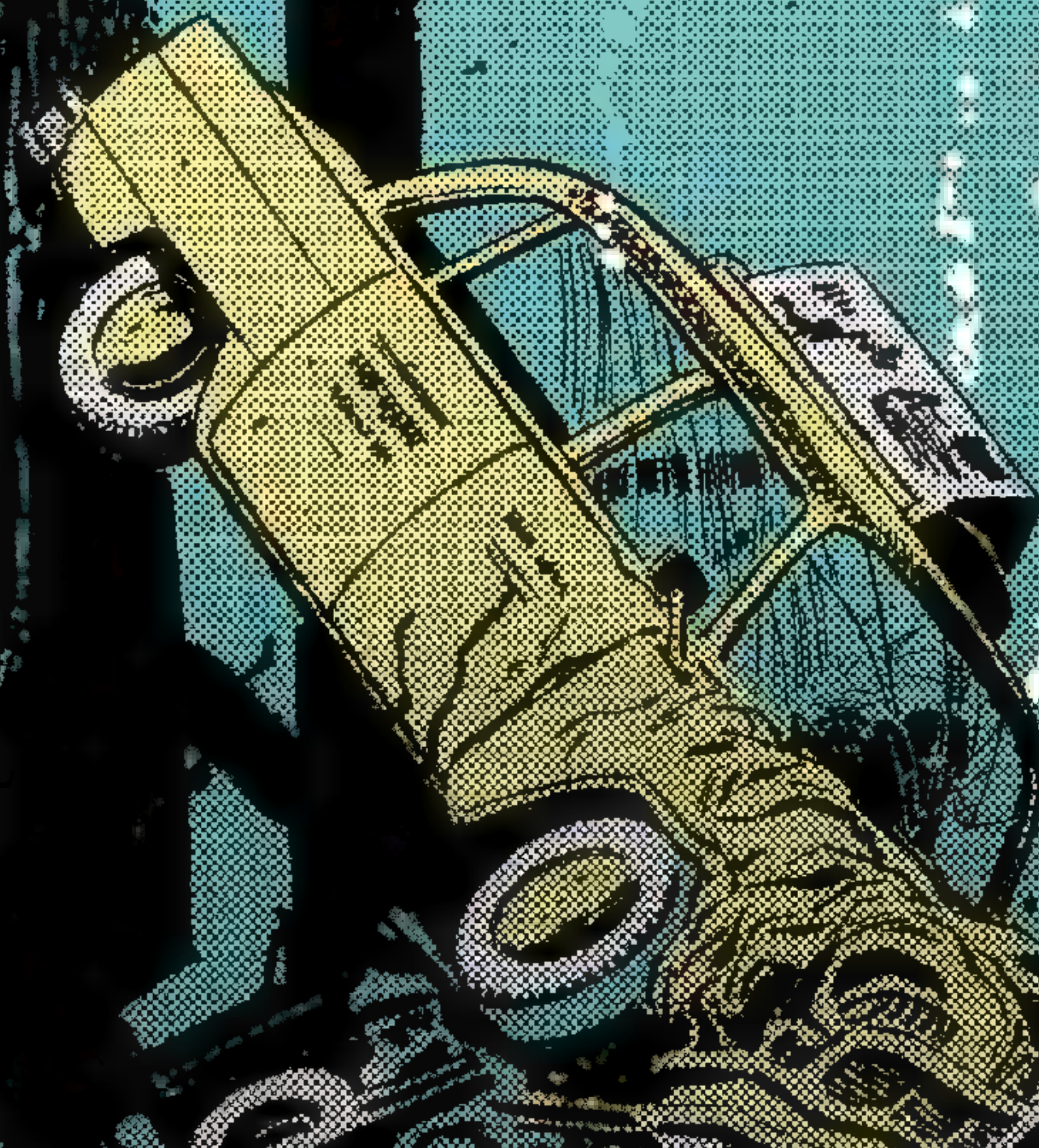


IT WOULD BE A JOY TO END IT THERE. SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN BRINGS TO THE KINGPIN A BLOODLUST HE HAS NOT FELT SINCE HIS YOUTH. IT TAKES AN EFFORT OF WILL TO RESTRAIN HIMSELF FROM TEARING MURDOCK LIMB FROM LIMB.

BUT THE KINGPIN IS A CAREFUL MAN. THERE ARE DETAILS TO CONSIDER.

MURDOCK'S DEATH MUST BE NEITHER MYSTERIOUS NOR SUSPICIOUS. THERE MUST BE NO ROOM FOR QUESTIONS. NO CAUSE FOR INVESTIGATION.

UNCONSCIOUS BUT LIVING, MURDOCK IS PLACED IN A STOLEN CHECKER CAB...



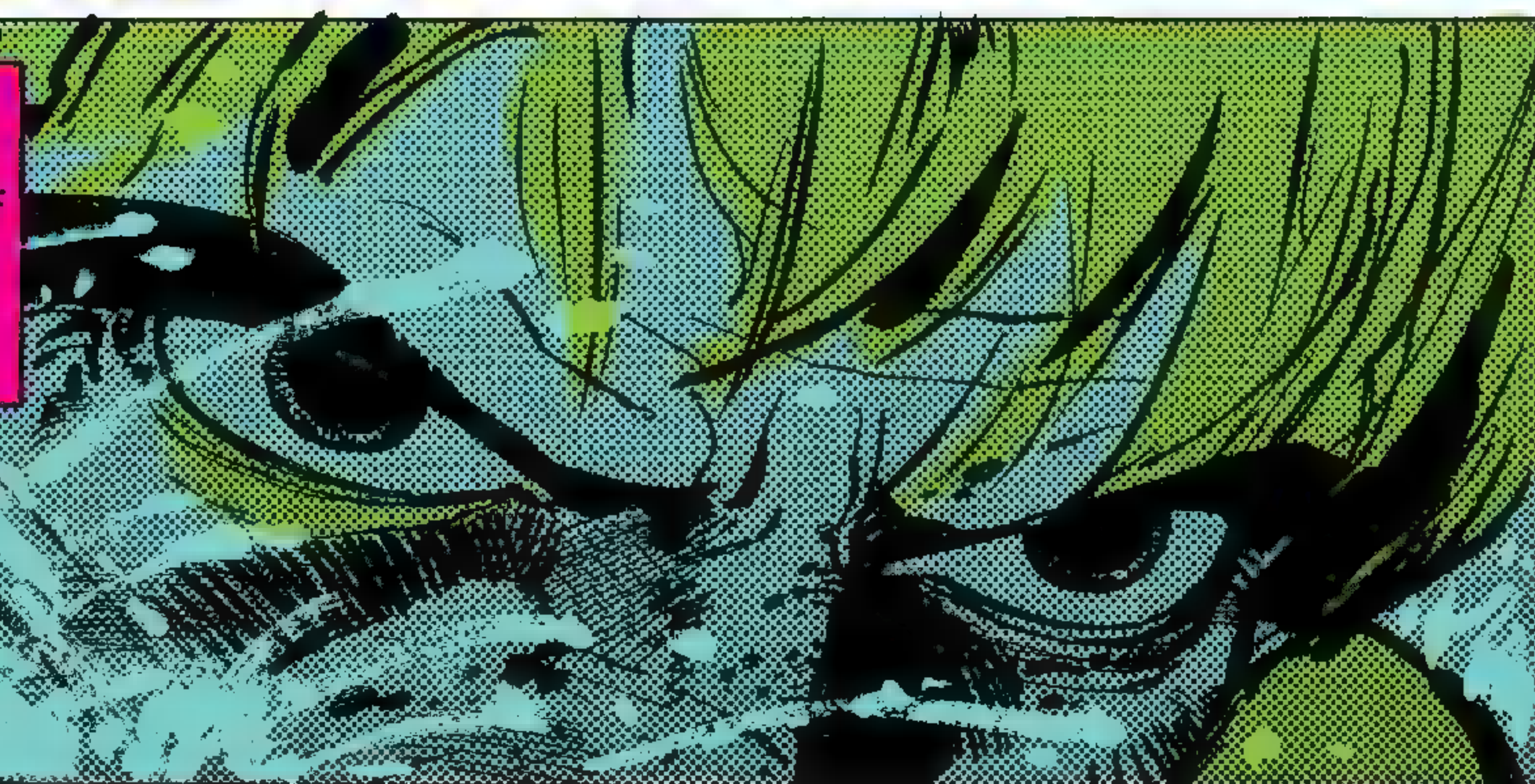
...THE CAB IS DRIVEN OFF PIER 41 INTO THE EAST RIVER. ITS SAFETY BELT AND DOORS ARE CORRODED SHUT BY A CHEMICAL PROCESS THAT IS IDENTICAL TO RUST. MURDOCK IS DRENCHED IN WHISKEY. A BOTTLE, OPEN, IS LAID IN HIS LAP.

THE OWNER OF THE CAB IS BEATEN TO DEATH BY MURDOCK'S STOLEN BILLY CLUB.



DAYS PASS INTO WEEKS. STILL MURDOCK IS NEVER FAR FROM THE CRIMELORD'S THOUGHTS. HE IMAGINES ONE LAST, TERRIBLE MOMENT OF REALIZATION... OF MURDOCK THRASHING WILDLY, DESPERATELY, HATEFULLY... SCREAMING SOUNDLESSLY INTO THE POISONED WATER...

...THE KINGPIN SHUDDERS AT THE THOUGHT, IN PLEASURE...







THE WORLD SEEMS FLOODED  
WITH SUNLIGHT. DAILY  
BUSINESS BECOMES A  
JOYOUS, CHILDLIKE GAME.

HE HAS DISGRACED,  
DESTROYED AND  
MURDERED THE ONLY  
GOOD MAN HE HAS  
EVER KNOWN.

THIS IS HIS  
TRIUMPH OF  
THE SPIRIT.



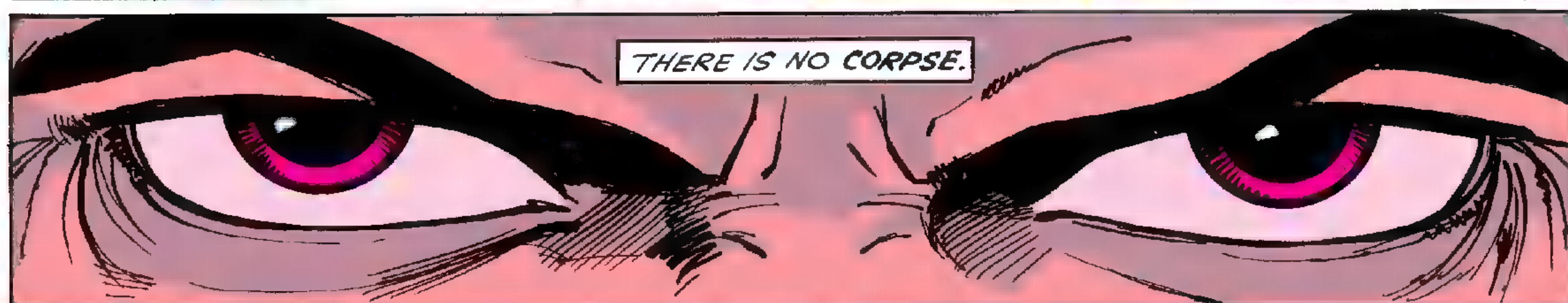
AT LAST THE CAB  
IS DISCOVERED.



THERE IS BLOOD, AND  
BLOODY EVIDENCE OF  
A STRUGGLE.

THERE IS A SHATTERED  
WINDSHIELD... A SAFETY  
BELT, SEVERED BY THE  
WINDSHIELD'S GLASS AND  
WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN  
A HIDEOUS EFFORT OF  
WILL.

THERE IS NO CORPSE.



THERE IS NO CORPSE.



THERE IS NO CORPSE.





**NEXT: PARIAH!**



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# DAREDEVIL®



**PARIAH!**





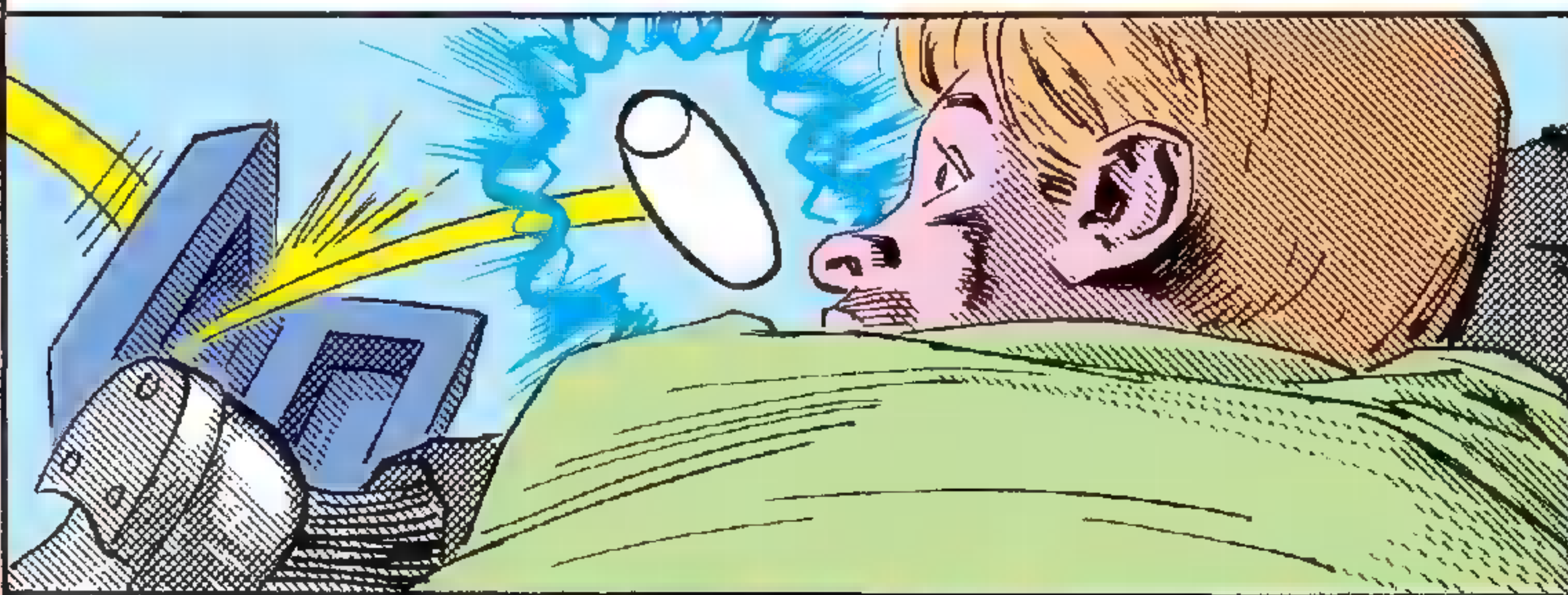
I NEVER BELIEVED... THAT  
BUSINESS OF YOUR LIFE  
FLASHING IN FRONT OF  
YOU BEFORE YOU DIE...

... NEVER THOUGHT...  
THERE COULD BE  
ENOUGH TIME...  
THERE'S TOO MUCH  
TO LIFE...

... BUT THERE'S REALLY  
... HORRIBLY LITTLE...  
THAT COUNTS...

... A SUNNY DAY...  
BRIGHT AND PRETTY...

THE LAST DAY...  
I WILL EVER SEE...



-- BRAVEST  
THING I EVER SAW!  
BUT HIS FACE--  
HIS EYES...

THAT THING  
THAT FELL FROM  
THE TRUCK-- IS IT--

LOOK AT  
HIS FACE--

-- THAT THING--  
IS IT--

-- IS IT  
RADIOACTIVE?

YES...





...YES. IT COURSES  
THROUGH MY BLOOD.  
IT CHANGES ME.

MY BLOOD...  
IT BURNS...

...IT SPURTS FROM A HEART  
THAT'S POUNDING SO LOUDLY  
IT'S TRYING TO BURST FROM  
MY CHEST--

-- MY BLOOD-- IT GUSHES  
THROUGH HIGH POWER HOSES  
AND SLAMS AGAINST THE  
BASE OF MY SKULL.

EVERYTHING HURTS.

I DON'T KNOW  
WHERE I AM.

SANDPAPER SCRAPES MY SKIN EVERY  
TIME I MOVE-- NO-- NOT SANDPAPER--  
SHEETS-- STARCHED SHEETS--

-- I'M IN A BED--  
SOMEWHERE--

-- AND THE SMELLS...

... CHEMICAL SMELLS.  
DISINFECTANTS.

HOSPITAL. I'M IN  
A HOSPITAL.

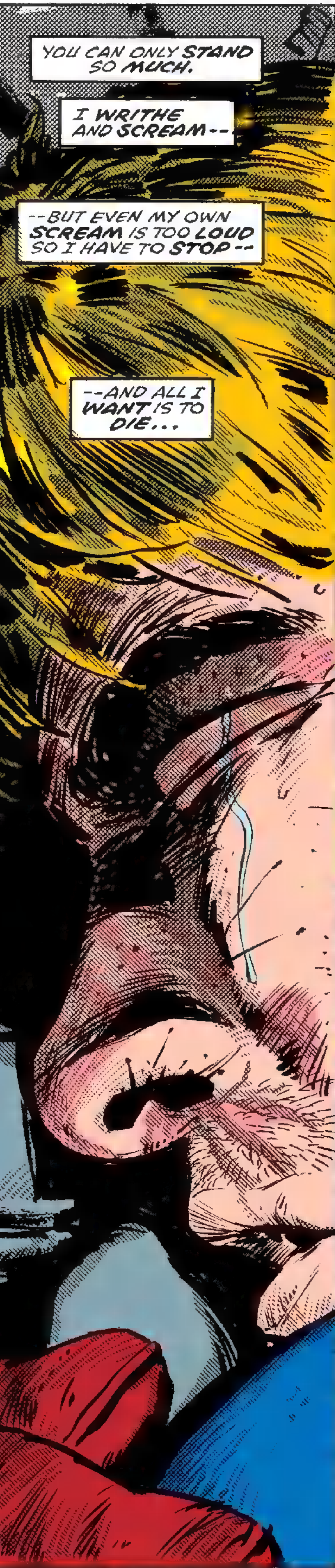
THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN ON SCREAM-  
ING HINGES. PEOPLE COME AND GO,  
SMELLING LIKE BATHTUBS FULL OF  
SWEAT-- SMELLING LIKE EATEN FOOD  
-- LIKE ITALIAN SAUCES AND HALF-  
DIGESTED EGGS--

-- THEY STAB ME WITH LONG SHARP  
NEEDLES. THEY FILL ME WITH DRUGS.  
BUT THE DRUGS DON'T FOOL ME.  
I KNOW THEY CUT MY FACE.

I CAN FEEL IT YOU IDIOTS--  
CAN'T YOU SEE THERE'S NOTHING  
YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME FROM  
FEELING IT?

EVERYTHING HURTS.





YOU CAN ONLY STAND  
SO MUCH.

I WRITHE  
AND SCREAM--

--BUT EVEN MY OWN  
SCREAM IS TOO LOUD  
SO I HAVE TO STOP--

--AND ALL I  
WANT IS TO  
DIE...

... BUT I DON'T DIE,  
SO I HAVE TO MAKE DO.

AFTER A TIME I SOMEHOW  
SHUT OUT JUST ENOUGH...  
AFTER A TIME IT'S ONLY  
AGONY.

THEN, PAST THE FUMES OF  
WHATEVER IT IS THEY USE  
TO CLEAN THE FLOOR, THERE  
COMES A WAVE OF WHISKEY  
--A MEGAPHONE VOICE...

SON?

CAN YOU  
HEAR ME, SON?

HEAR YOU--WHAT DO YOU  
EXPECT--YOU'RE SHOUTING--

THE DOCTORS...THEY  
SAY YOU'LL BE FINE, SON.

--LIKE ALL THE REST--BREATHES  
LIKE HE'S A HUNDRED FEET TALL...


YOU'RE A HERO, BOY.

...SO BIG...IT'S LIKE  
I'M IN HIM...IT'S...

YOU JUST REST NOW.

...IS THAT MY FATHER?





DAD'S ANXIETY PAINTS  
THE WORLD RED. HE  
FINALLY LEAVES AND IT'S  
ANOTHER NIGHT OF  
TERROR AND THE ENDLESS  
COUGHING OF SOMEONE  
DOWN THE HALL.

THEN... SOFT STEPS  
... A SOFT WOMAN'S  
SCENT...

... A SOFT VOICE...

WHY DOES  
IT HURT?

SO LOUD...  
SO SMELLY...  
EVERYTHING...

I  
SEE...

SHE BREATHES. DOWN THE  
HALL THE COUGHING SUBSIDES.

WHEN SHE SPEAKS AGAIN  
IT'S A GENTLE WHISPER.

THIS... MAY  
NOT BE A *BAD*  
THING. WHAT YOU  
COULD DO WITH  
IT...

DO...  
WITH IT?

JUST THINK OF IT.  
IT'S A *BLESSING*,  
MATT.

IT'S YOURS.  
YOURS.

AND IT'S OUR  
SECRET. DON'T  
TELL ANYONE.

PROMISE  
ME NOW...

WHO ARE  
YOU?

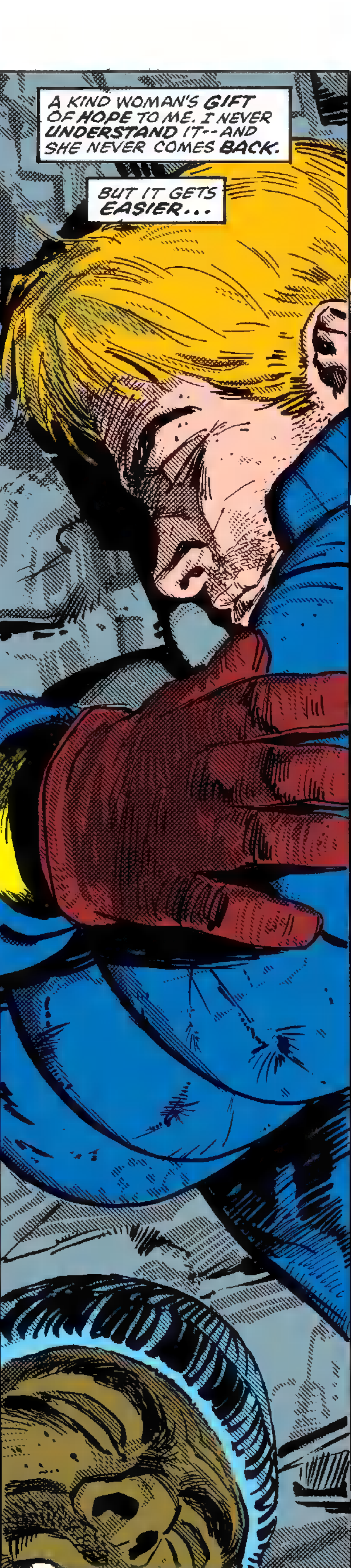
LIPS, WARM... KISS-  
ING MY FOREHEAD...  
LOVING...

... AND SOMETHING HARD,  
DANGLING FROM HER NECK...

IT'S A CROSS...  
MADE OF GOLD...

PROMISE  
ME...





A KIND WOMAN'S GIFT  
OF HOPE TO ME. I NEVER  
UNDERSTAND IT-- AND  
SHE NEVER COMES BACK.

BUT IT GETS  
EASIER...

IT'S OKAY,  
DAD. I'M  
AWAKE.

SON...HOW'D  
YOU KNOW I  
WAS HERE?

COULD HEAR  
YOU A MILE OFF.  
SIT DOWN, DAD.

WE HAVE TO  
TALK, MATT.  
MAN TO MAN.

I'M ALL  
EARS, DAD.

IT'S ABOUT THE  
ACCIDENT, SON. YOU  
WERE HIT BY SOME-  
THING SOME CORPORA-  
TION WAS DRIVING  
THROUGH TOWN. RIGHT  
THROUGH TOWN.

THEY WON'T SAY IF IT  
WAS RADIOACTIVE. THEY  
WON'T EVEN TALK TO ME.

IT MESSED YOU UP PRETTY  
BADLY, MATT. YOUR FACE...  
WELL, I'M AMAZED WHAT THEY  
WERE ABLE TO DO WITH IT.  
YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK  
GOOD AS NEW. BUT...

...IT'S YOUR  
EYES, SON.  
THEY...

I KNOW I'M BLIND,  
DAD. THERE AREN'T ANY  
BANDAGES ON MY EYES--  
AND I'VE NEVER HEARD OF  
A HOSPITAL WITHOUT  
LIGHTS.

YOU...YOU'RE  
TAKING IT WELL,  
SON...

YES...

...I PROMISED...



...I KEEP MY HEIGHTENED  
SENSES SECRET...EVEN  
FROM DAD...

...I FIND A TEACHER  
WHO HELPS ME  
MASTER THEM...

...AND DAD IS  
MURDERED AND I  
BECOME DAREDEVIL  
AND FIGHT CRIME...

...AND OTHER  
THINGS HAPPEN.  
A HOME. A  
CAREER...

...BUT THE OTHER  
THINGS ARE GONE  
NOW SO THEY DON'T  
MATTER...

...GONE...THE KINGPIN  
TOOK THEM AWAY. FOUND  
OUT MY SECRET IDENTITY  
AND TOOK EVERYTHING  
AWAY...

...AND I ATTACKED  
HIM...

...AND HE  
KILLED ME.

Stan Lee  
presents

# PARIAH!

by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

CHRISTIE SCHEELE  
COLORS

JOE ROSEN  
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO  
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER  
EDITOR IN CHIEF



UPTOWN, WHERE PEOPLE  
WITH MONEY SPEND IT...

**REMEMBER CHRIST  
OUR SAVIOR  
WAS BORN ON  
CHRISTMAS DAY**

I WAS SURE  
I'D GET ALL THE  
SHOPPING DONE  
EARLY THIS YEAR...

YOU'VE BEEN  
**BUSY, FOGGY.**  
WHAT WITH ALL  
THOSE **JOB OFFERS**  
TO SORT THROUGH.

TO SAVE US ALL FROM SATAN'S POWER

NO KIDDING. LIKE SOMEBODY DROPPED THEM DOWN MY CHIMNEY.

THAT'S A JOKE, GLORI. HERE IN AMERICA WE TELL THE KIDS THAT CHRISTMAS GIFTS COME FROM SANTA CLAUS. HE'S THIS BIG FAT GUY WHO RIDES A SLEIGH--

EVEN IN IRELAND WE HEARD OF SANTA CLAUS, FOGGY.

Satan's Corner

SPOSE YOU HAVE.

LET'S SEE. TOOK CARE OF MOM AND DAD AND CINDY AND BECKY...

NO--

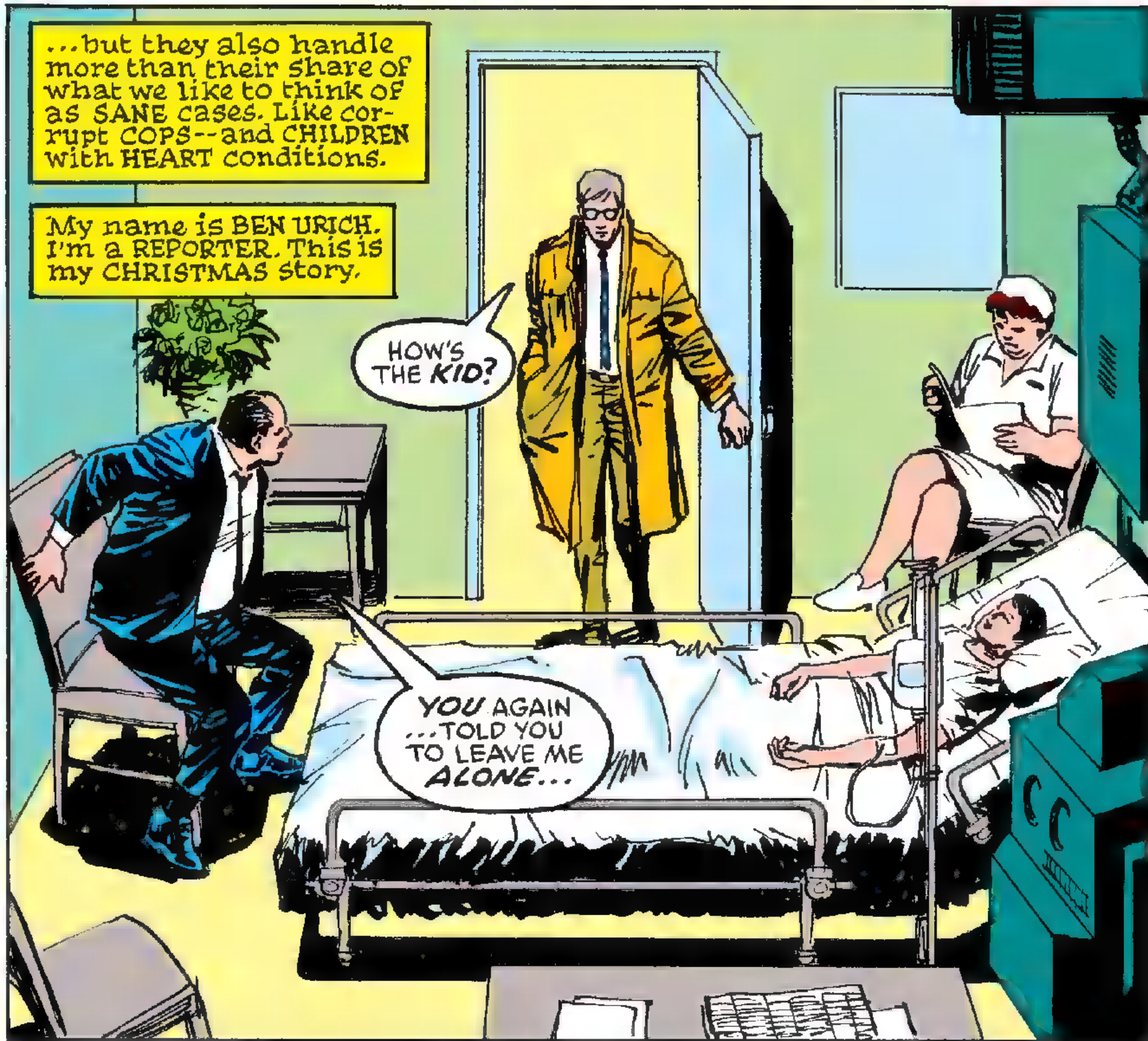
NO-- YE WON'T--

GLORI!

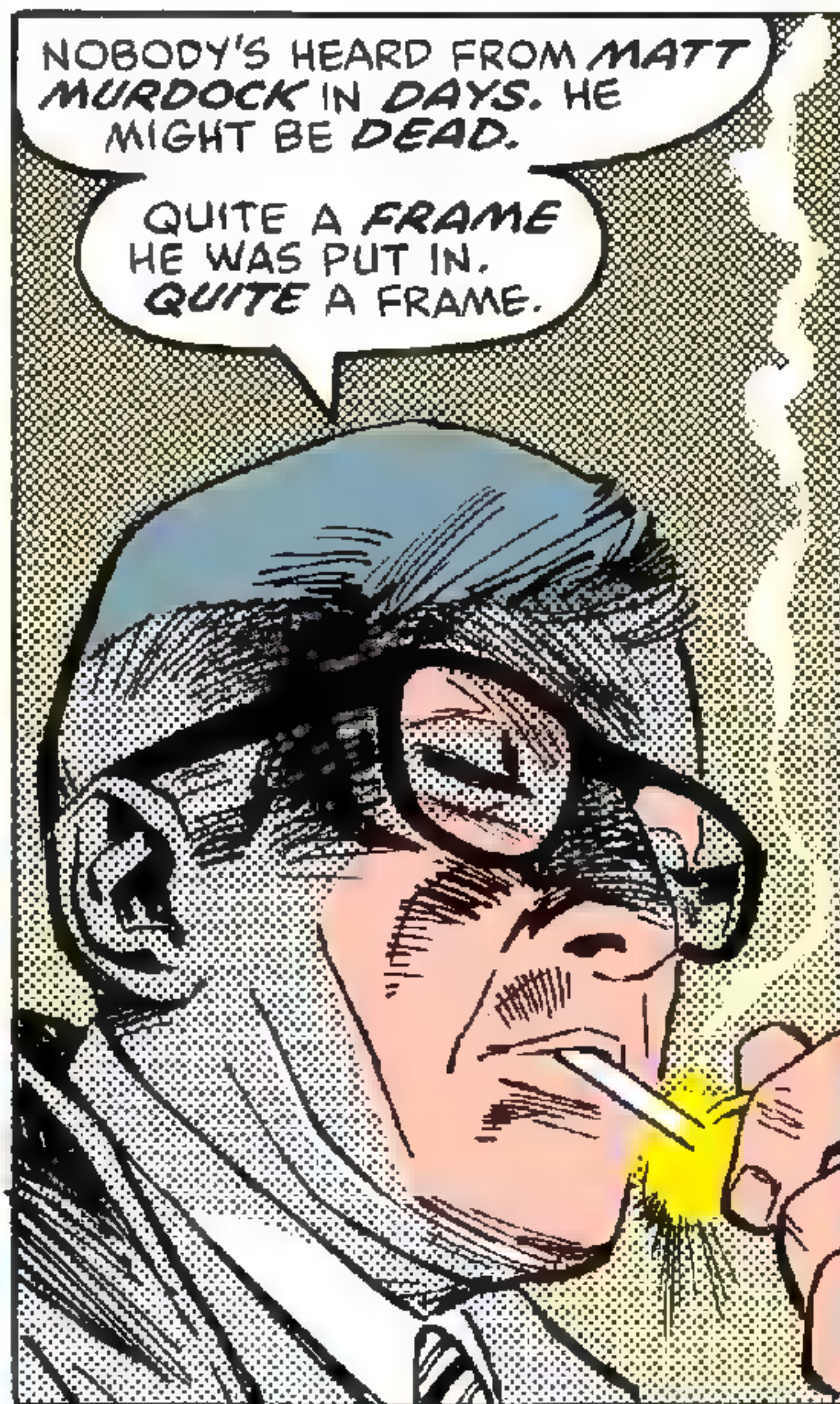
















CHRISTMAS EVE--HOW CAN IT  
BE CHRISTMAS EVE WHEN IT'S  
SO HOT--

--CHRISTMAS IS  
SNOW AND FIRE-  
PLACES AND LOVED  
ONES AND PRESENTS--

--IT ISN'T THE MEXICAN  
SUN AND QUAKING  
FROM HEAD TO TOE  
FROM HEROIN WITH-  
DRAWAL--



--IT ISN'T ROBBING A  
BLIND MAN--THE SECOND  
I'VE ROBBED, THINKS  
KAREN PAGE--

--MATT--I ROBBED MATT  
TOO--SOLD HIS SECRET  
IDENTITY FOR A FIX--

--AND NOW I NEED ANOTHER FIX  
AND I NEED TO GET TO NEW YORK  
AND I NEED MATT TO SAVE ME FROM  
MEN WHO ARE TRYING TO KILL ME--  
I NEED MONEY--

--THE SECOND BLIND MAN I'VE  
ROBBED-- BUT THIS ONE CATCHES ME--



--SCREAMS  
AND WON'T STOP  
SCREAMING--



--KEEP MOVING--

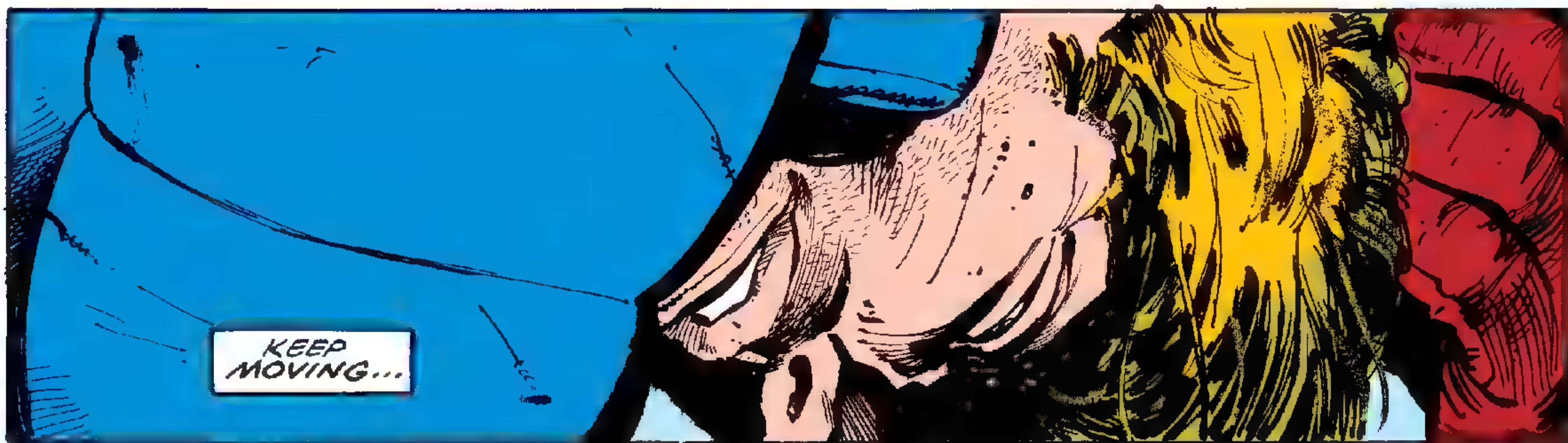
--DON'T THINK--

--THE KILLERS CAN'T  
BE FAR BEHIND--









KEEP  
MOVING...

I MISS YOU **TOO**, MOM. IT'S... WELL, IT'S **MATT**--  
YOU KNOW, MY **PARTNER**--OR AT LEAST HE  
**USED** TO BE MY PARTNER-- HE'S IN A LOT OF  
**TROUBLE**. IT'S KIND OF HARD TO **EXPLAIN**...



...BUT AS LONG  
AS THERE'S A  
**CHANCE** I MIGHT  
**HEAR** FROM HIM...  
I'M GLAD YOU **UNDER-**  
**STAND**, MOM...

...OH, THINGS ARE GOING **REAL**  
**WELL**. I'VE GOTTEN SEVERAL  
**JOB OFFERS**... YES, I KNOW YOU  
SAID I WOULD. ONE IN PARTICULAR  
LOOKS QUITE **GOOD**. ALMOST  
**TOO GOOD**... NO, I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT I MEANT BY THAT...



...AND, WELL, IT'S  
NOT JUST **THAT**,  
MOM. YOU SEE, I'VE  
MET A **GIRL**...  
SHE'S **REAL NICE**...



JEEZ, TURK.  
I MEAN WE  
COULD'VE  
**BOUGHT**  
THE SUITS.

WITH **WHAT**? WE  
BEEN **TAPPED** SINCE  
THE **KINGPIN** FROZE  
US OUT OF WORK.

HURRY UP AND  
GET **DRESSED**,  
GROTTO.

I DON'T  
KNOW.  
I MEAN,  
**SANTA**  
**CLAUS**...

SHUT UP. NOW WE SHLEP  
TO THE **UPPER EAST**  
**SIDE**. THE **RICH** ONES  
GIVE US **MONEY**--AND  
THEY FEEL BETTER  
ABOUT BEING **RICH**--  
AND WE FEEL BETTER  
ALL **AROUND**.

IT'S THE  
**CHRISTMAS**  
**SPIRIT**.

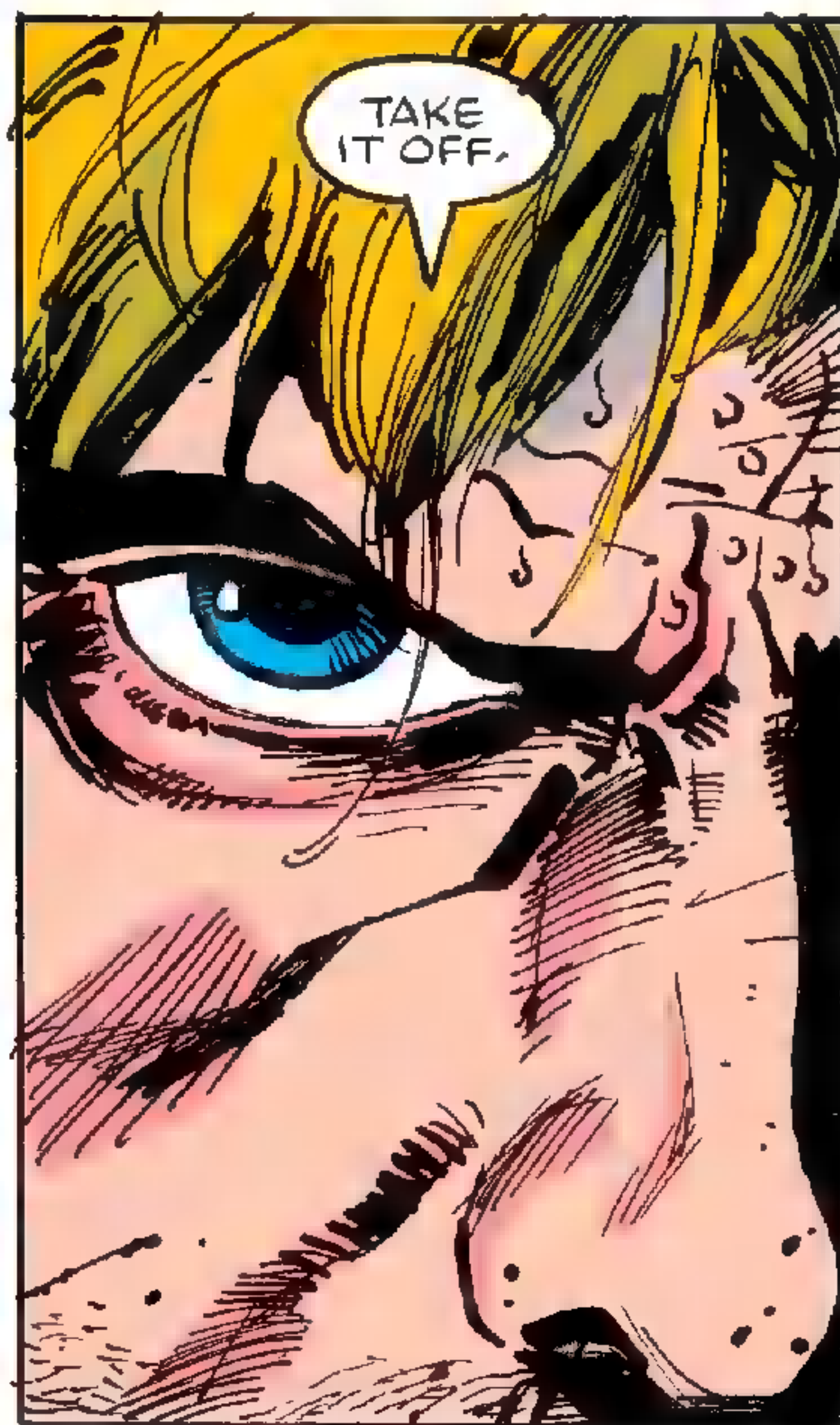


TAKE...

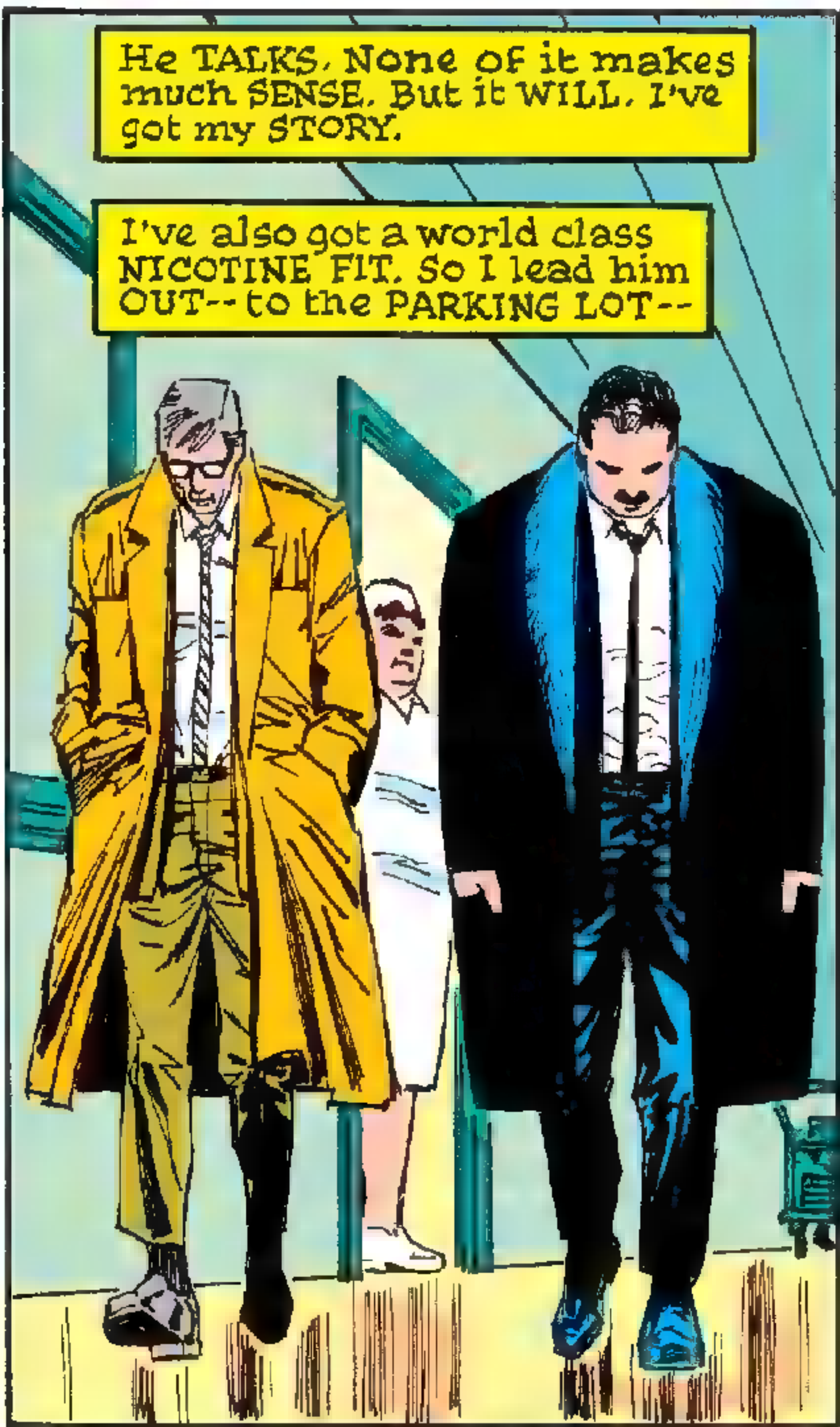
...TAKE  
IT OFF.











He TALKS. None of it makes much SENSE. But it WILL. I've got my STORY.

I've also got a world class NICOTINE FIT. So I lead him OUT-- to the PARKING LOT--



-- where I don't EXPECT to have to Face any grouchy NURSES.



IT'S NOT JUST THE KNIFE WOUND--IT'S THAT RIB OF MINE THAT POPPED LIKE A WISHBONE WHEN THE KING-PIN SLUGGED ME--IT HAD THE DECENCY TO STAY WHERE IT BELONGS--

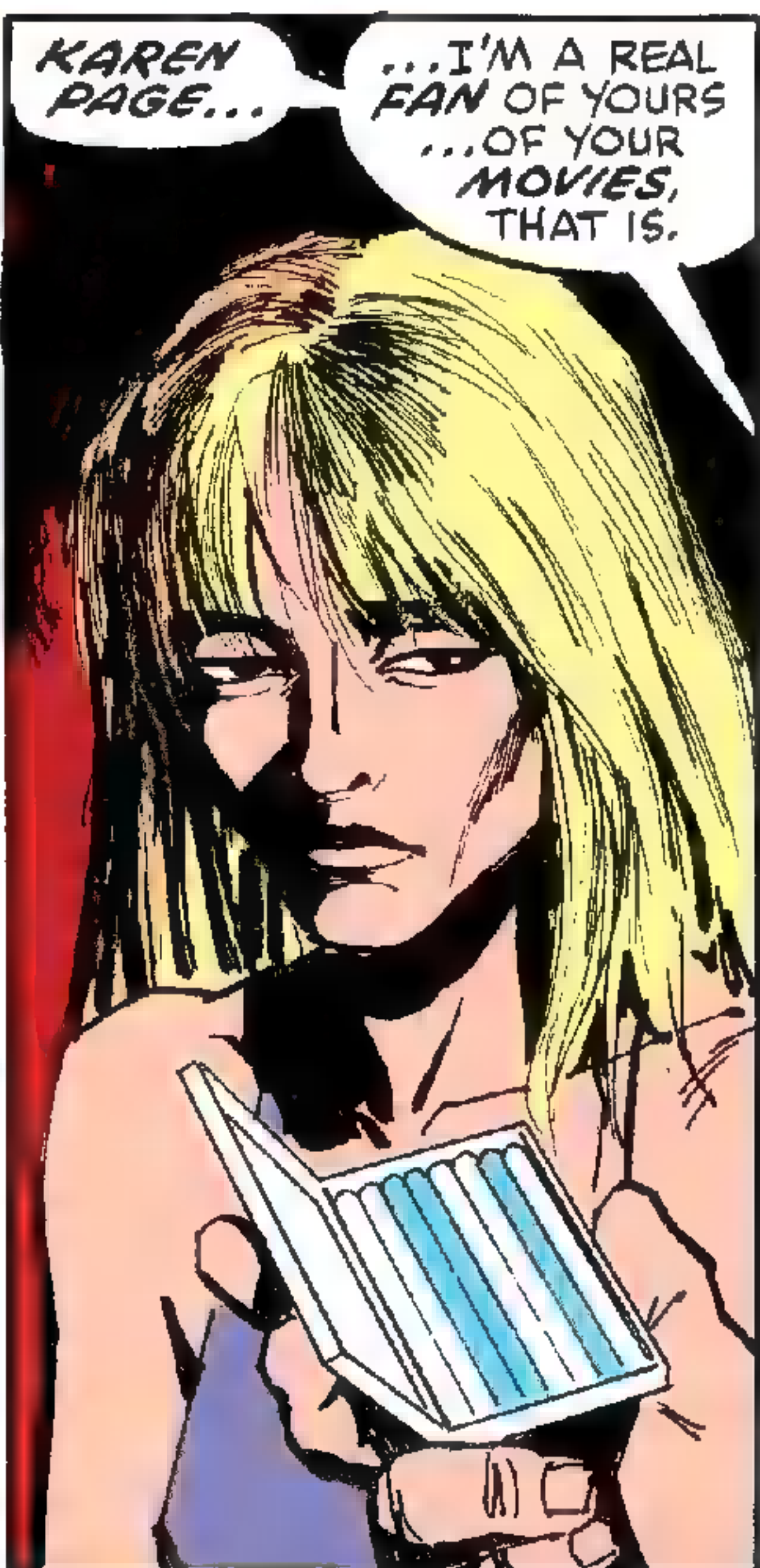
--UNTIL THAT CAR HIT ME...

...NOW IT'S ALL LOOSE AND JAGGED AND EVERY TIME I MOVE IT CUTS AND GOUGES...



...I KEEP WALKING...

...JUST BECAUSE IT'S HARD TO...



KAREN PAGE...

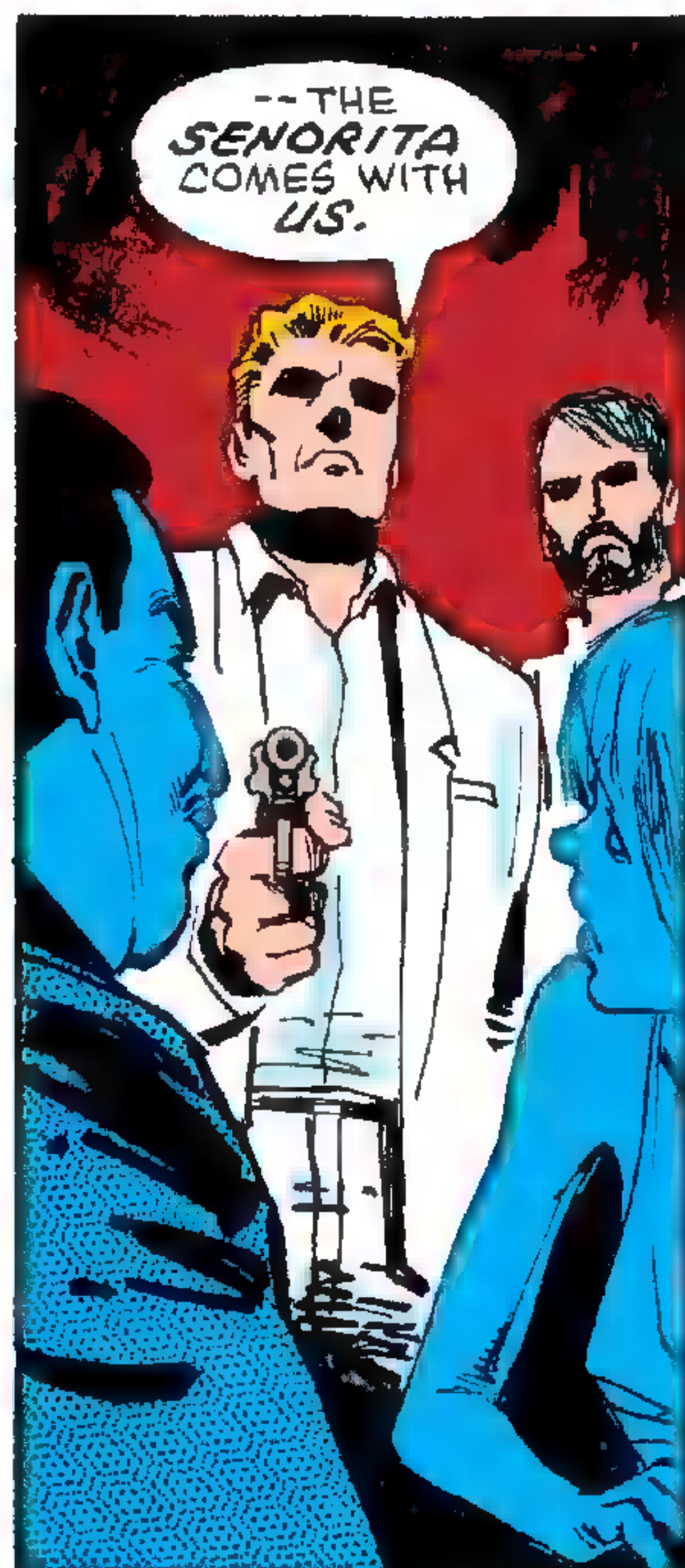
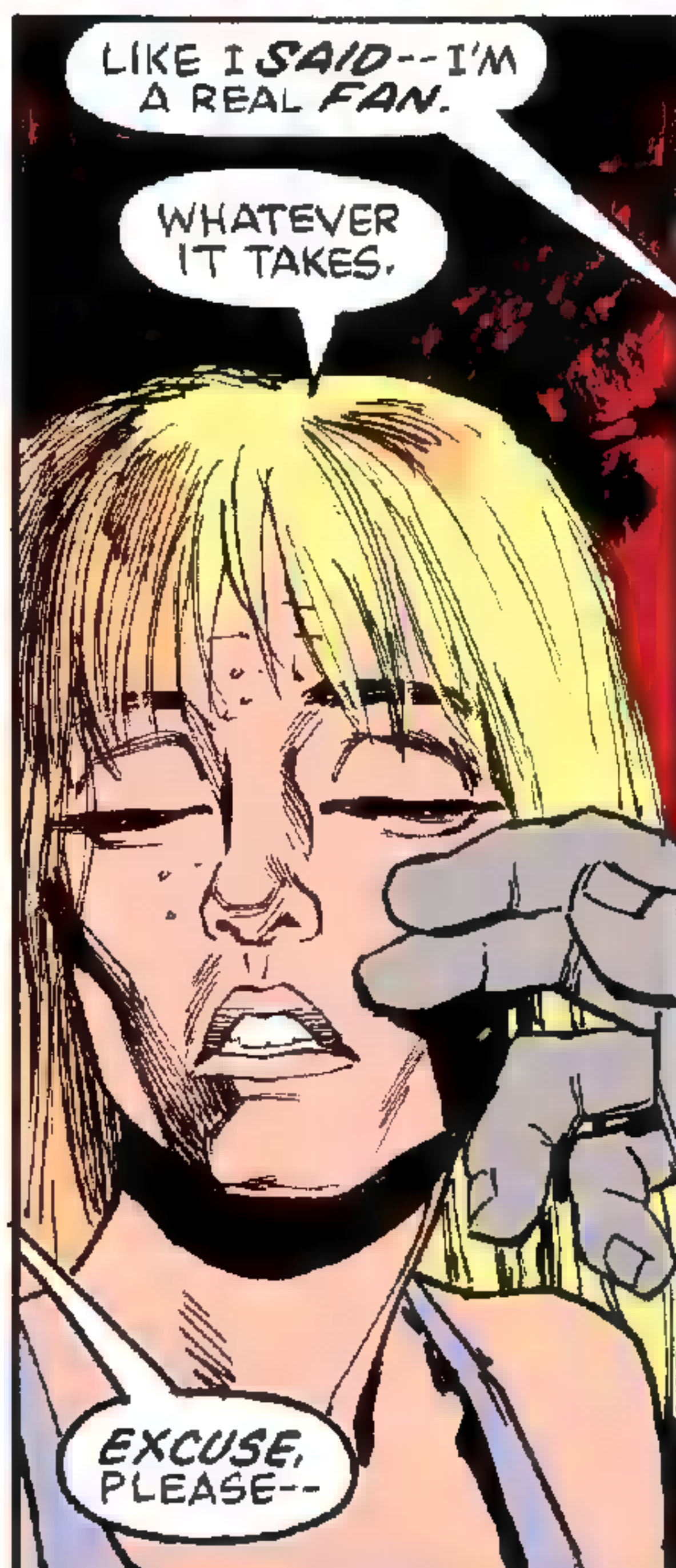
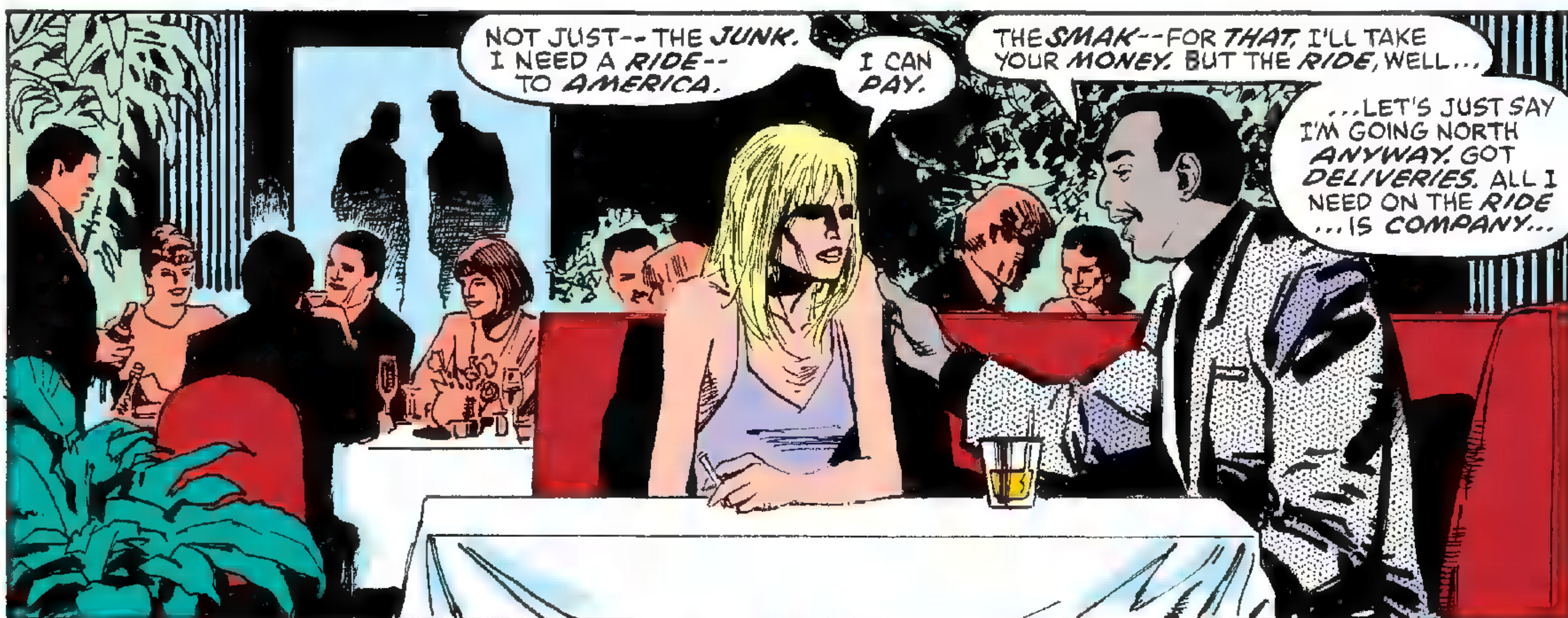
...I'M A REAL FAN OF YOURS ...OF YOUR MOVIES, THAT IS.



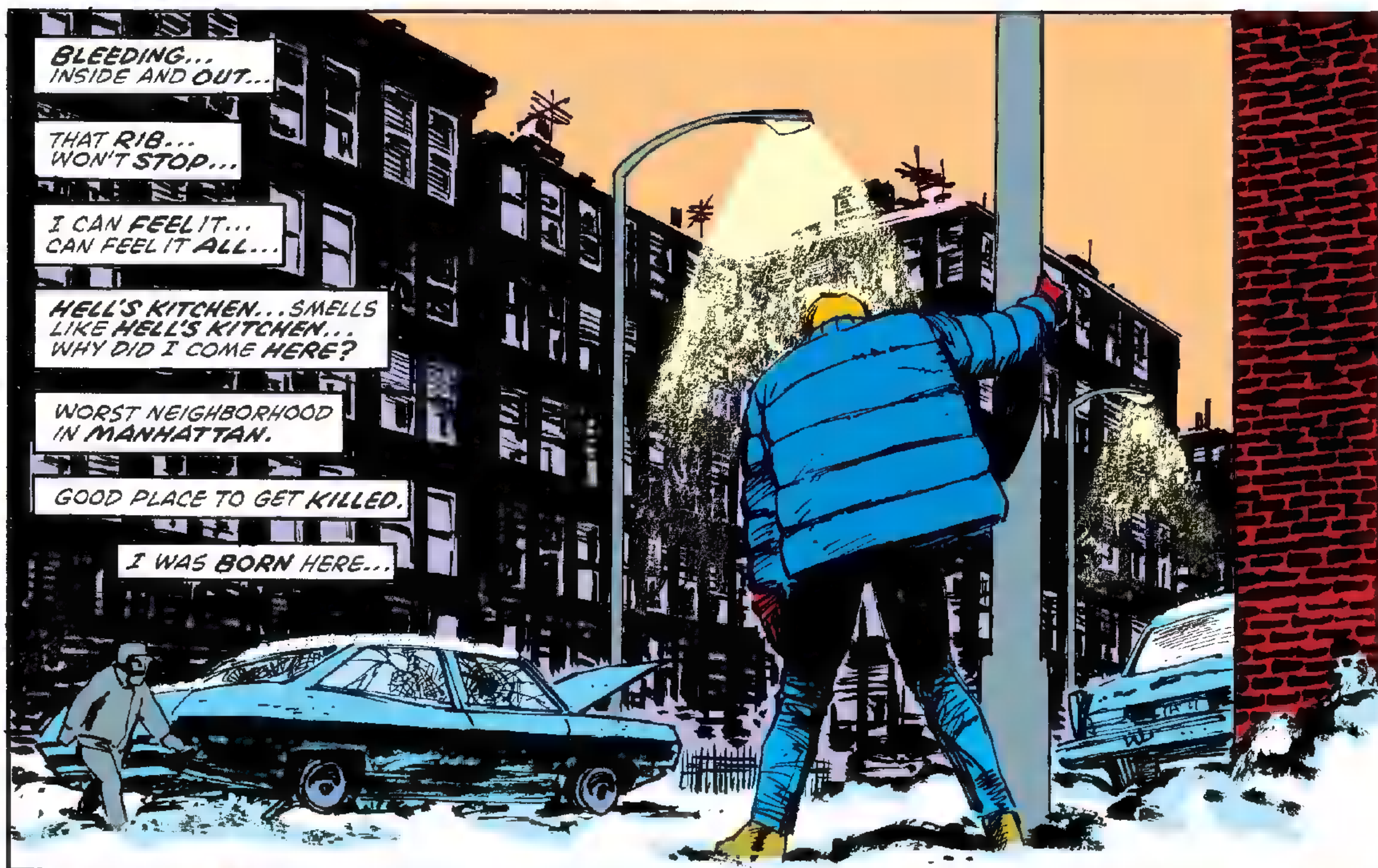
I NEED--

I CAN SEE WHAT YOU NEED.









BLEEDING...  
INSIDE AND OUT...

THAT RIB...  
WON'T STOP...

I CAN FEEL IT...  
CAN FEEL IT ALL...

HELL'S KITCHEN... SMELLS  
LIKE HELL'S KITCHEN...  
WHY DID I COME HERE?

WORST NEIGHBORHOOD  
IN MANHATTAN.

GOOD PLACE TO GET KILLED.

I WAS BORN HERE...



... RIGHT DOWN THIS  
STREET. MY FATHER'S  
HOME...

MY HOME. THE  
ONLY HOME...  
I HAVE LEFT...



OH, FOGGY--  
YE SHOULDN'T--

--YE REALLY  
SHOULDN'T  
HAVE...

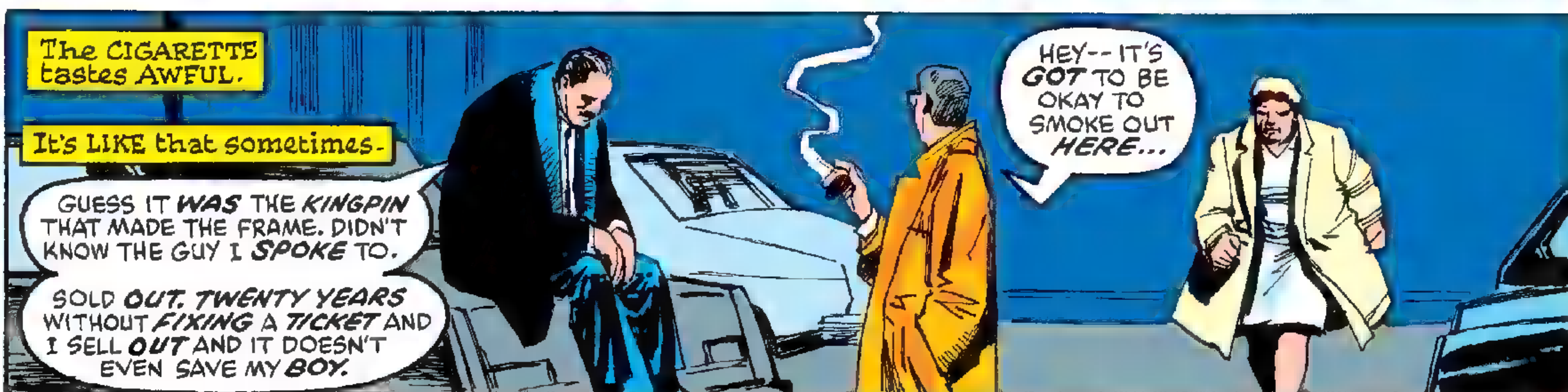
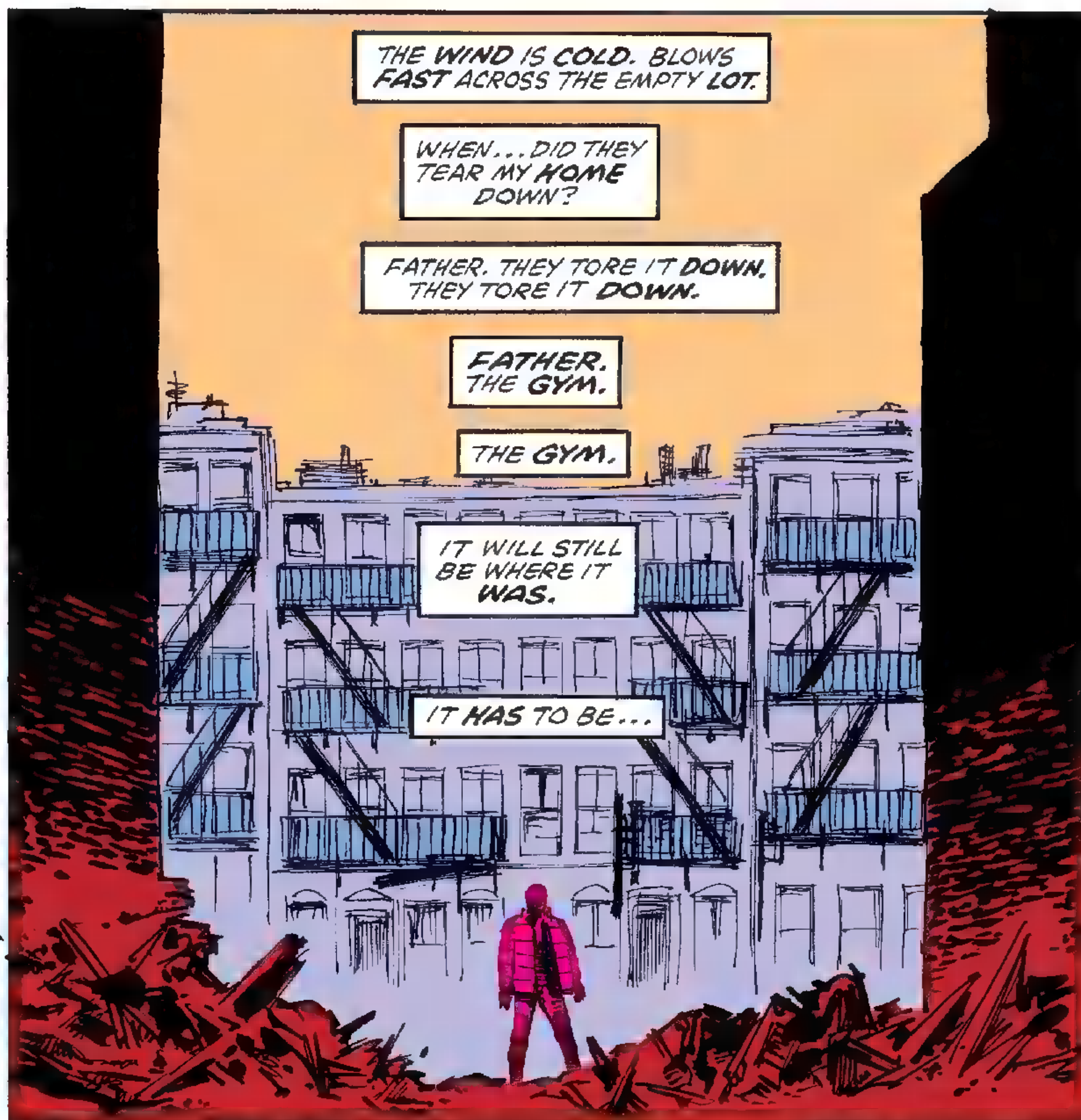


OH, FOGGY... IT'S  
SO BEAUTIFUL--

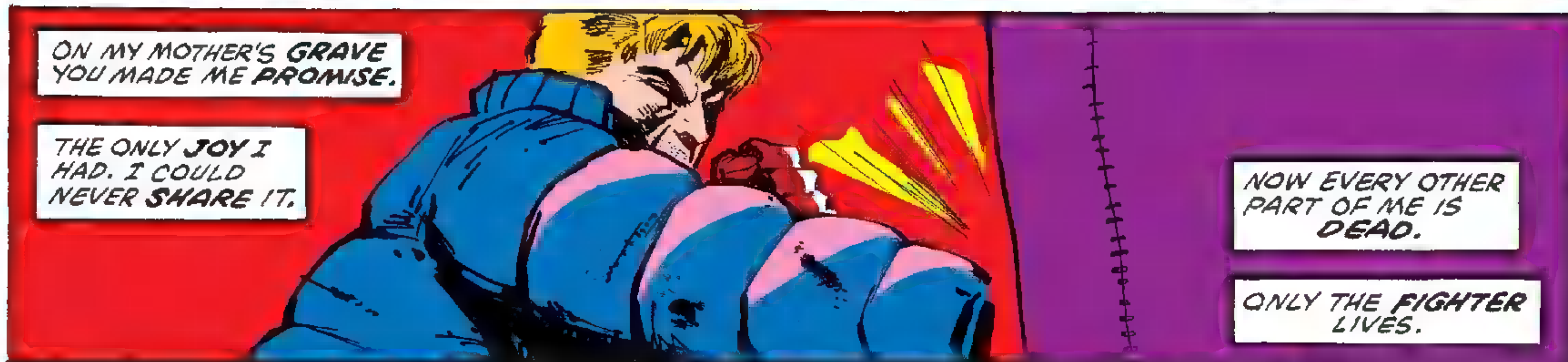
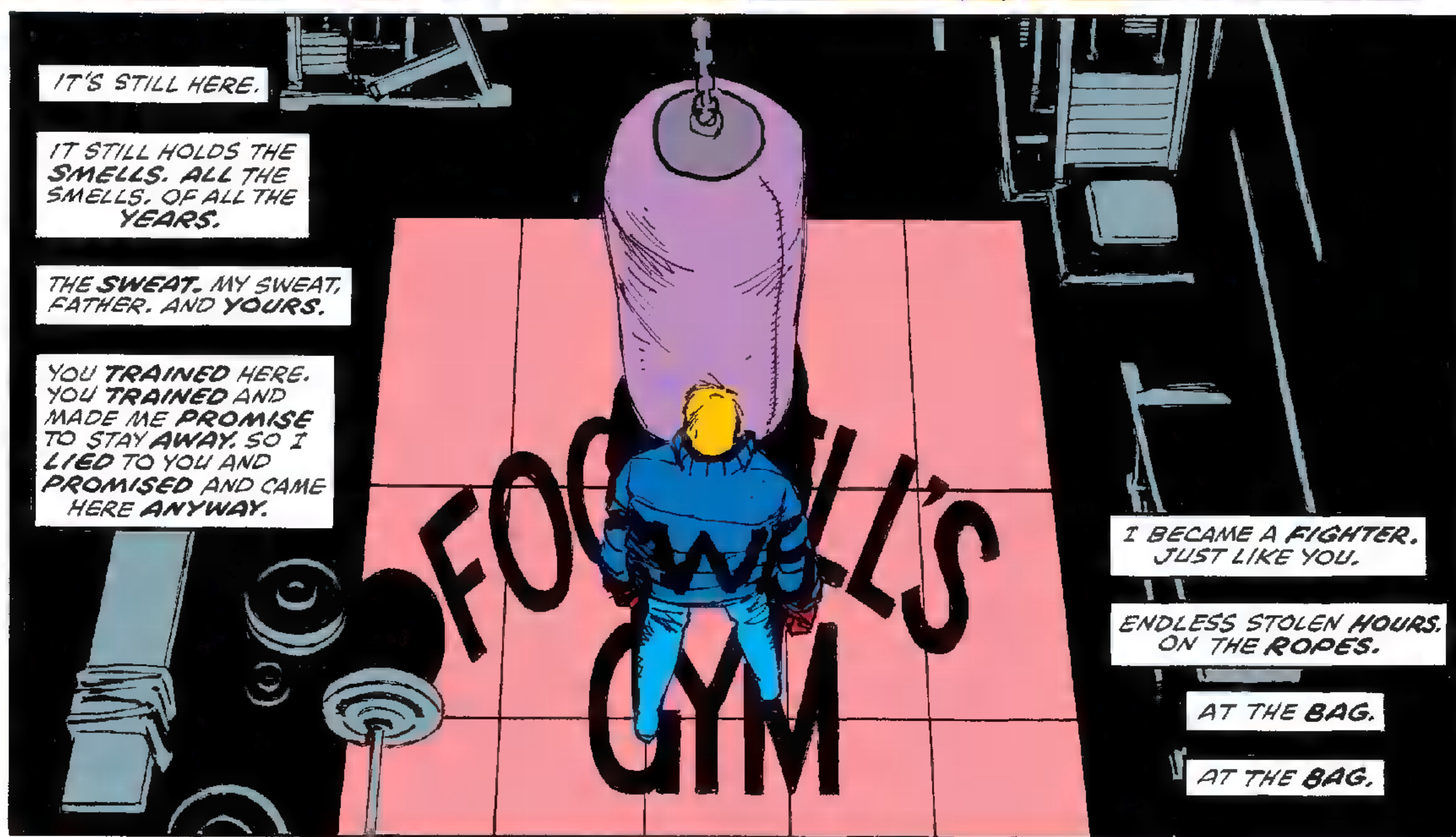


--SURE AND IT COST  
YOU A FORTUNE...

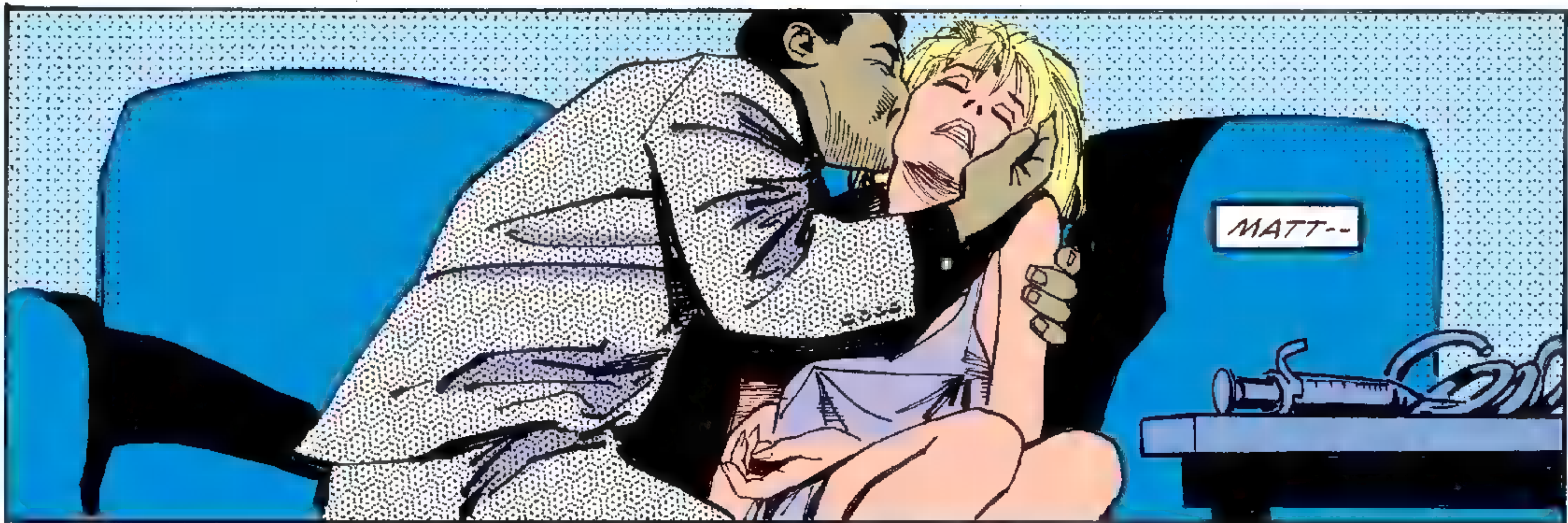
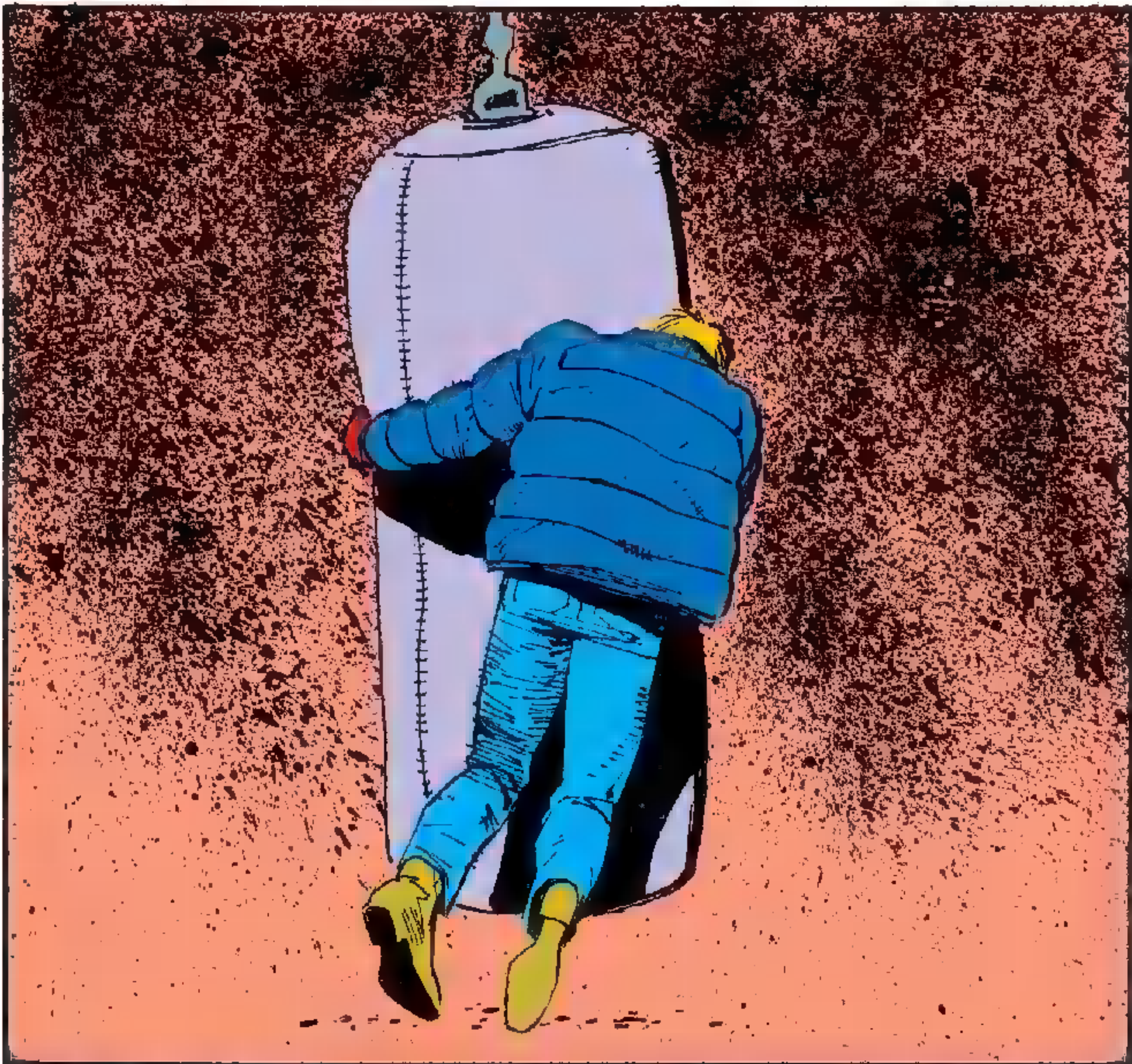
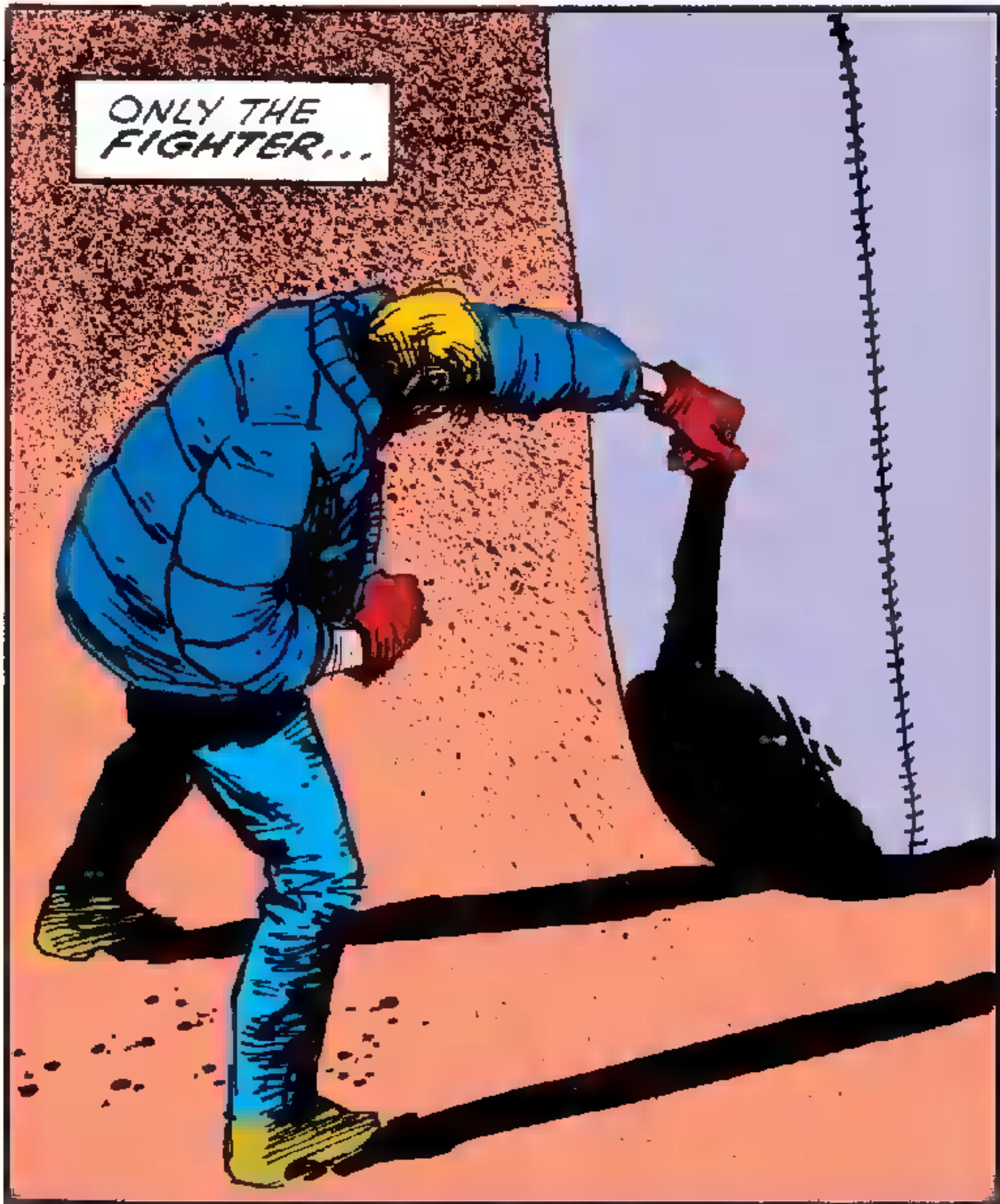








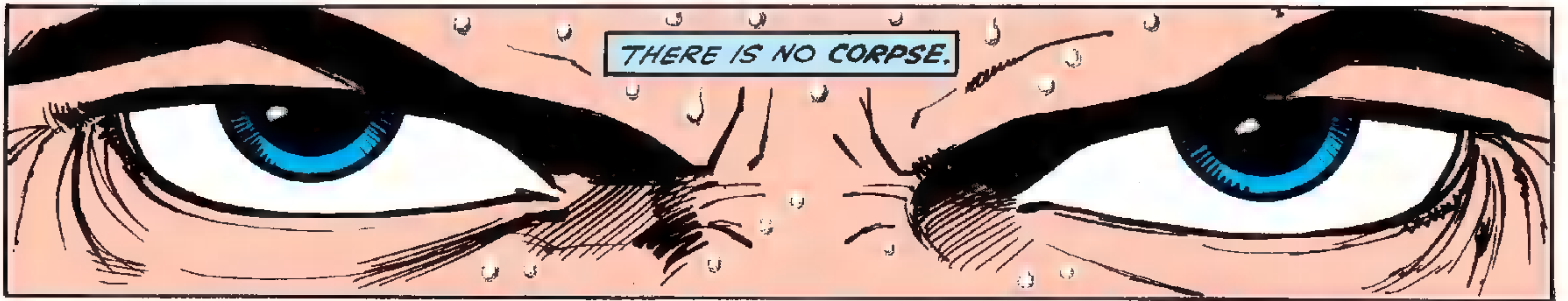




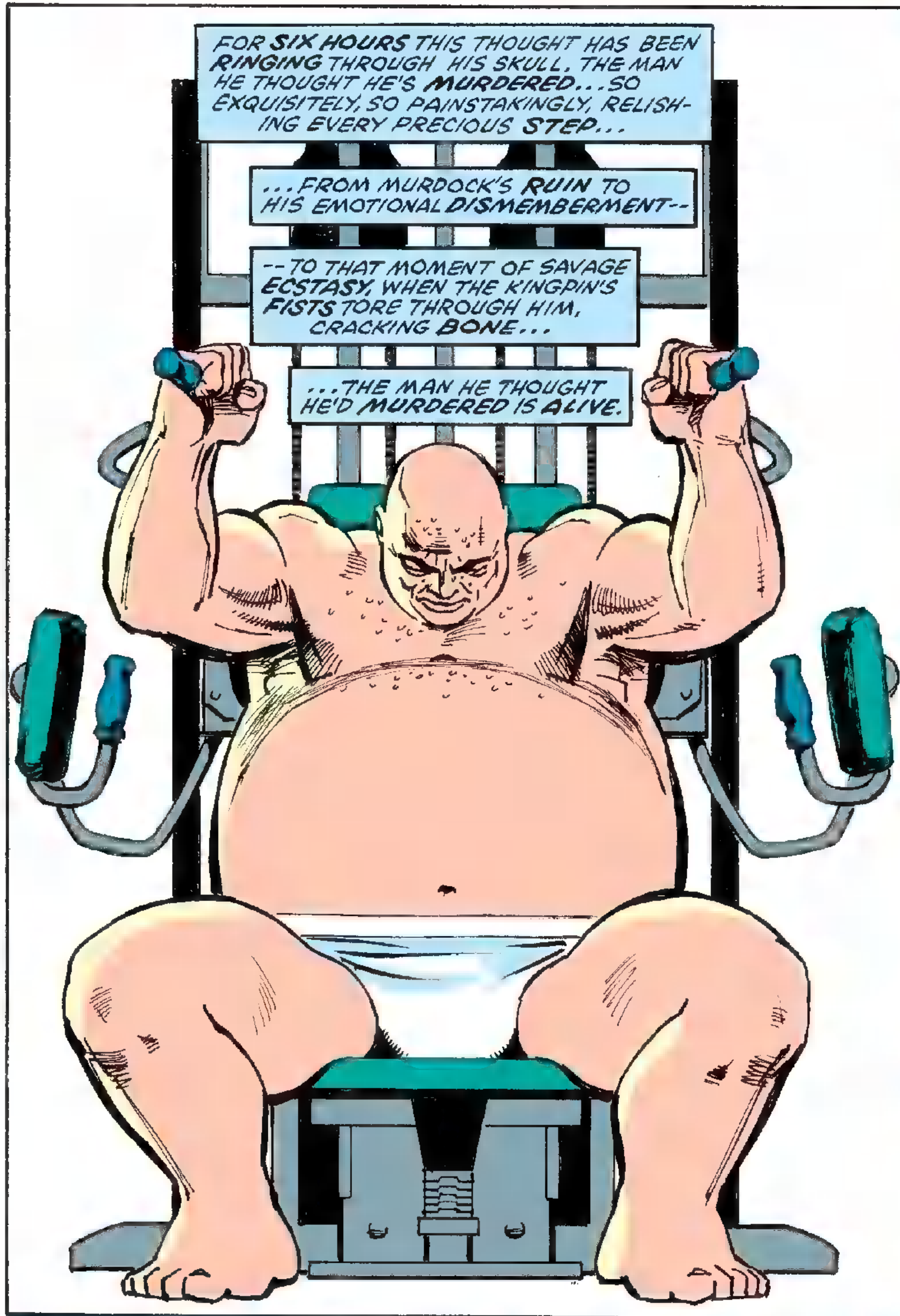








THERE IS NO CORPSE.

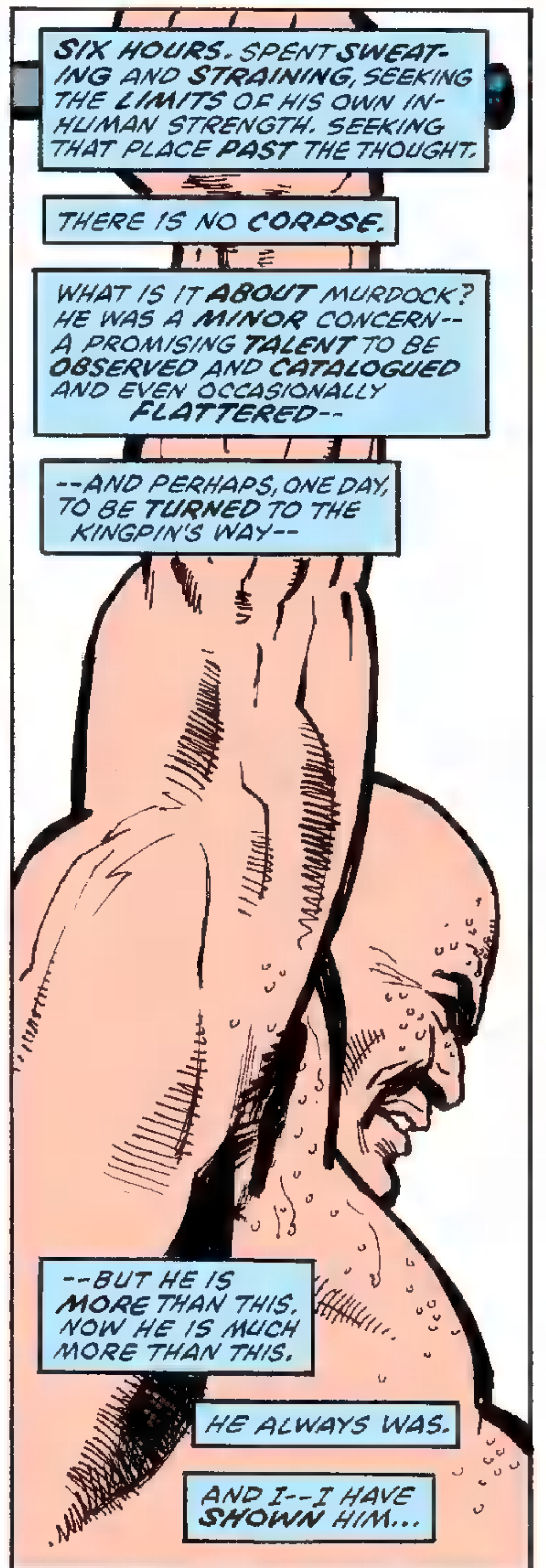


FOR SIX HOURS THIS THOUGHT HAS BEEN RINGING THROUGH HIS SKULL, THE MAN HE THOUGHT HE'S **MURDERED**... SO EXQUISITELY, SO PAINSTAKINGLY, RELISHING EVERY PRECIOUS STEP...

...FROM MURDOCK'S RUIN TO HIS EMOTIONAL DISMEMBERMENT--

--TO THAT MOMENT OF SAVAGE ECSTASY, WHEN THE KINGPIN'S FISTS TORE THROUGH HIM, CRACKING BONE...

...THE MAN HE THOUGHT HE'D **MURDERED** IS ALIVE.



SIX HOURS. SPENT SWEATING AND STRAINING, SEEKING THE LIMITS OF HIS OWN IN-HUMAN STRENGTH. SEEKING THAT PLACE PAST THE THOUGHT.

THERE IS NO CORPSE.

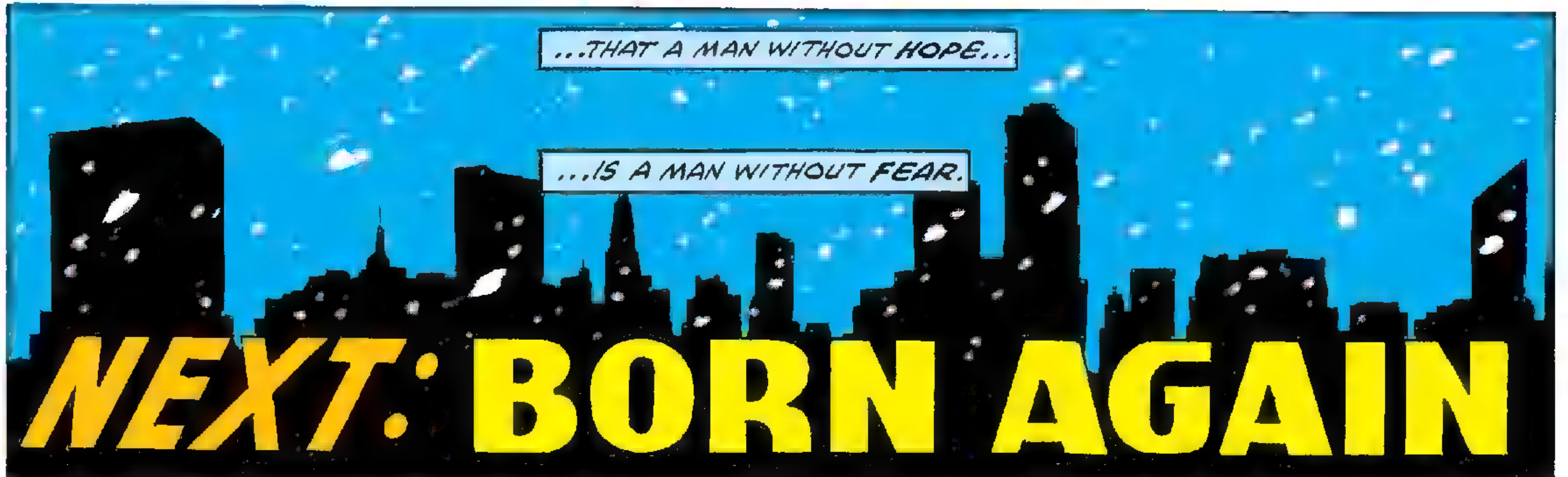
WHAT IS IT ABOUT MURDOCK? HE WAS A MINOR CONCERN-- A PROMISING TALENT TO BE OBSERVED AND CATALOGUED AND EVEN OCCASIONALLY FLATTERED--

--AND PERHAPS, ONE DAY, TO BE TURNED TO THE KINGPIN'S WAY--

--BUT HE IS MORE THAN THIS. NOW HE IS MUCH MORE THAN THIS.

HE ALWAYS WAS.

AND I--I HAVE SHOWN HIM...



...THAT A MAN WITHOUT HOPE...

...IS A MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

**NEXT: BORN AGAIN**



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BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# DAREDEVIL

## BORN AGAIN



MAZZACHELLA



NO HEARTBEAT.  
HE IS GONE.

NO--

--NO-- HE  
CAN'T DIE--

I HAD AN AWFUL DREAM.

EVERYBODY HATED ME.

EVERYBODY TOOK EVERY-  
THING AWAY FROM ME.

NO.

THE KINGPIN. HE'S THE  
ONLY ONE.

THE KINGPIN OF CRIME. HE  
FOUND OUT MY SECRET IDENTITY.  
AND IT WASN'T A DREAM--

--THEN SANTA CLAUS  
STABBED ME WITH A  
KNIFE AND--

--NO. IT WAS TURK. SMALL  
TIME HOOD. HE WAS JUST  
DRESSED LIKE SANTA.

SMALL TIME HOOD.  
WORKS FOR--

--THE KINGPIN.

NOT A DREAM.

--HE--HE'S  
ALIVE--





STAN LEE presents

# BORN AGAIN

by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

MAX SCHEELE  
COLORS

JOE ROSEN  
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO  
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER  
EDITOR IN CHIEF



THE BREEZE IS COOL.  
SHE'S IN AMERICA.  
KAREN PAGE ALLOWS  
HERSELF TO HOPE,

NOT TOO OFTEN  
SHE WHISPERS  
THE NAME--  
QUIETLY, FACING  
AWAY FROM HER  
COMPANION--  
THE NAME THAT  
MEANS HOPE.

MATT.

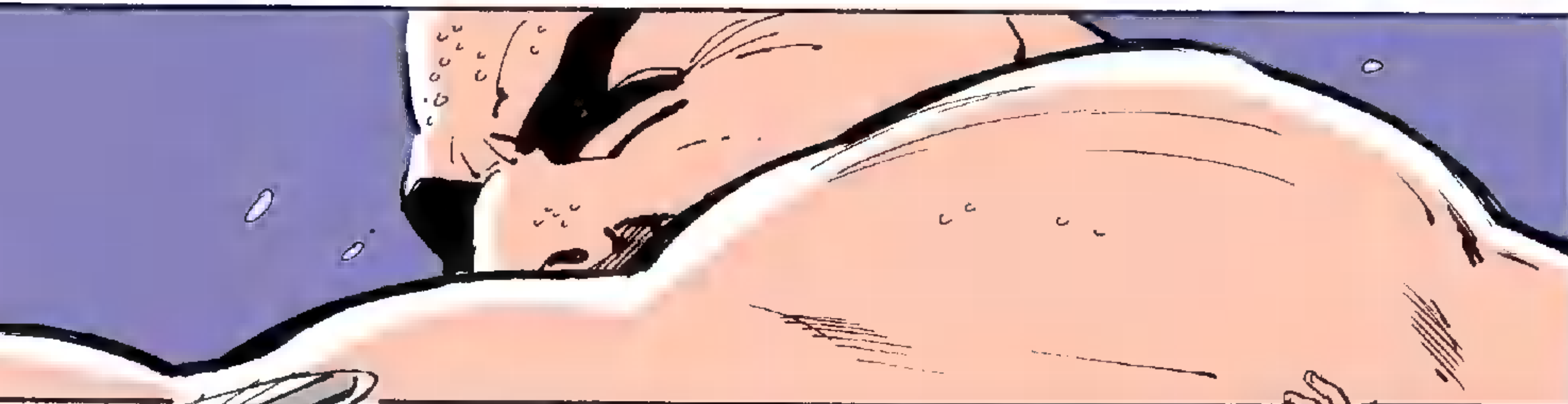
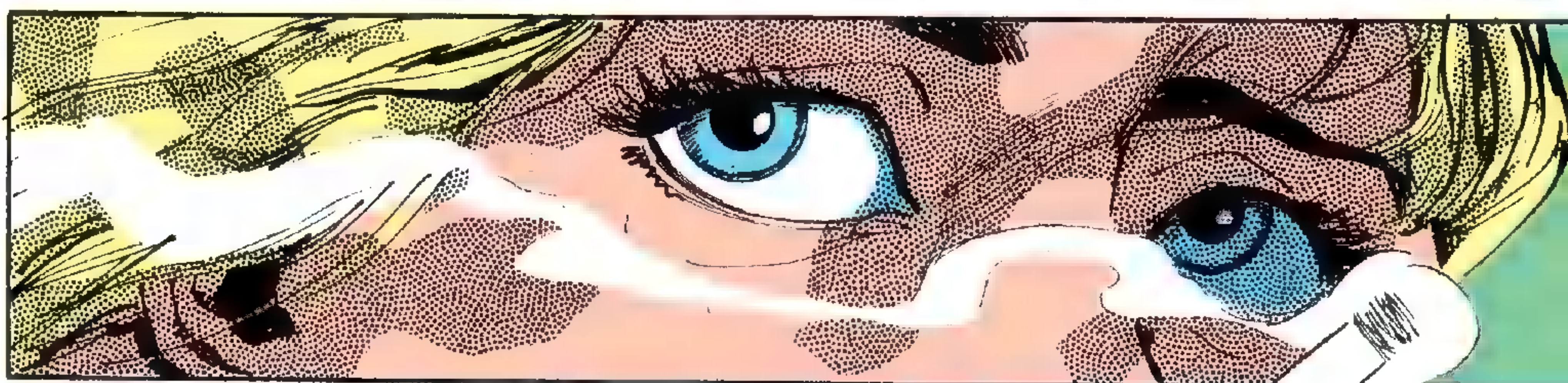
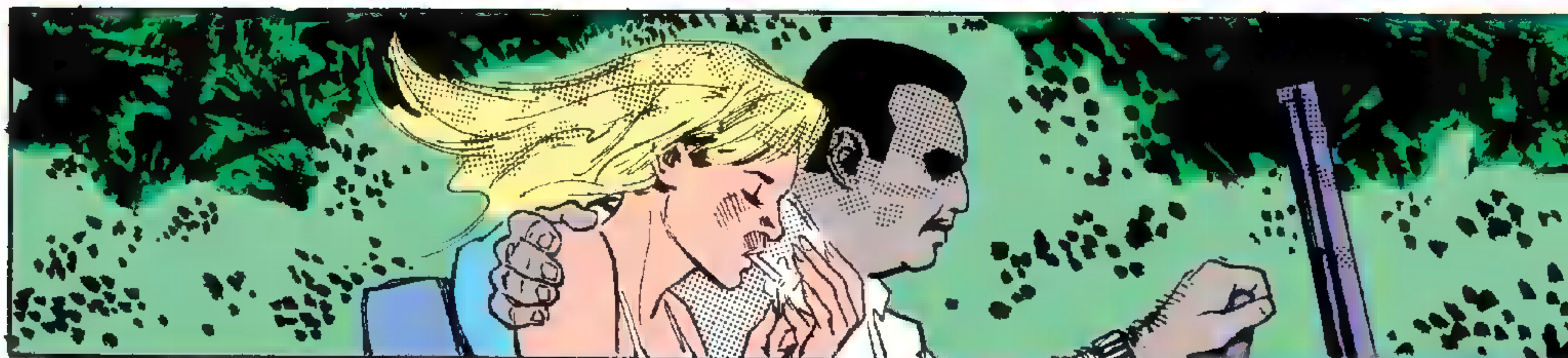
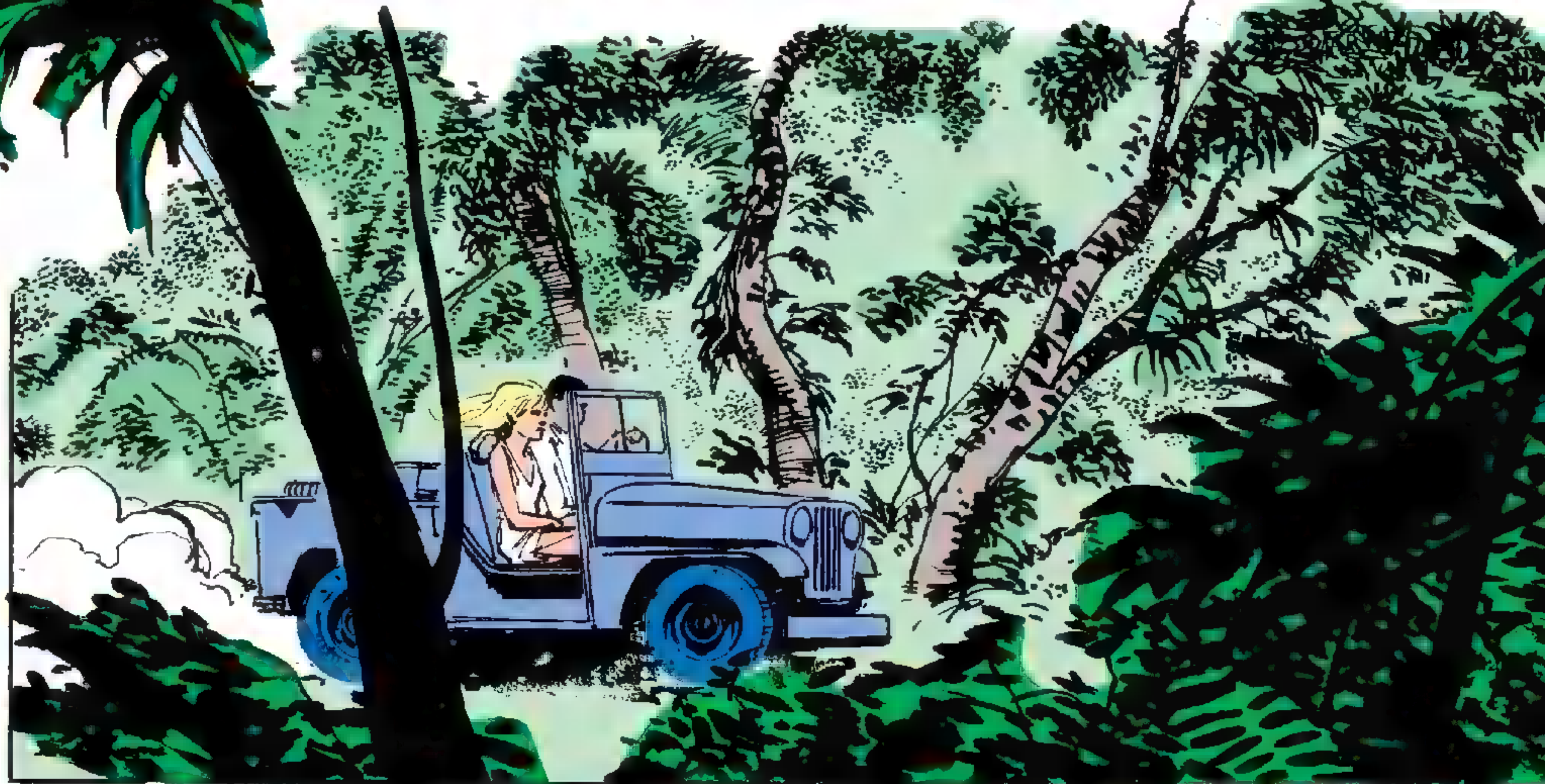
MATT-- SHE BE-  
TRAYED HIM-- SOLD  
HIS DEEPEST SECRET  
FOR A FIX--

--TOLD A MAN THAT  
MATT IS DAREDEVIL--  
AND THE MAN TOLD  
OTHER MEN-- AND THE  
OTHER MEN ARE TRYING  
TO KILL KAREN PAGE--

--BUT SHE'LL MAKE  
IT TO NEW YORK.  
SHE'LL FIND MATT  
BEFORE THE KILLERS  
FIND HER.

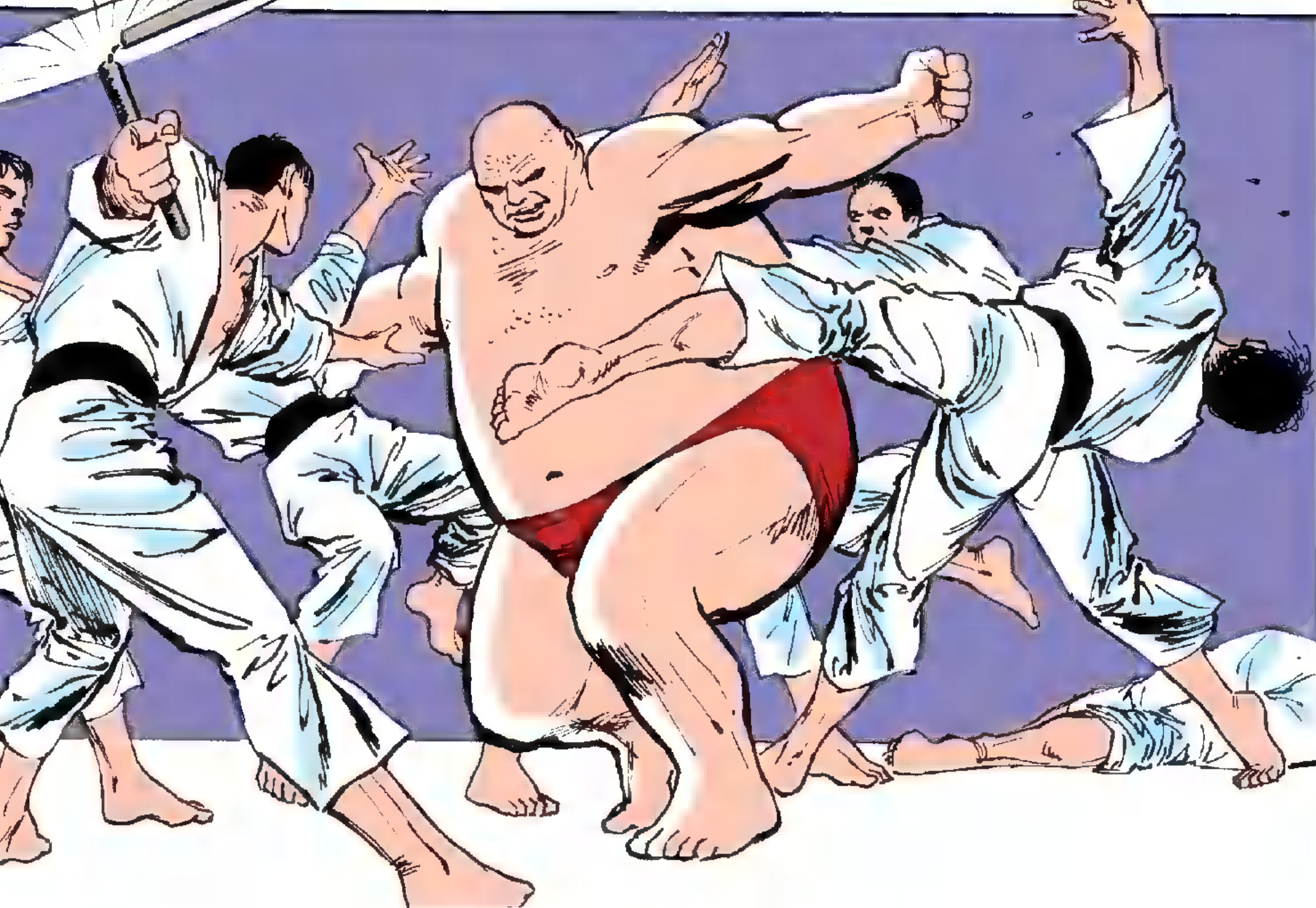
MATT WILL SAVE HER.

HE HAS TO.



TOO OFTEN, HE  
THINKS THE NAME.

MURDOCK.



HE IS THE KINGPIN.  
HE IS THE LORD OF  
CRIME. HE DESTROYED  
MATT MURDOCK--  
ROBBED HIM OF HIS  
CAREER, HIS HOME,  
OF EVERYTHING  
THAT CONSTITUTED  
HIS LIFE.

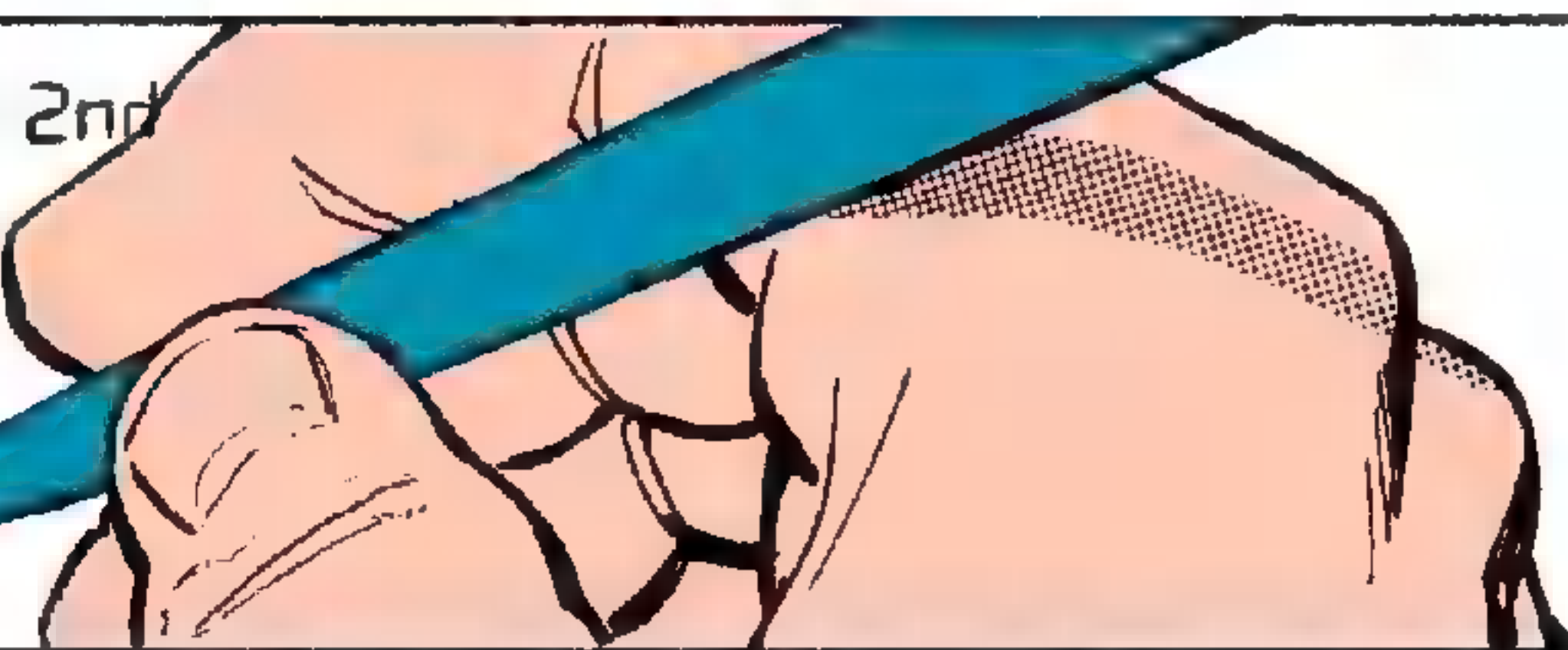
BUT MURDOCK  
IS ALIVE.  
SOMEWHERE.

MURDOCK  
IS ALIVE.



Accepted and agreed on this the 2nd

*Franklin Nelson*



TOOK  
THE JOB.

KNEW  
YE WOULD.

FUNNY--MY HAND SHOOK  
WHEN I SIGNED. GUESS  
IT WAS THE SALARY.

HONESTLY, GLORI. I  
DIDN'T BELIEVE THEY'D  
PAY ME SO MUCH  
UNTIL I SAW IT  
WRITTEN DOWN.

SURE AND  
YOU DESERVE  
IT, FOGGY.

IT'S TWICE WHAT MATT  
AND ME EVER MADE  
TOGETHER. MATT...  
HOW LONG'S HE BEEN  
MISSING NOW?...

ELEVEN  
DAYS.

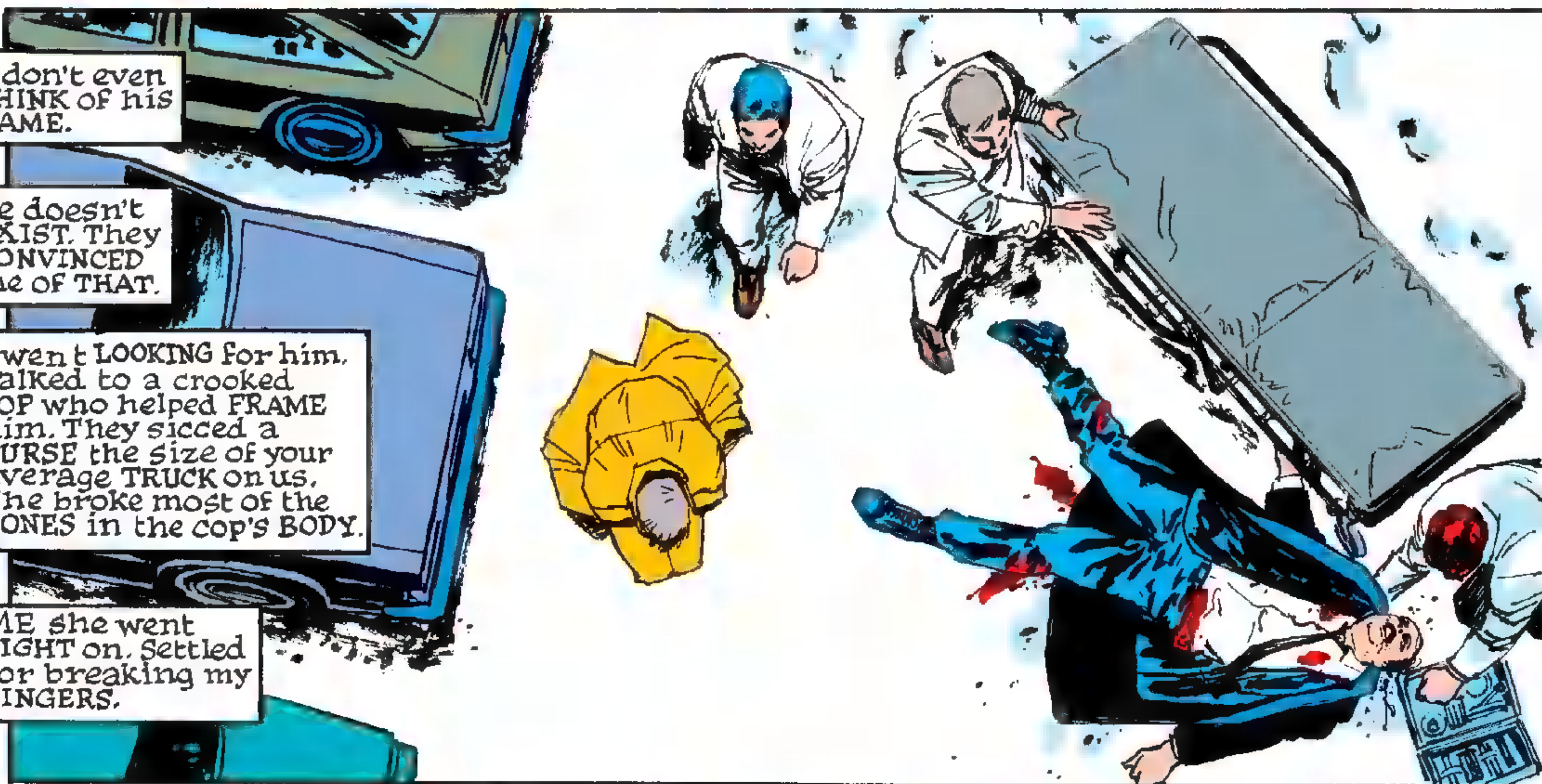
AND SIX  
HOURS.

I don't even  
THINK OF his  
NAME.

He doesn't  
EXIST. They  
CONVINCED  
me OF THAT.

I wasn't LOOKING for him.  
Talked to a crooked  
COP who helped FRAME  
him. They sicced a  
NURSE the size of your  
average TRUCK on us.  
She broke most of the  
BONES in the cop's BODY.

ME she went  
LIGHT on. Settled  
for breaking my  
FINGERS.



My name is BEN URICH.  
I'm a REPORTER.

I don't even  
THINK OF his  
NAME.



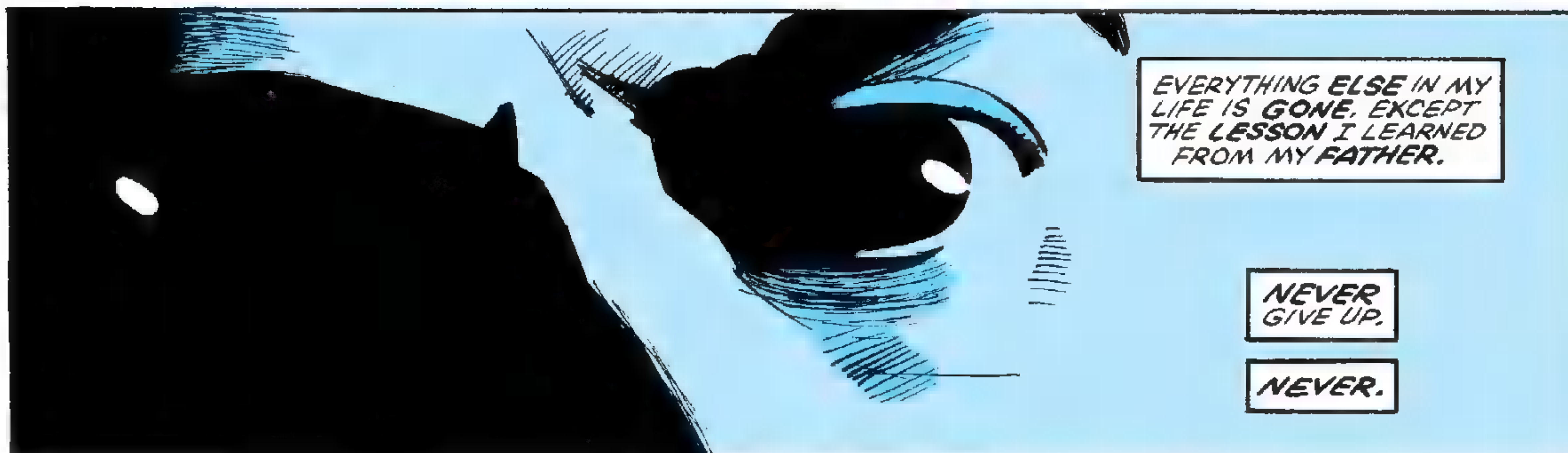




WHEN I WAS A WHOLE LOT YOUNGER, I WAS STRUCK ACROSS THE EYES AND **BLINDED** BY A PIECE OF RADIOACTIVE **GARBAGE**.

DON'T ASK ME TO EXPLAIN **WHY**, BUT I CAN **SMELL** AND **HEAR** AND **TASTE** BETTER THAN ANY-BODY.

THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO **LEARN** ABOUT **MATT MURDOCK**.



EVERYTHING ELSE IN MY LIFE IS **GONE**, EXCEPT THE **LESSON** I LEARNED FROM MY **FATHER**.

**NEVER**  
**GIVE UP.**

**NEVER.**

FOR MOST PEOPLE, NEW YORK IS THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING AND THE STATUE OF LIBERTY. FOR KAREN PAGE, IT'S PENN STATION, WHERE SHE FIRST STEPPED OFF THE TRAIN FROM NEW ENGLAND. THAT MUST BE WHY SHE ASKED PAULO TO DROP HER OFF HERE.

SHE'D PAID HER WAY-- EXACTLY THE WAY HE WANTED HER TO. SHE OWES HIM NOTHING.

SHE WANTS TO GET RID OF HIM. SURE, HE'S GOT THE JUNK-- AS MUCH AS SHE WANTS. BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN SHE WANTS TO BE WITH NOW--

-- SHE'LL EVEN QUIT THE JUNK SHE SWEARS SHE WILL--

-- SO SHE SAYS GOOD-BYE TO PAULO WITH A KISS AS FINAL PAYMENT.

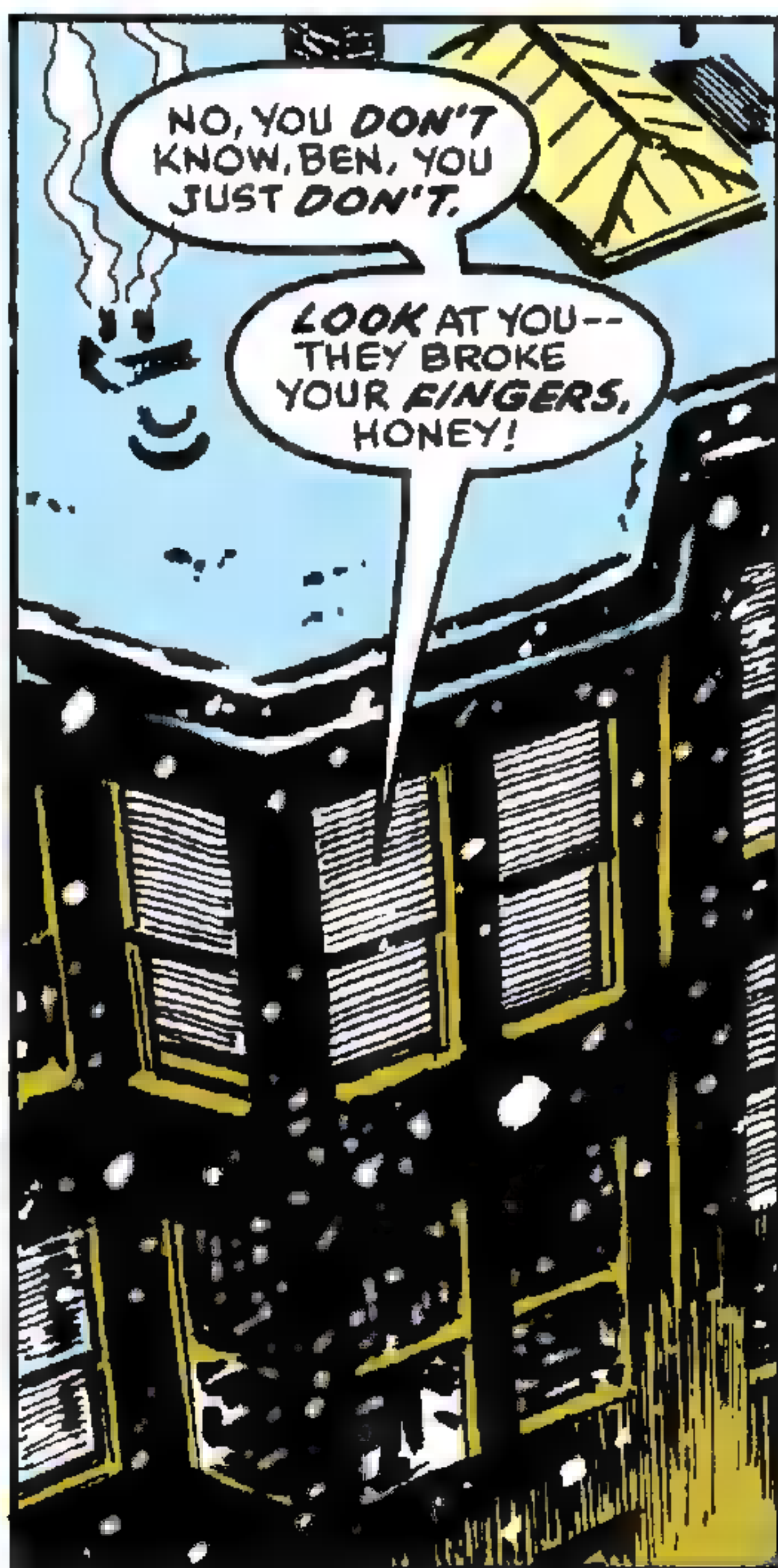
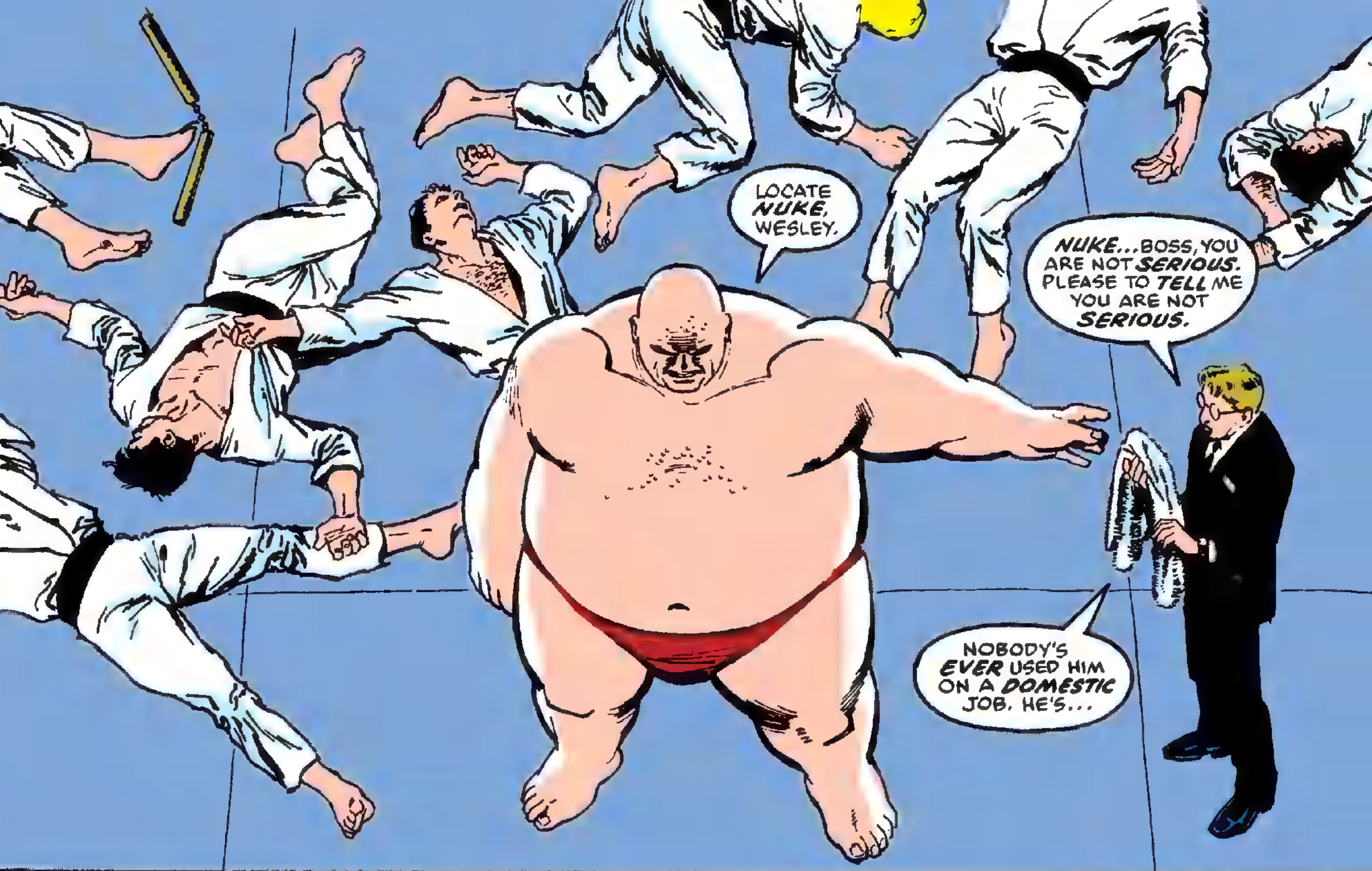
IT'S THE LONG KIND OF KISS. THE KIND SHE LEARNED MAKING MOVIES FOR PEOPLE LIKE PAULO.

SHE'S A PRO ABOUT IT.

IT ISN'T ENOUGH FOR HIM.











THEY'VE DONE SOME WORK ON ME. THE BROKEN RIB IS BACK WHERE IT BELONGS. I'M NOT BLEEDING.

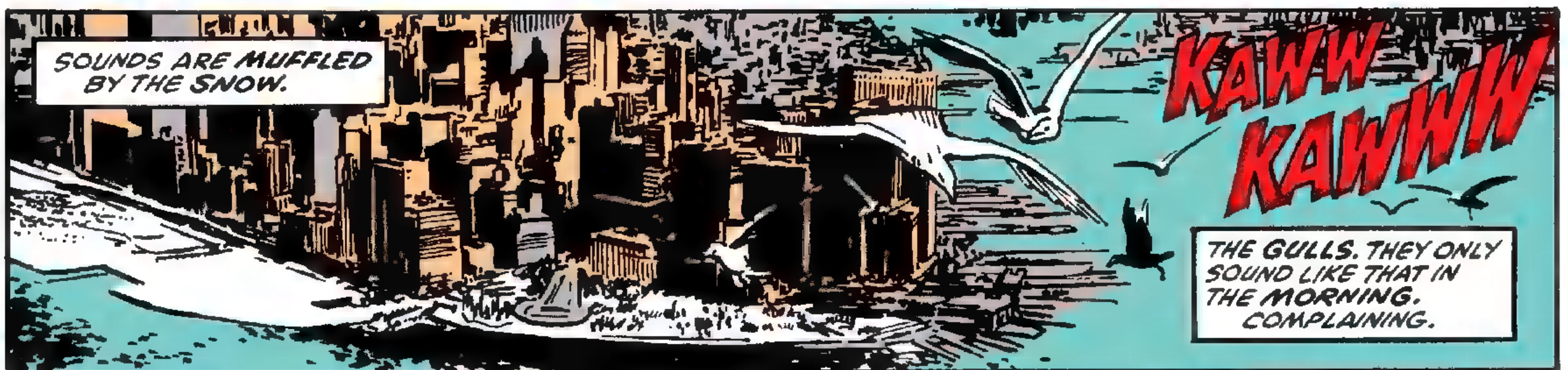
I'M ONE BIG BRUISE. BEST NOT TO PAY ATTENTION TO HOW I FEEL.



THE MORE I FOCUS OUTSIDE MYSELF, THE--

--THAT STENCH--EVEN HIS SWEAT SMELLS LIKE CHEAP WINE--I CAN TASTE HIS HANGOVER WITH HIM--

--CAN'T STAND IT--MOVE FURTHER OUT...



SOUNDS ARE MUFFLED BY THE SNOW.

**KAWW  
KAWWW**

THE GULLS. THEY ONLY SOUND LIKE THAT IN THE MORNING. COMPLAINING.



**BEEP HONK HONK BEEP BEEP HONK HONNNNNNK**

LIKE THE WHOLE CITY'S COMPLAINING, I'M STILL IN MANHATTAN.

NARROW IT DOWN.



EVEN PAST BROTHER GALLO NEXT TO ME I CAN SMELL THE NEIGHBORHOOD. RATS AND CONCRETE DUST.

HELL'S KITCHEN. I GREW UP HERE.

BUT WHAT KIND OF PLACE AM I IN?



**BONG BONG  
BONG BONG**

WHOA.





CHURCH BELLS.  
I'M IN A CHURCH.

MUST BE IN THE  
BASEMENT.  
A MISSION.

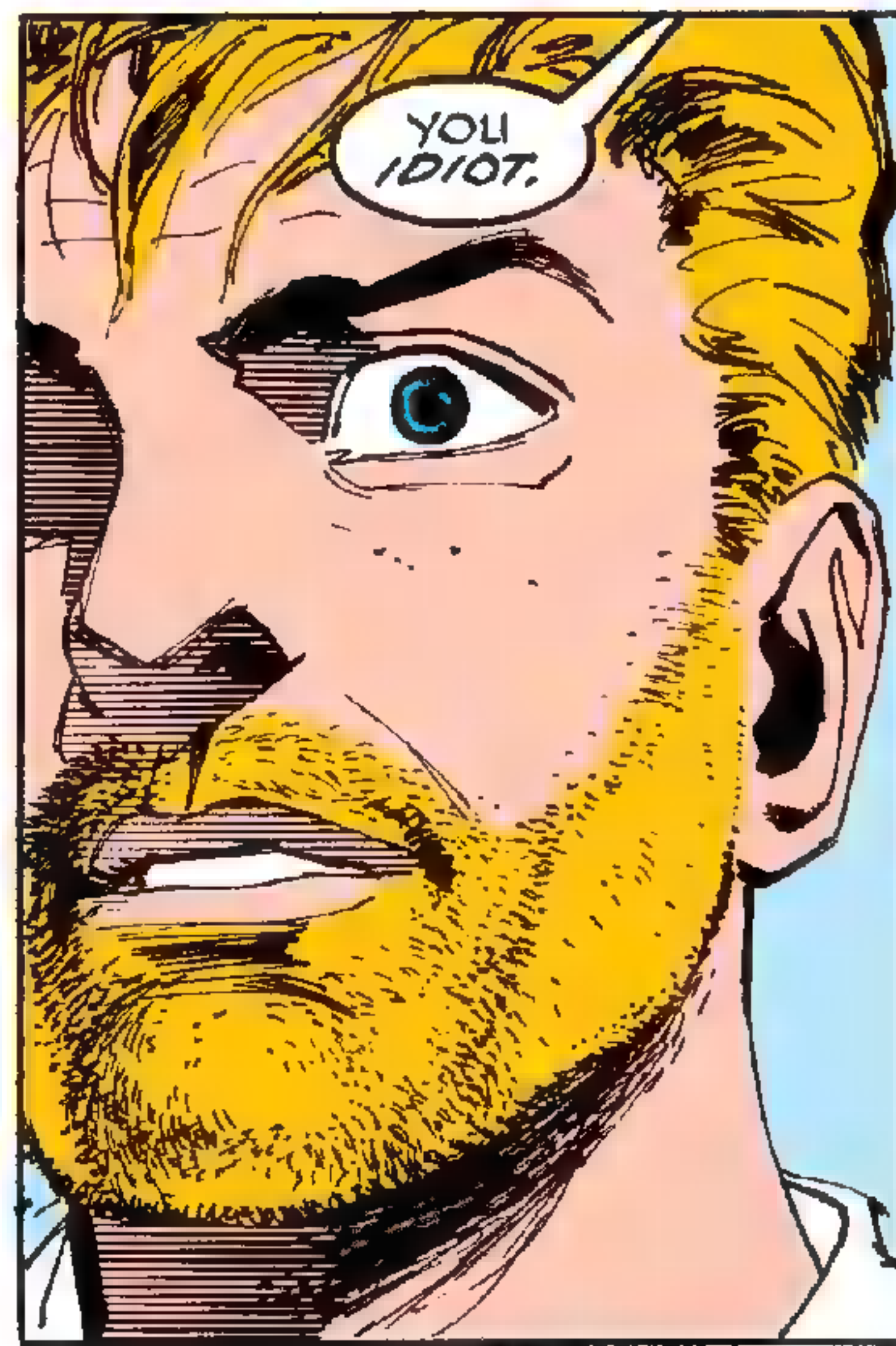


JUST ME AND  
THE WINOS.

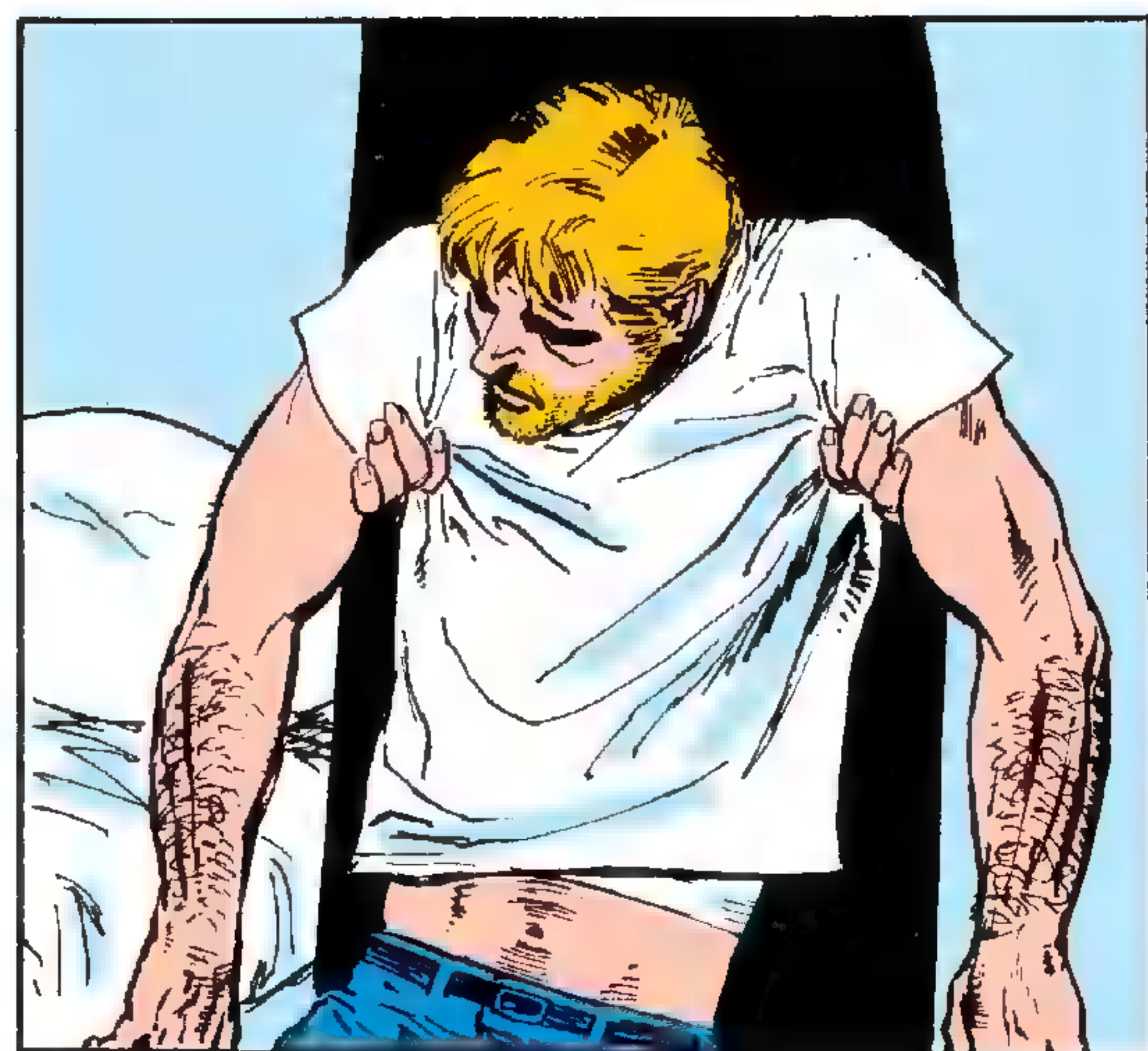
GOT TO GET  
AWAY FROM  
THESE SMELLS.



OKAY-- WHO TOOK THE MUSCLES  
OUT OF MY LEGS?



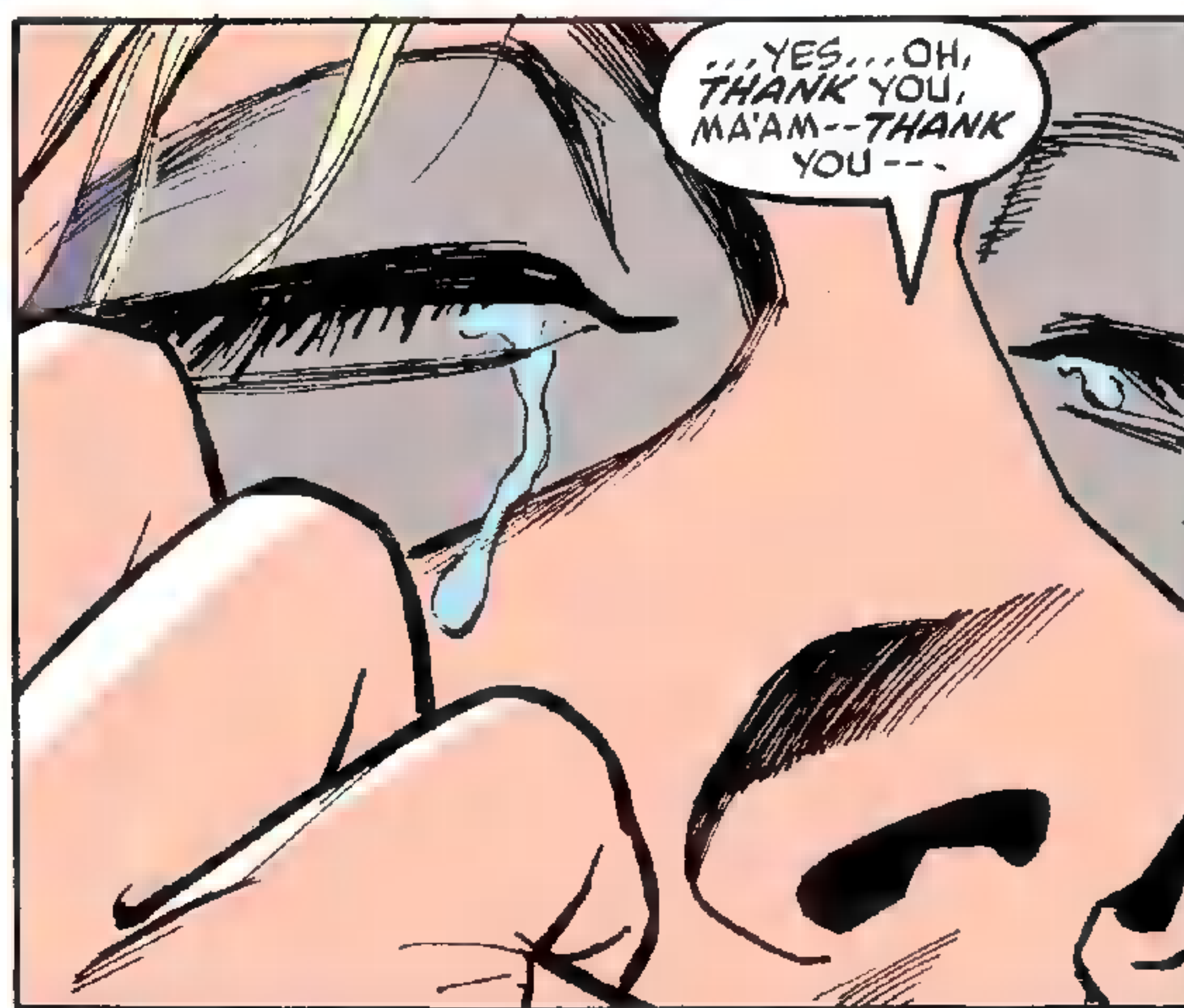
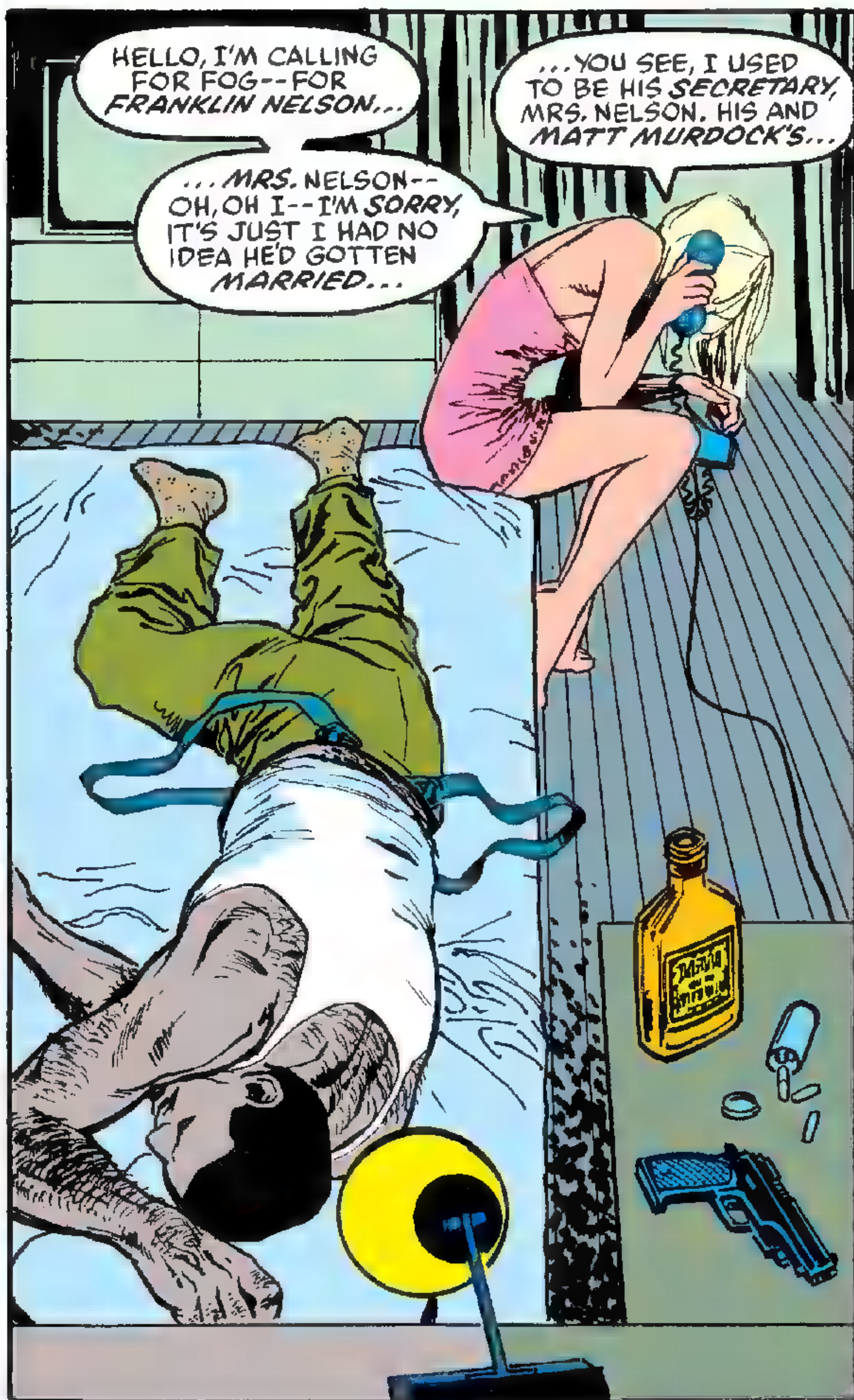
YOU  
IDIOT.



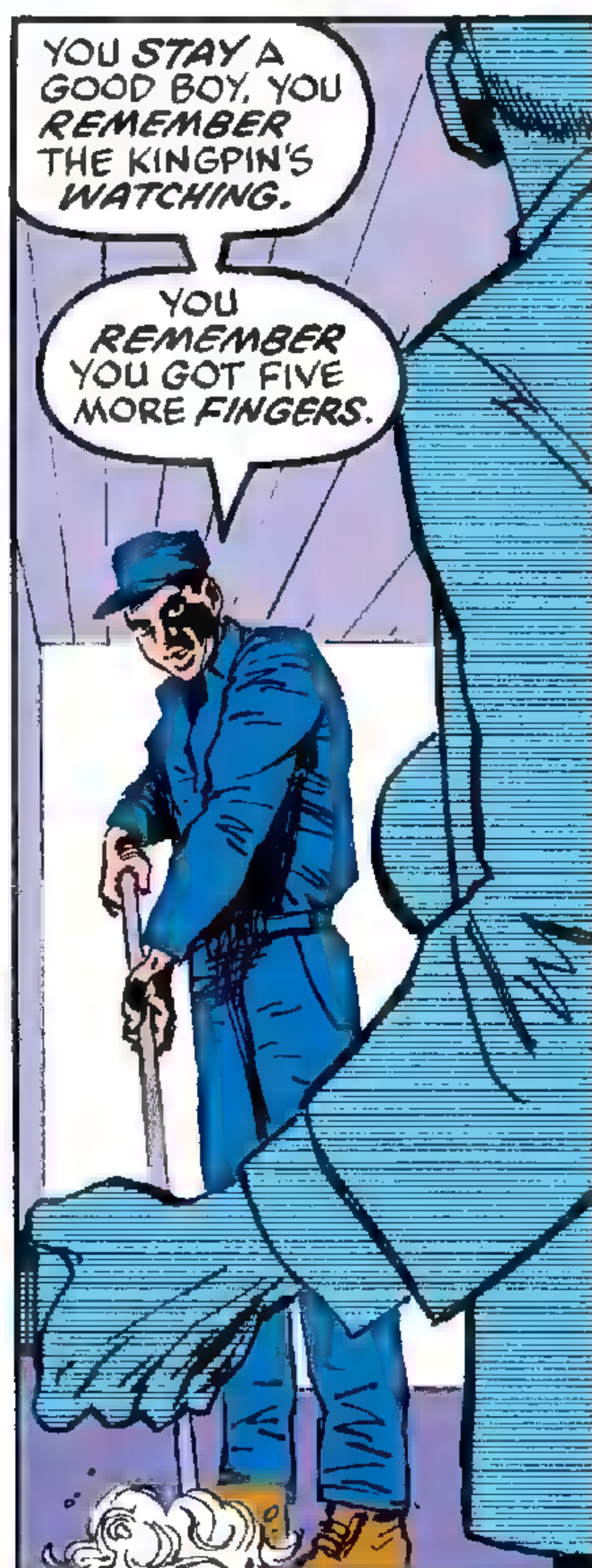
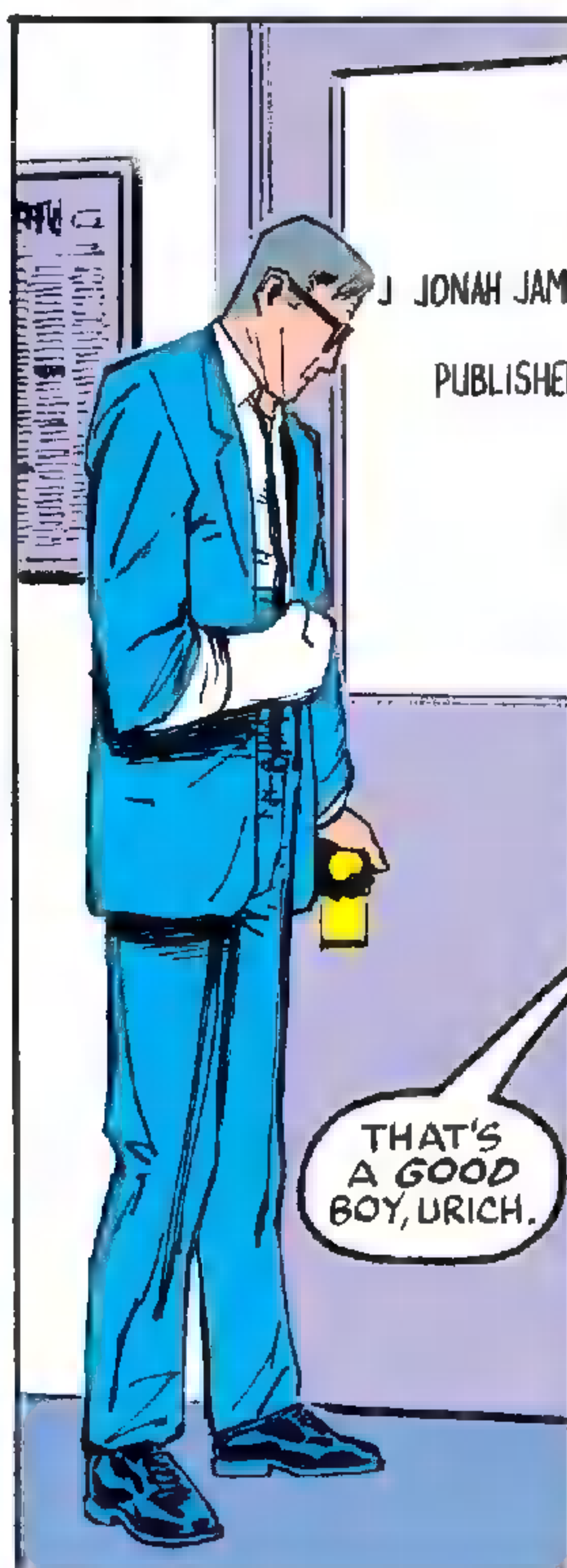
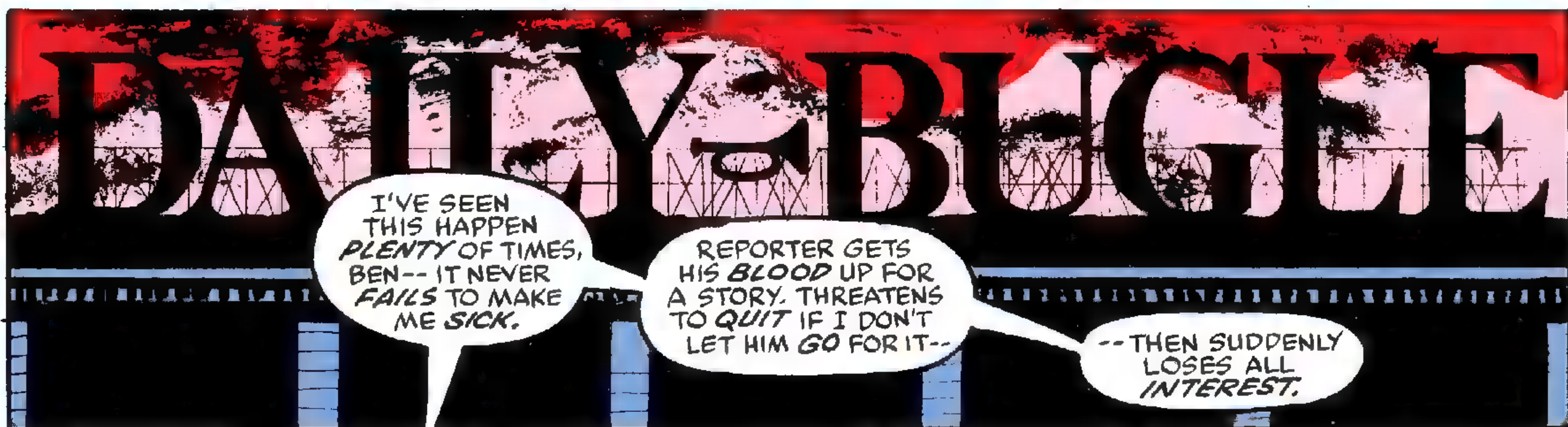
MY NAME IS  
MAGGIE.

YOU'RE  
STAYING  
HERE.







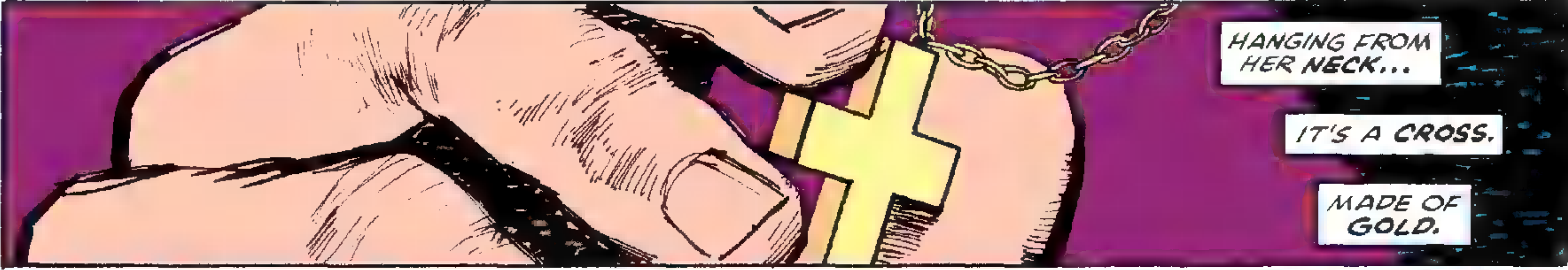






SHE'S WITH ME  
WHEN THE FEVER  
HITS.

I'M BOILING ALIVE--  
BUT FOR THE COOL,  
SOFT CLOTH.



HANGING FROM  
HER NECK...

IT'S A CROSS.

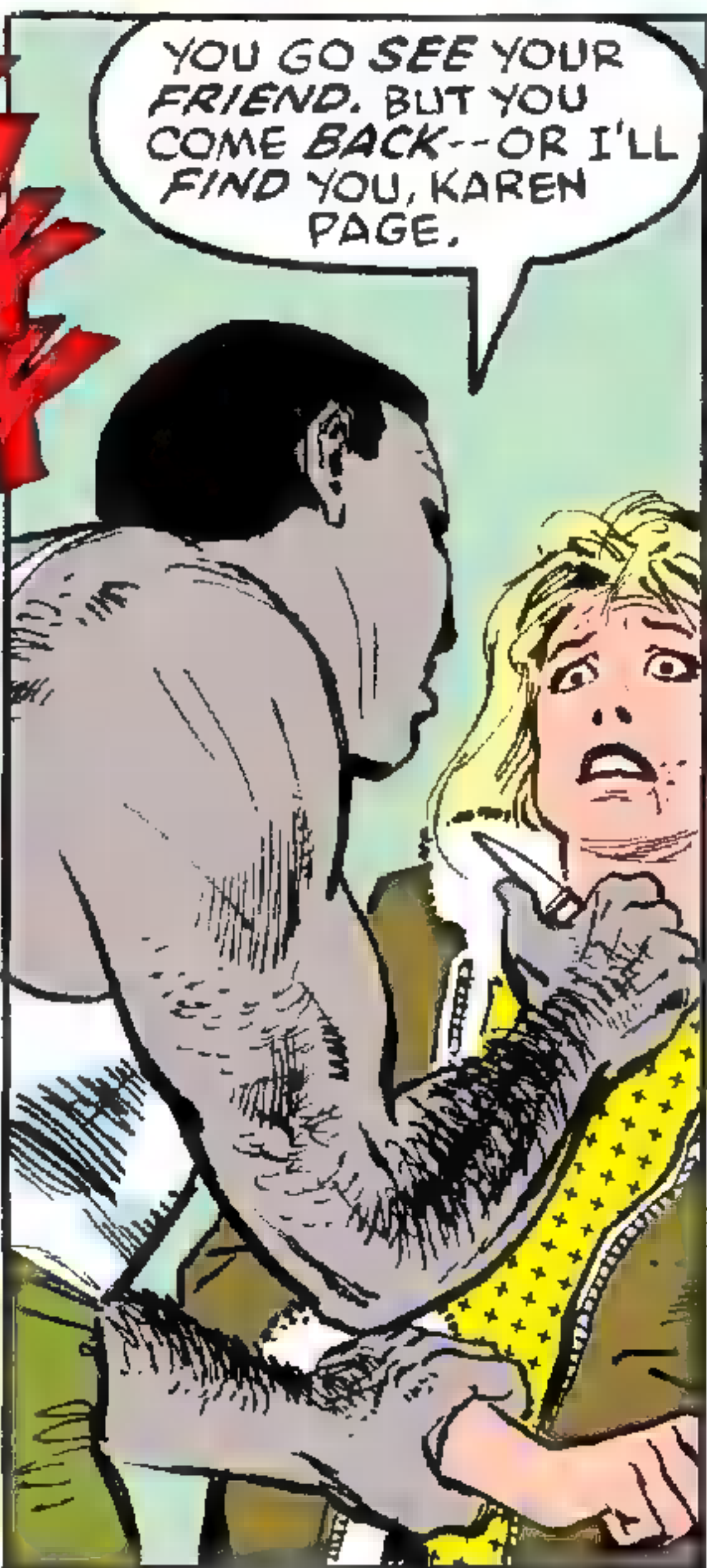
MADE OF  
GOLD.



RUNNIN'  
OUT ON  
ME--

JUST SEEING A FRIEND--

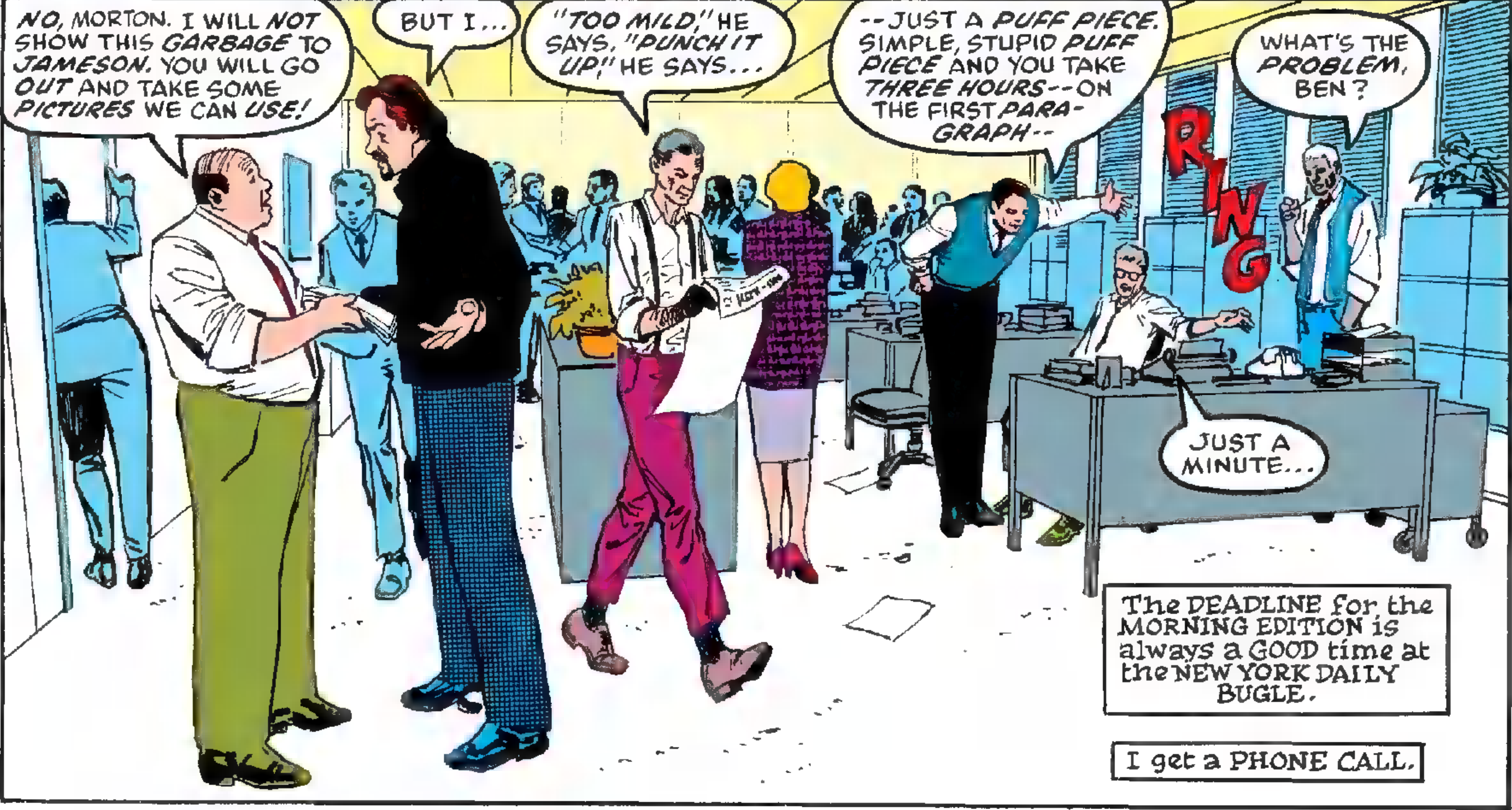
**THWAKK**



YOU GO SEE YOUR  
FRIEND. BUT YOU  
COME BACK--OR I'LL  
FIND YOU, KAREN  
PAGE.



YOU'RE MINE  
NOW.



NO, MORTON. I WILL NOT  
SHOW THIS GARBAGE TO  
JAMESON. YOU WILL GO  
OUT AND TAKE SOME  
PICTURES WE CAN USE!

BUT I...

"TOO MILD," HE  
SAYS, "PUNCH IT  
UP," HE SAYS...

-- JUST A PUFF PIECE.  
SIMPLE, STUPID PUFF  
PIECE AND YOU TAKE  
THREE HOURS--ON  
THE FIRST PARA-  
GRAPH--

WHAT'S THE  
PROBLEM,  
BEN?

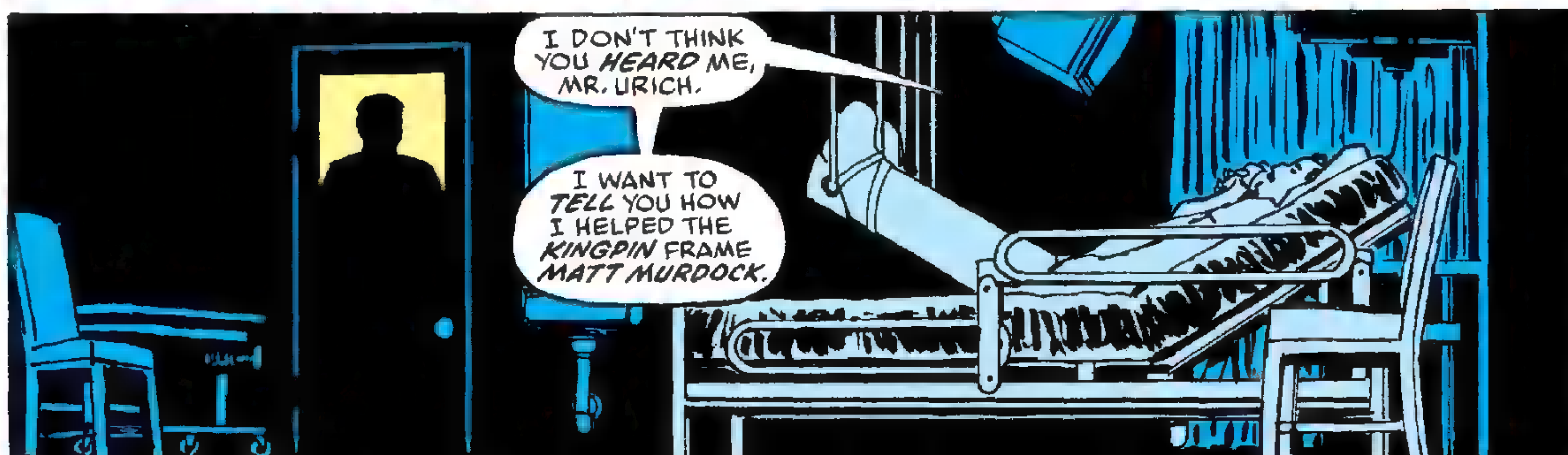
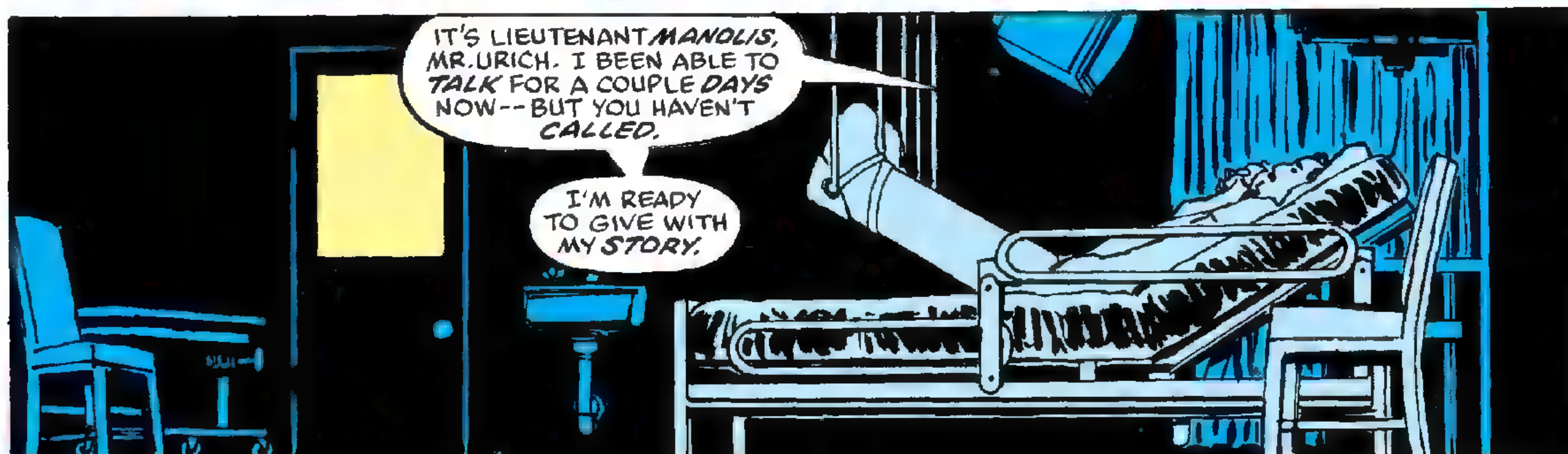
**RING**

JUST A  
MINUTE...

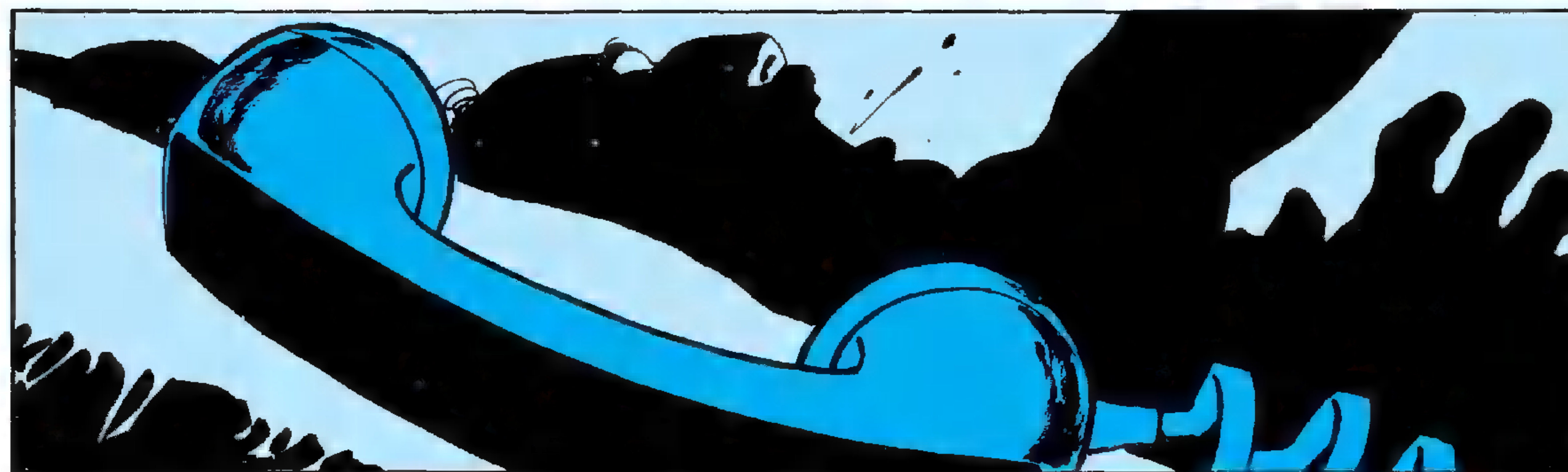
The DEADLINE for the  
MORNING EDITION is  
always a GOOD time at  
the NEW YORK DAILY  
BUGLE.

I get a PHONE CALL.

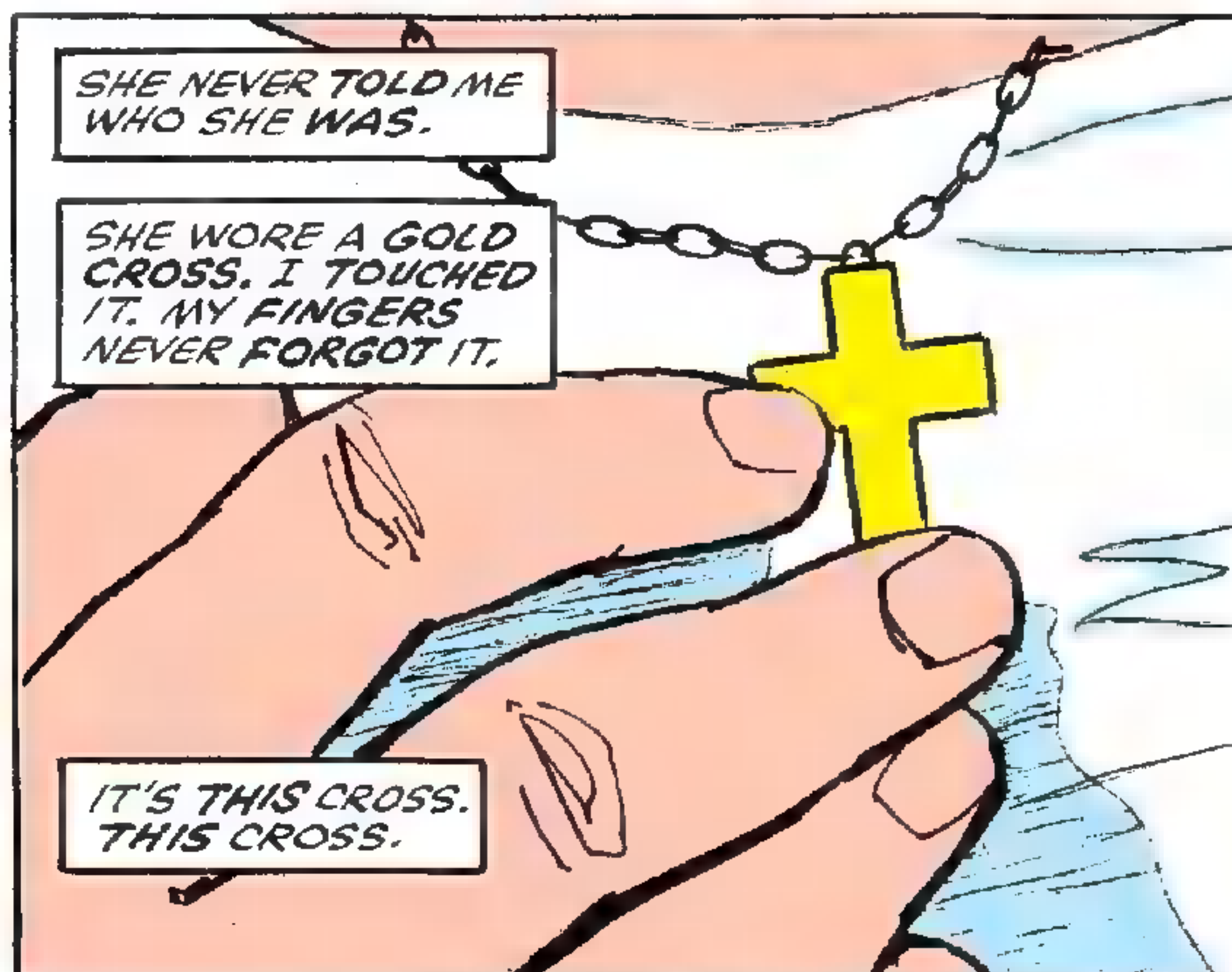
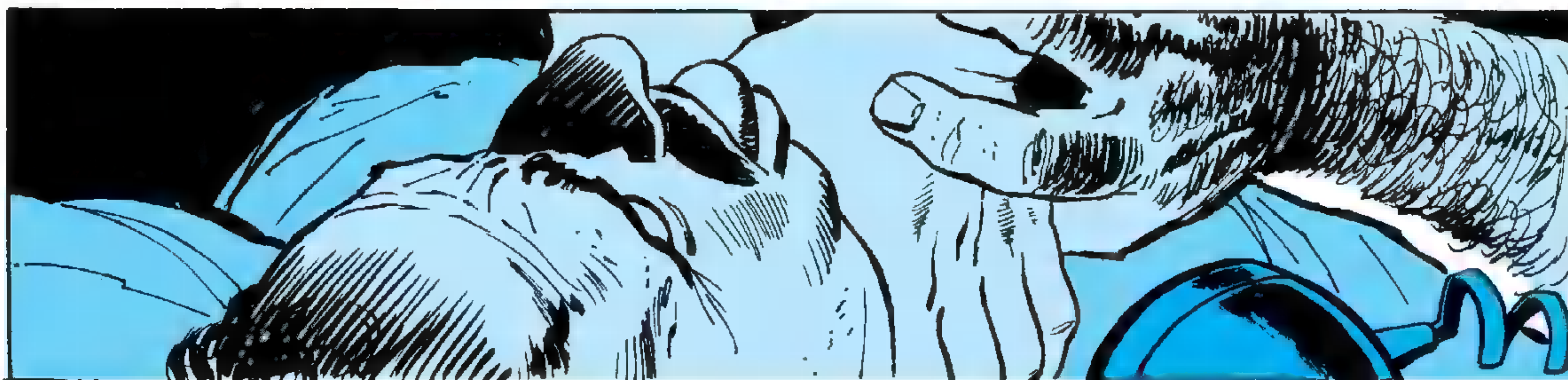
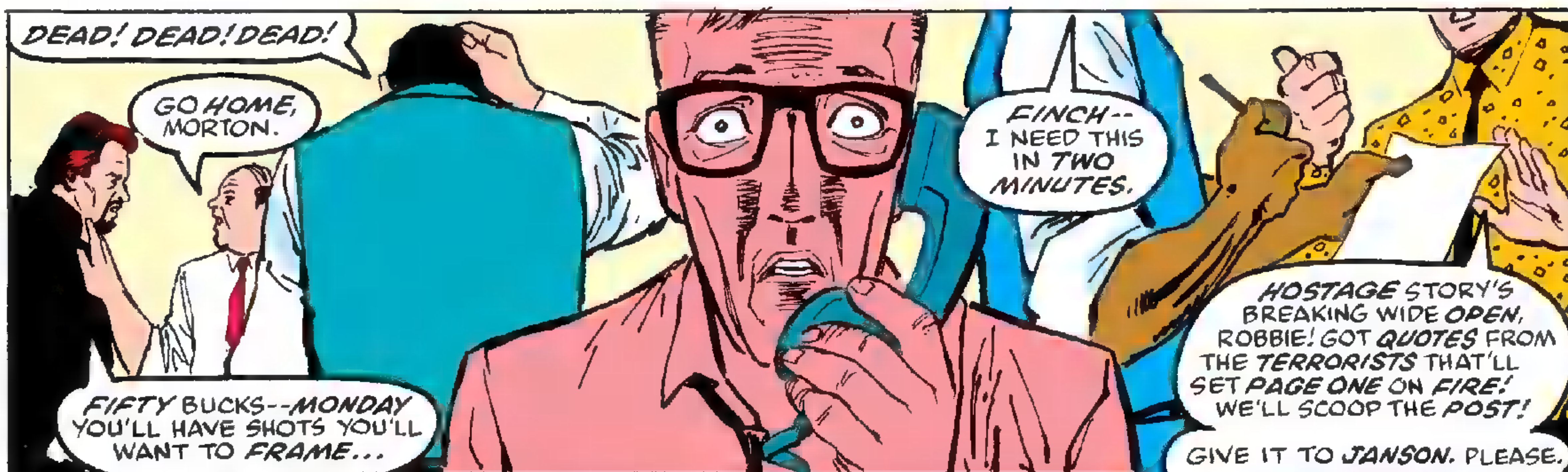
















WHO COULD LOVE ME SO MUCH... AND STAY AWAY SO LONG...

WHO ARE YOU, MAGGIE?

STILL THE FEVER CLIMBS, SISTER.

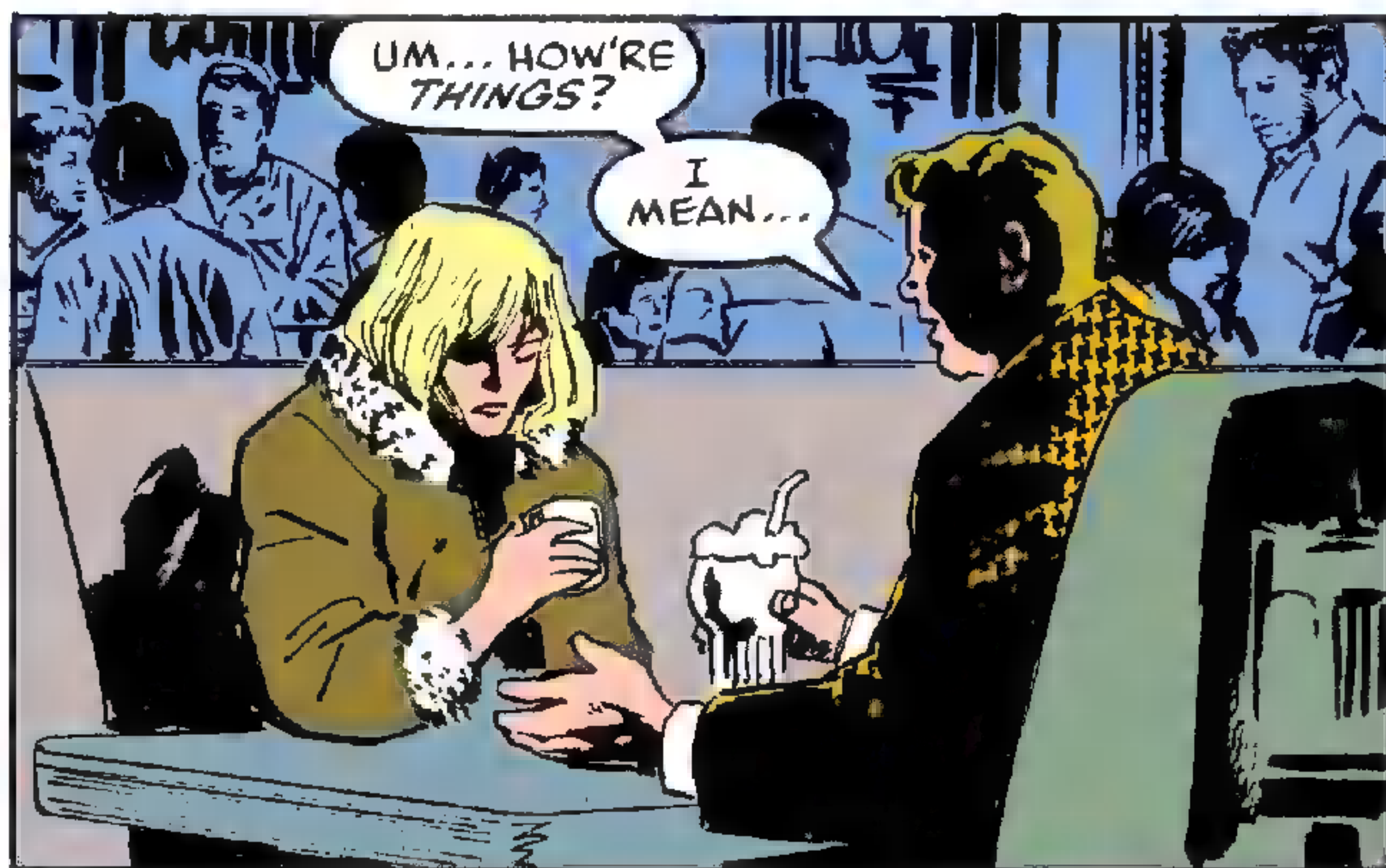
IT WILL BREAK.

IT WILL.



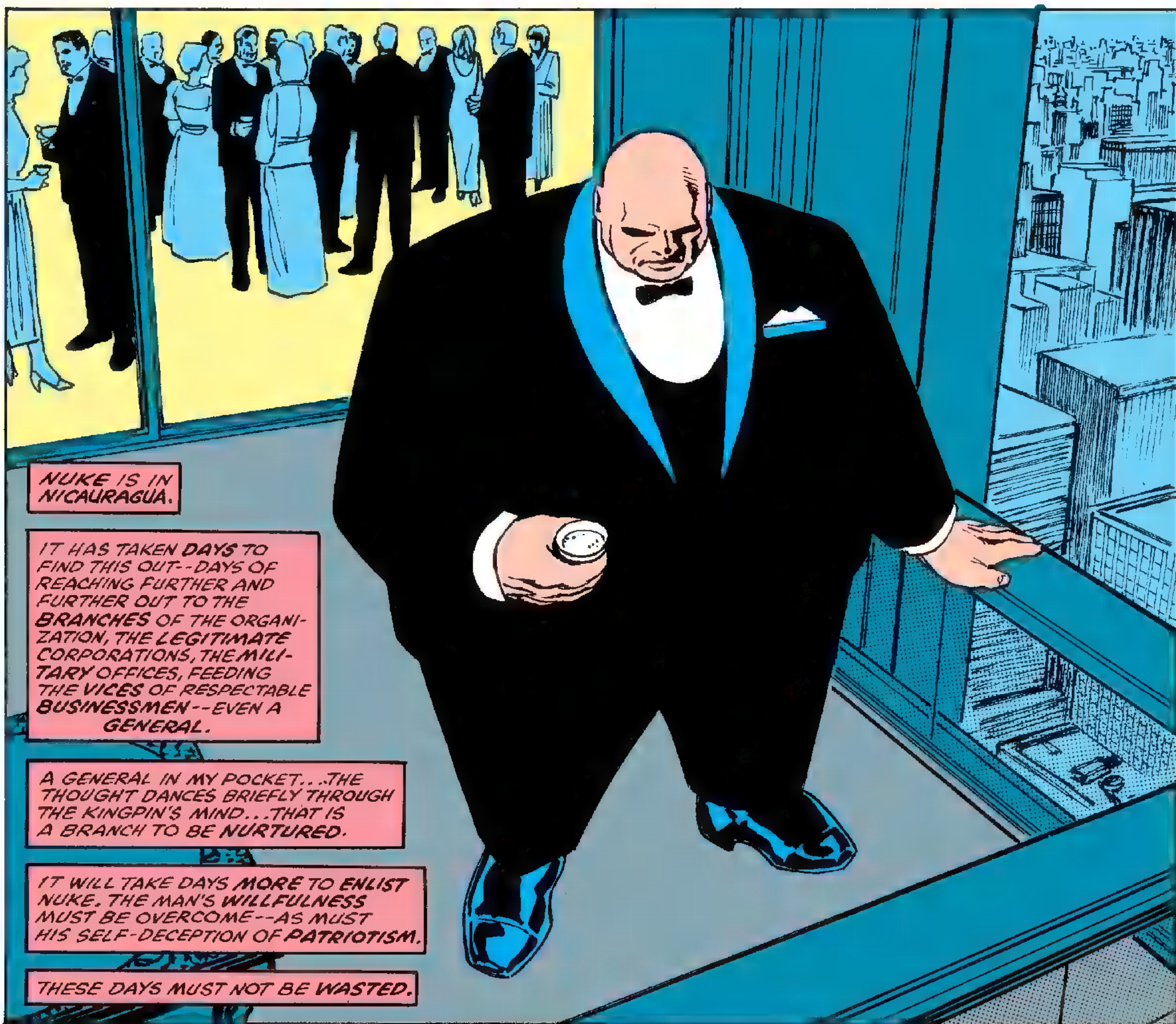
YOU LOOK--

--YOU LOOK GOOD, KAREN.



UM... HOW'RE THINGS?

I MEAN...



NUKE IS IN NICAURAGUA.

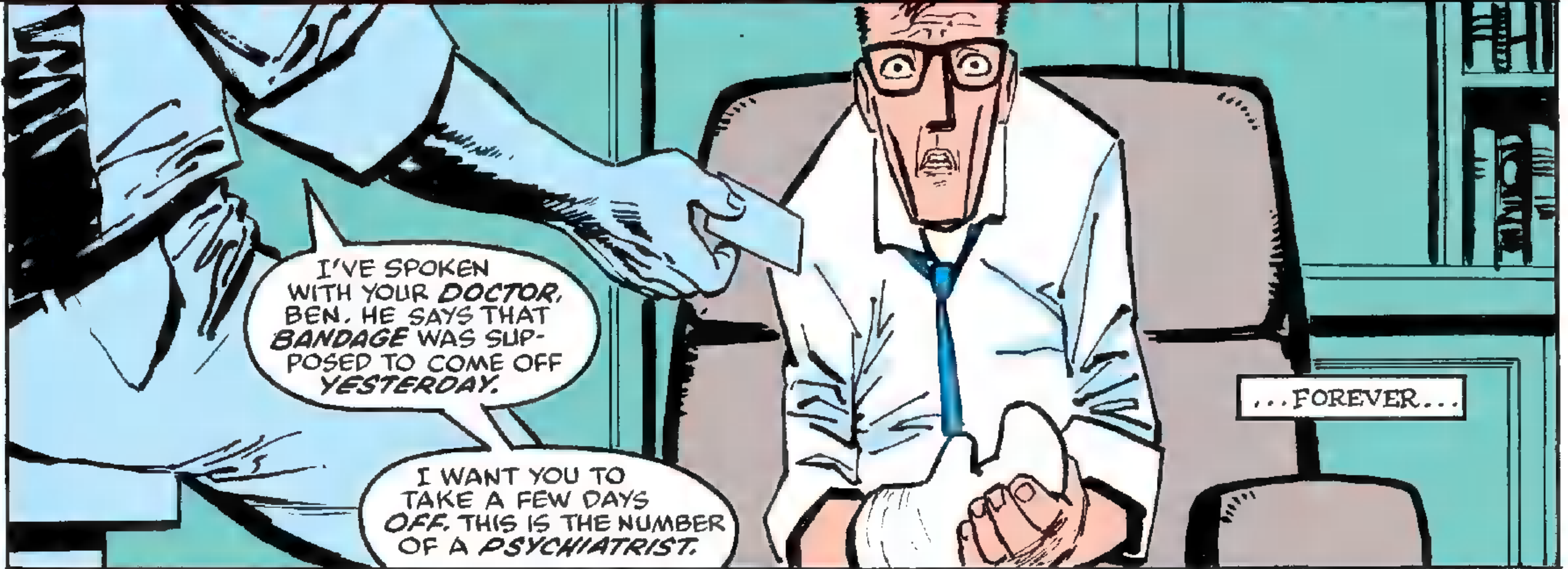
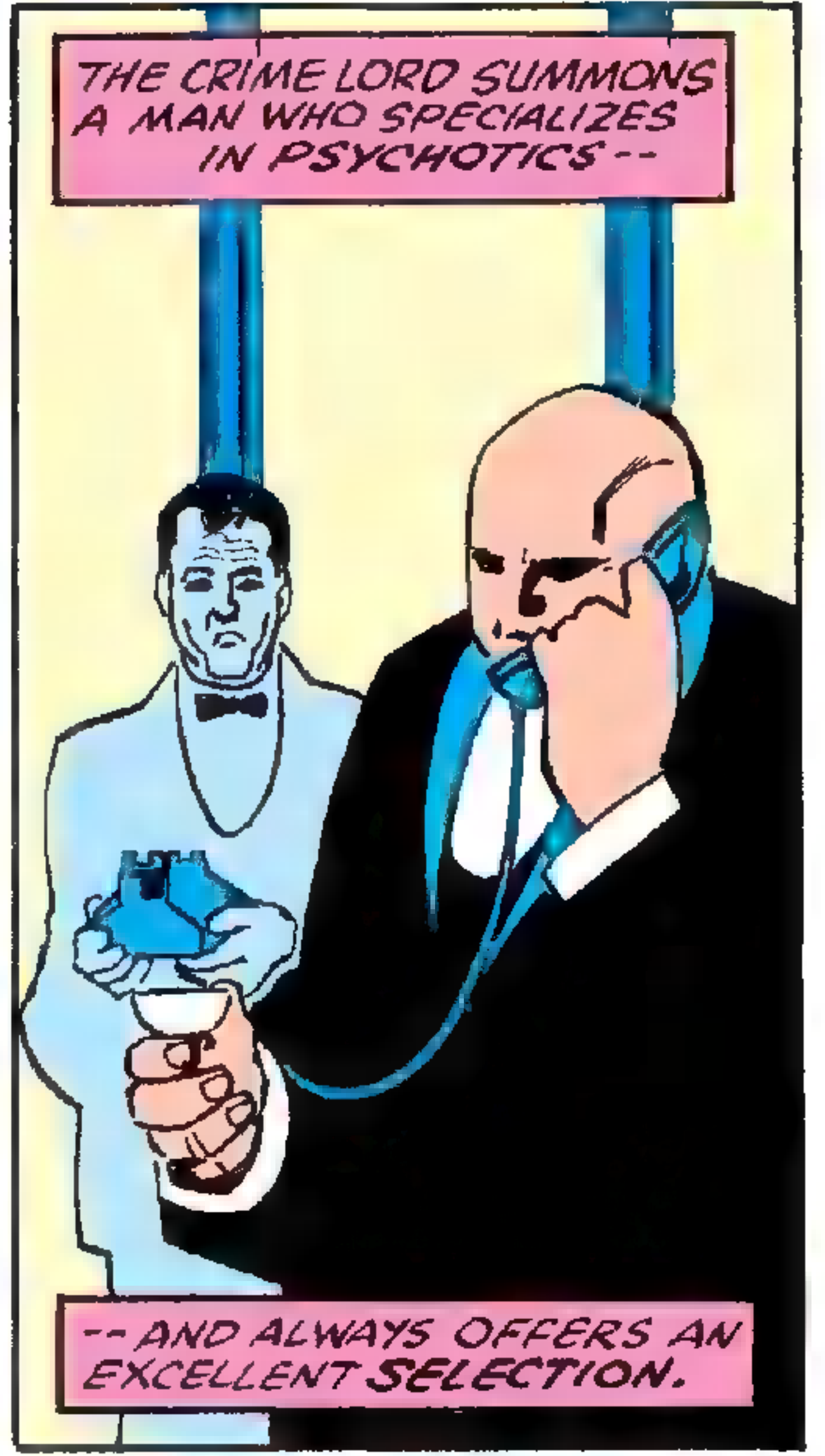
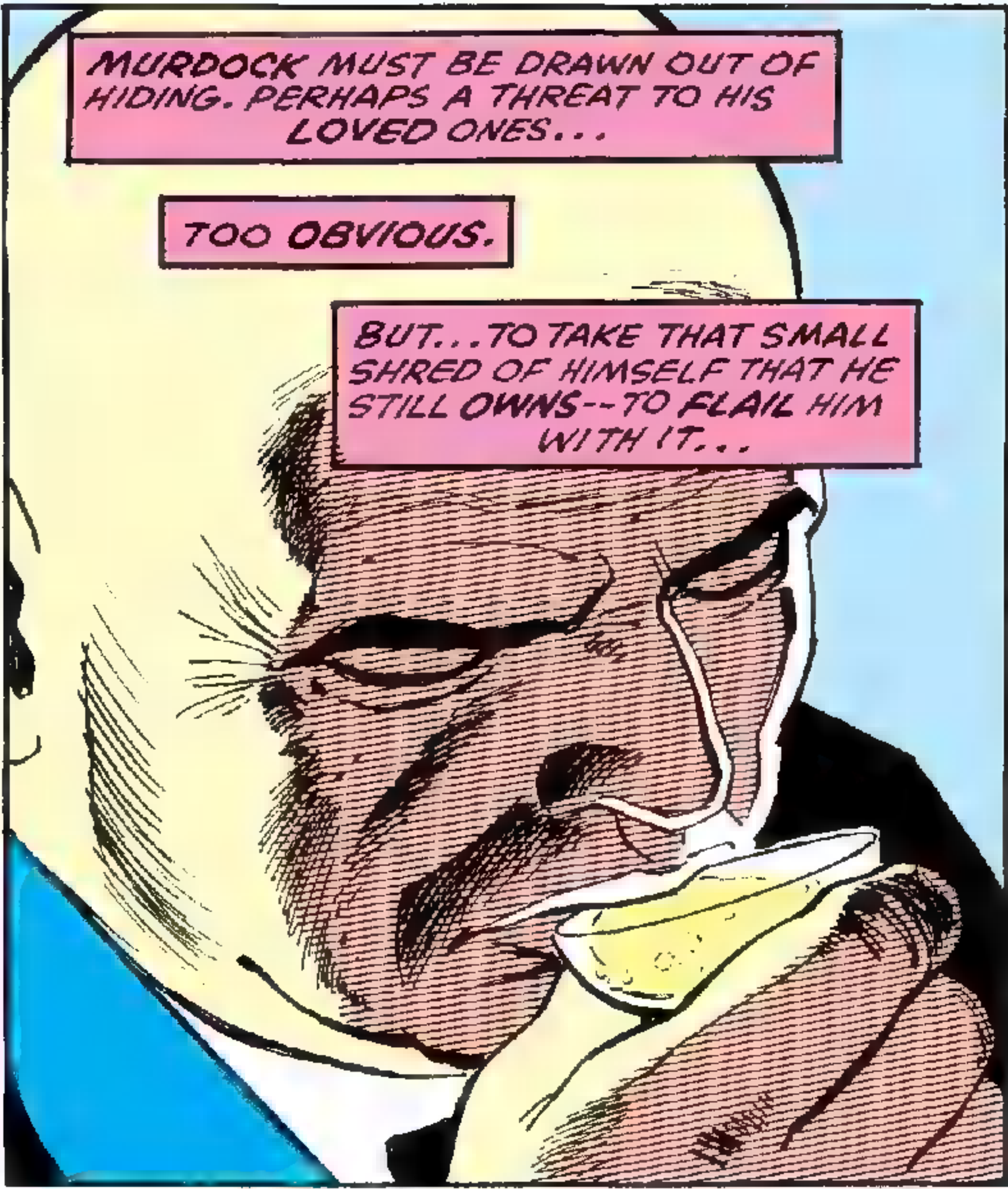
IT HAS TAKEN DAYS TO FIND THIS OUT--DAYS OF REACHING FURTHER AND FURTHER OUT TO THE BRANCHES OF THE ORGANIZATION, THE LEGITIMATE CORPORATIONS, THE MILITARY OFFICES, FEEDING THE VICIES OF RESPECTABLE BUSINESSMEN--EVEN A GENERAL.

A GENERAL IN MY POCKET...THE THOUGHT DANCES BRIEFLY THROUGH THE KINGPIN'S MIND...THAT IS A BRANCH TO BE NURTURED.

IT WILL TAKE DAYS MORE TO ENLIST NUKE. THE MAN'S WILLFULNESS MUST BE OVERCOME--AS MUST HIS SELF-DECEPTION OF PATRIOTISM.

THESE DAYS MUST NOT BE WASTED.







...Nick GURGLED like  
a CLOGGED DRAIN...  
Somewhere in the  
MIDDLE of it he caught  
a single raspy BREATH--



NO  
SMOKING  
IN THE  
ELEVATOR,  
MAN.

--one breath and  
it was so very  
DESPERATE...

TEMPERATURE... MUST BE  
AROUND A HUNDRED AND  
THREE NOW...

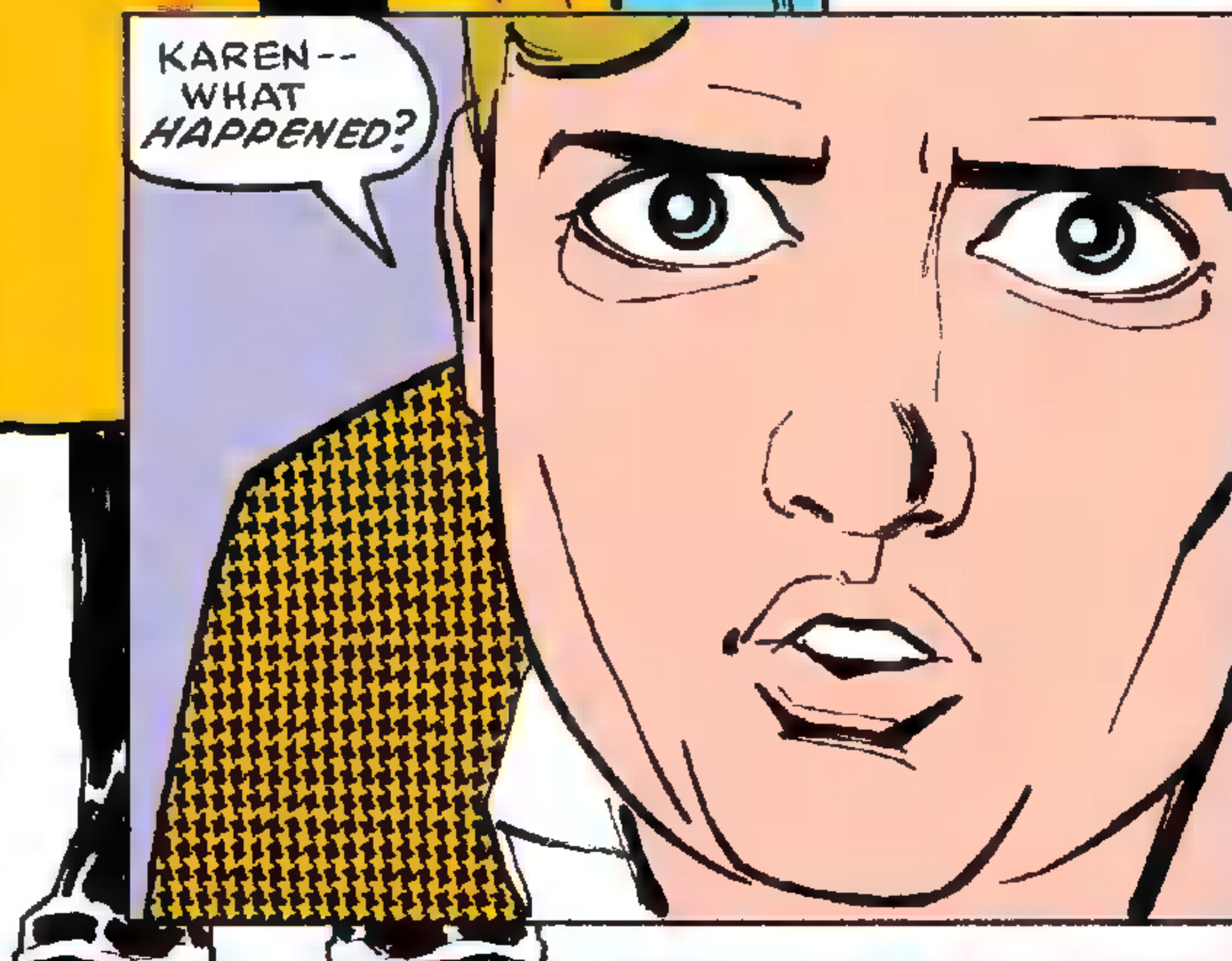


...THAT'S WHAT YOU GET...  
FOR SWIMMING IN THE  
EAST RIVER... SLEEPING  
IN THE STREET...



PNEUMONIA...  
STUPID WAY TO DIE...

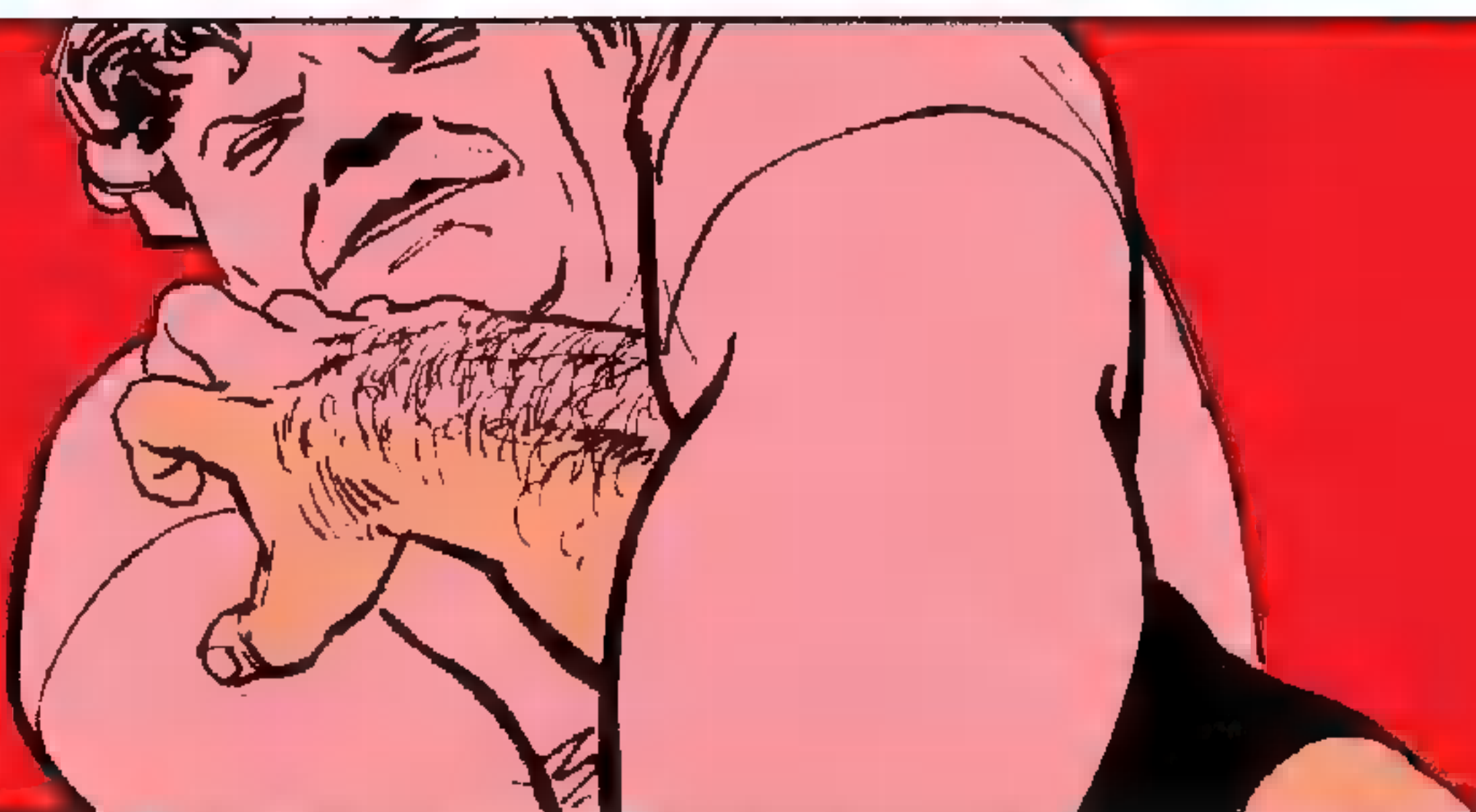
KAREN--  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?



I THOUGHT  
YOU'D NEVER  
ASK, FOGGY.



...and finally,  
the RATTLE.







It took forever too.



I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW ABOUT--NO, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN MY MOVIES.

LET'S JUST SAY THAT I'VE MESSED UP MY LIFE ABOUT AS BADLY AS I COULD. LET'S JUST...

I'M A JUNKIE AND I'VE GOT TO FIND MATT OR I'LL BE MURDERED.



WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR MOUTH, KAREN?

THAT'S PAULO. THE MAN I'M WITH. HE'S PRETTY AWFUL.



LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT RAT--

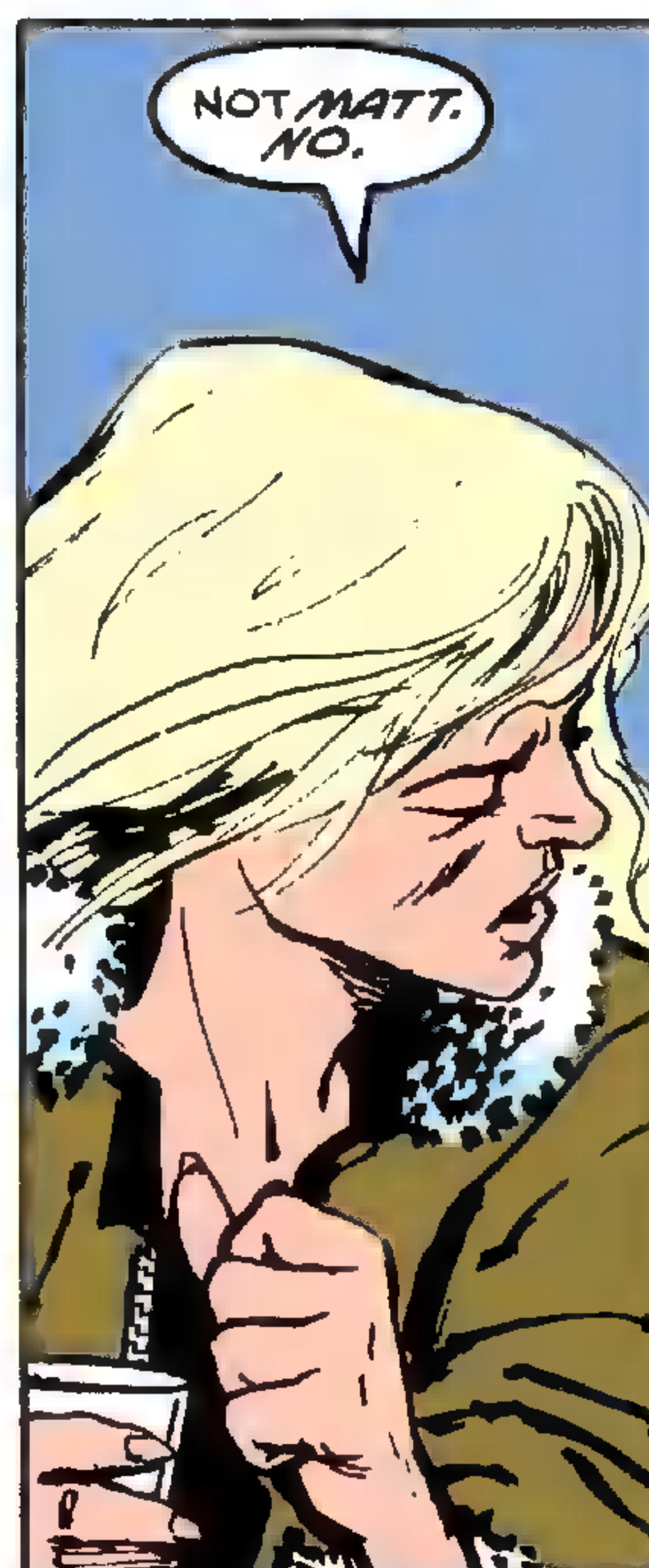
DON'T--JUST DON'T, FOGGY.

I JUST NEED TO KNOW WHERE MATT IS. HE--I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY, BUT HE'S THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN SAVE ME.



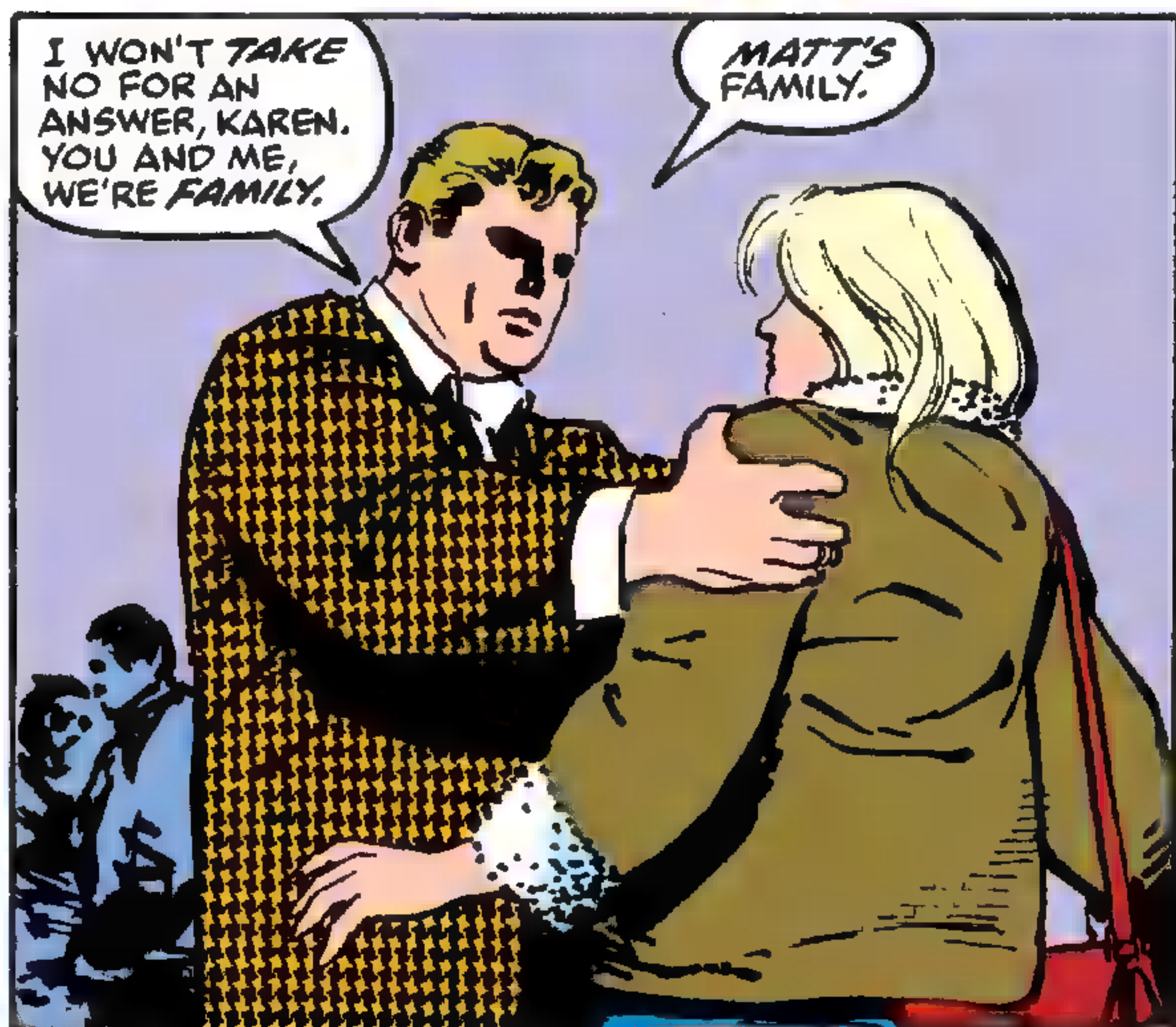
MATT'S DISAPPEARED, KAREN. A LOT HAS HAPPENED.

OUR LAW FIRM WENT OUT OF BUSINESS. MATT--WELL, MATT'S BEEN ACTING CRAZY. FOR SOME TIME NOW, THEN HE WAS CHARGED WITH CRIMINAL MISCONDUCT.

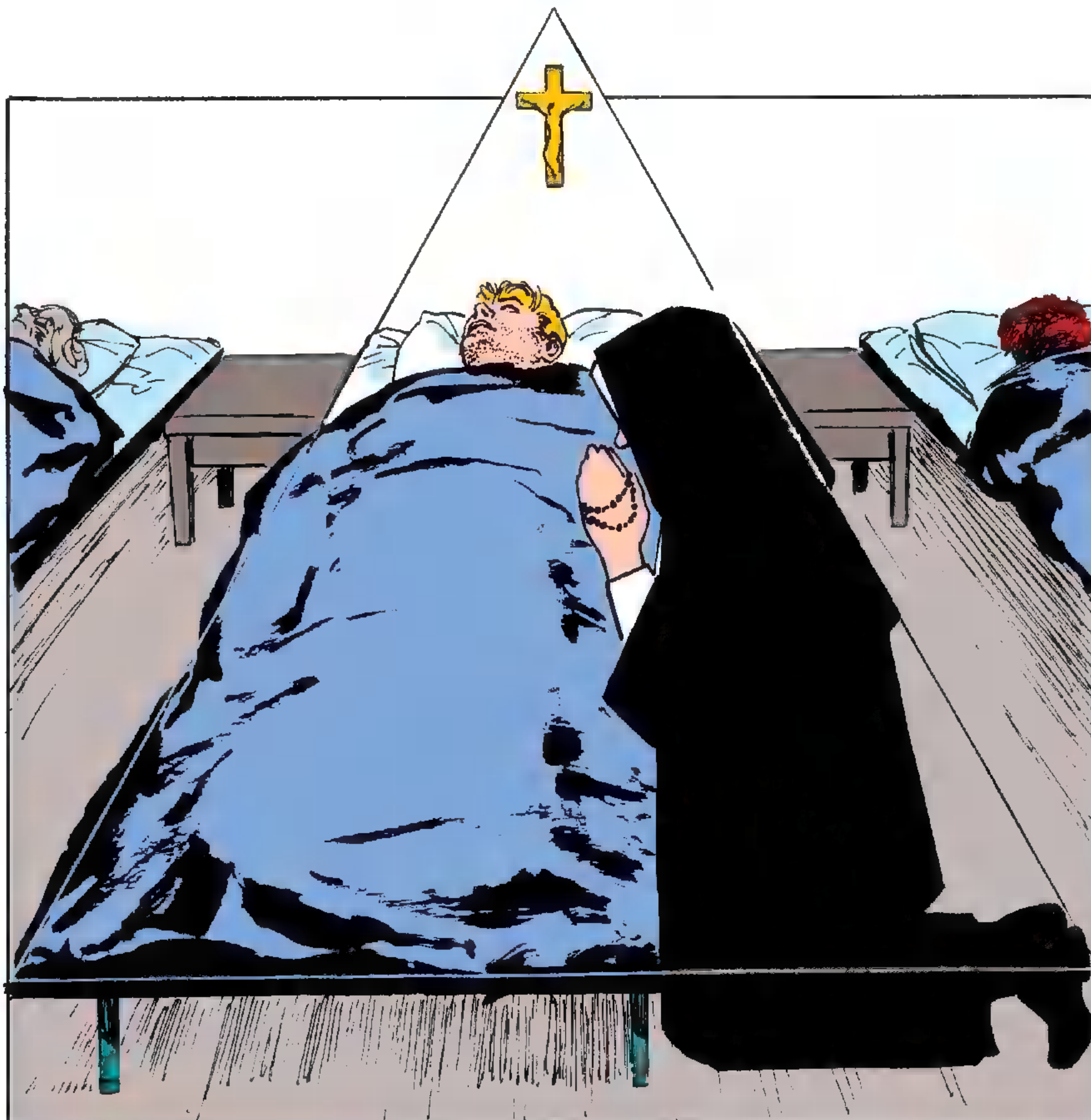


NOT MATT. NO.









THE FEVER GROWS IN HIM.  
NO EARTHLY FORCE CAN  
STOP IT. HE HAS LOST TOO  
MUCH BLOOD. HIS BODY  
CANNOT FIGHT.

HE WILL DIE.

BUT HE HAS SO VERY MUCH  
TO DO, MY LORD.

HIS SOUL IS TROUBLED.

BUT IT IS A GOOD MAN'S  
SOUL, MY LORD.

HE NEEDS ONLY TO BE  
SHOWN YOUR WAY. THEN  
HE WILL RISE AS YOUR  
OWN AND BRING LIGHT  
TO THIS POISONED CITY.  
HE WILL BE AS A SPEAR  
OF LIGHTNING IN YOUR  
HAND, MY LORD.

IF I AM TO BE PUNISHED  
FOR PAST SINS, SO BE IT.

IF I AM TO BE CAST  
INTO HELL, SO BE IT.

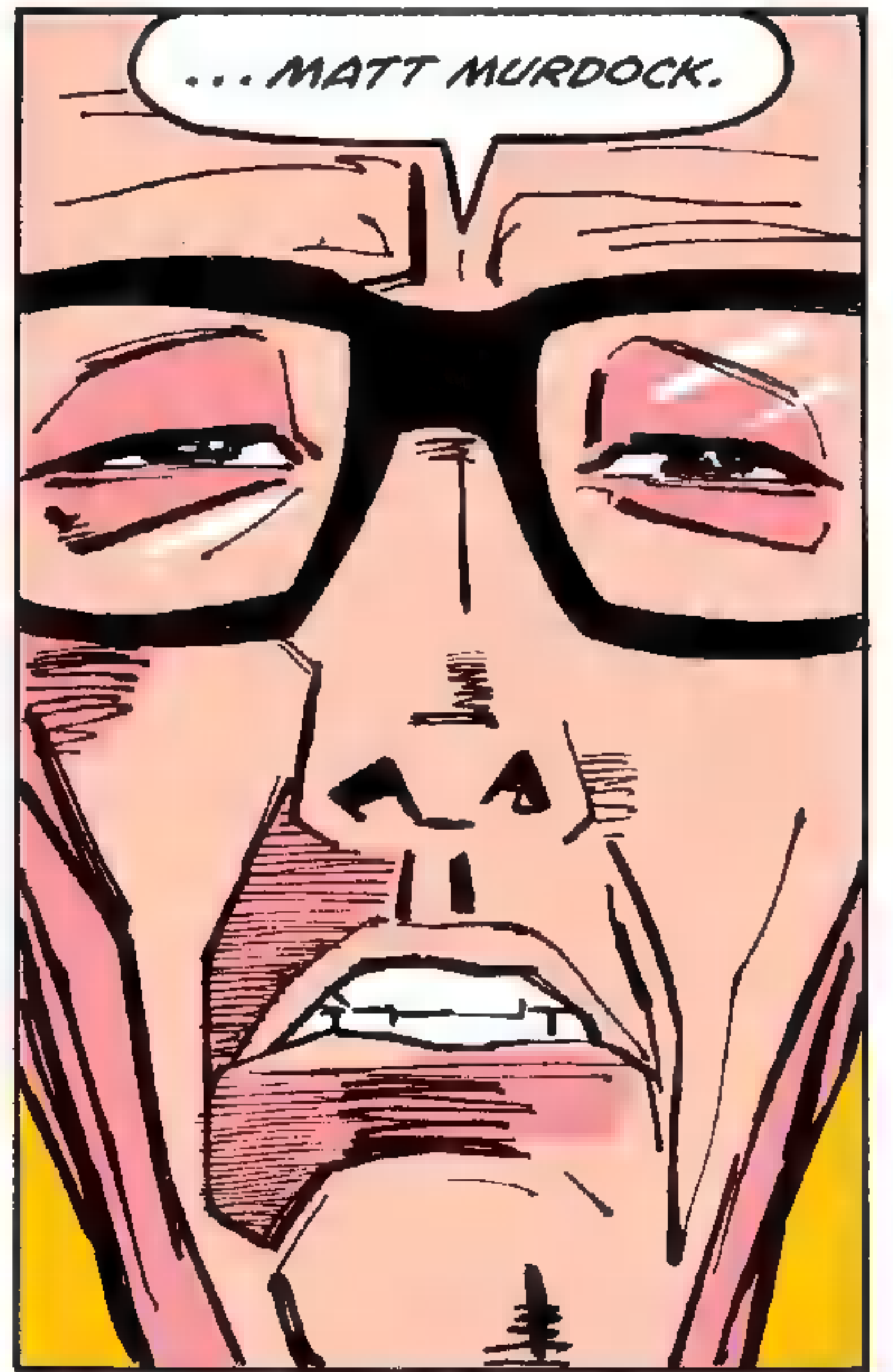
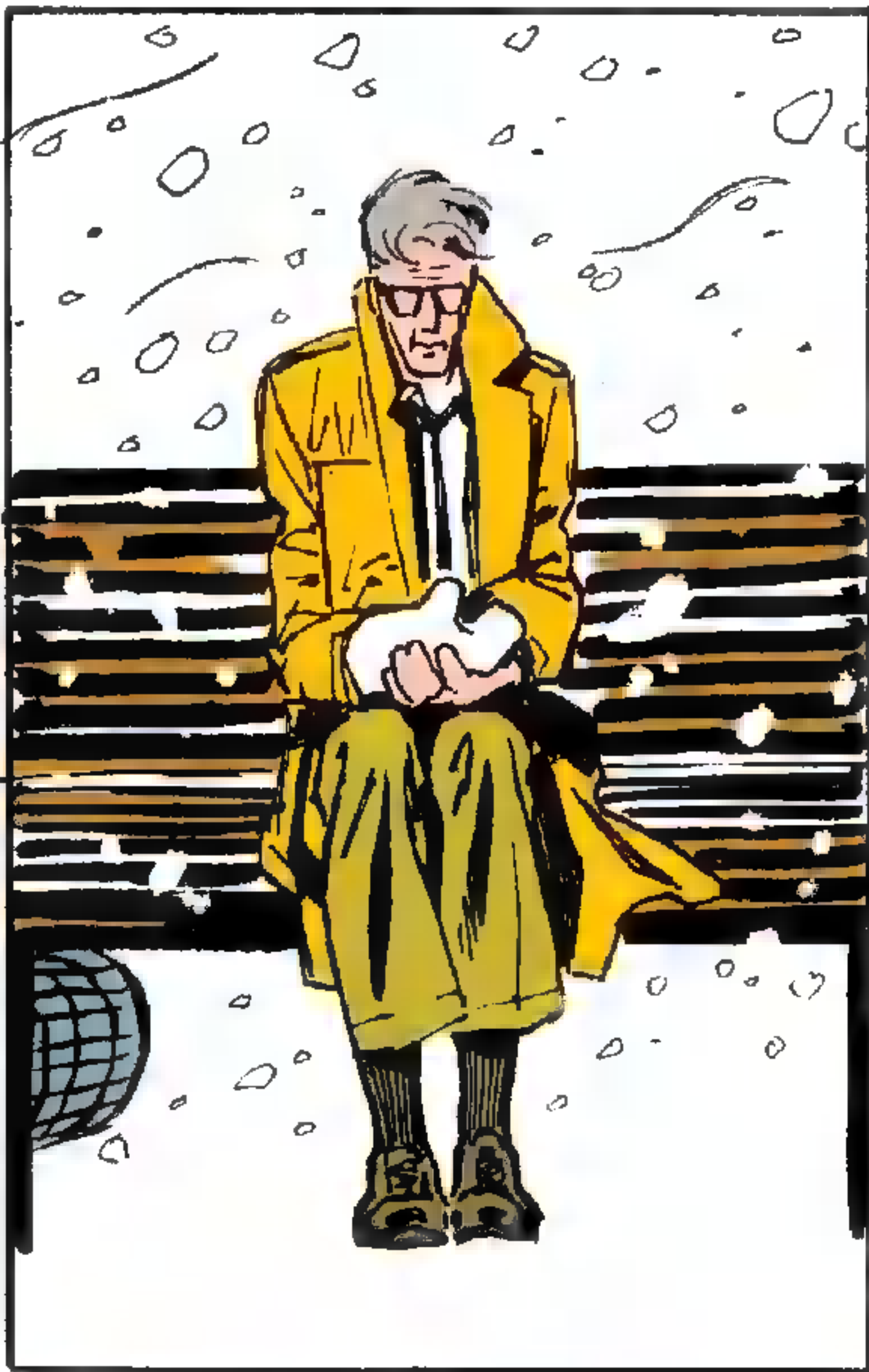
BUT SPARE HIM.

SO MANY NEED HIM.

HEAR MY PLEA.







... MATT MURDOCK.

DOWNTOWN...

# COSTUMES

MELVIN POTTER PROPRIETOR

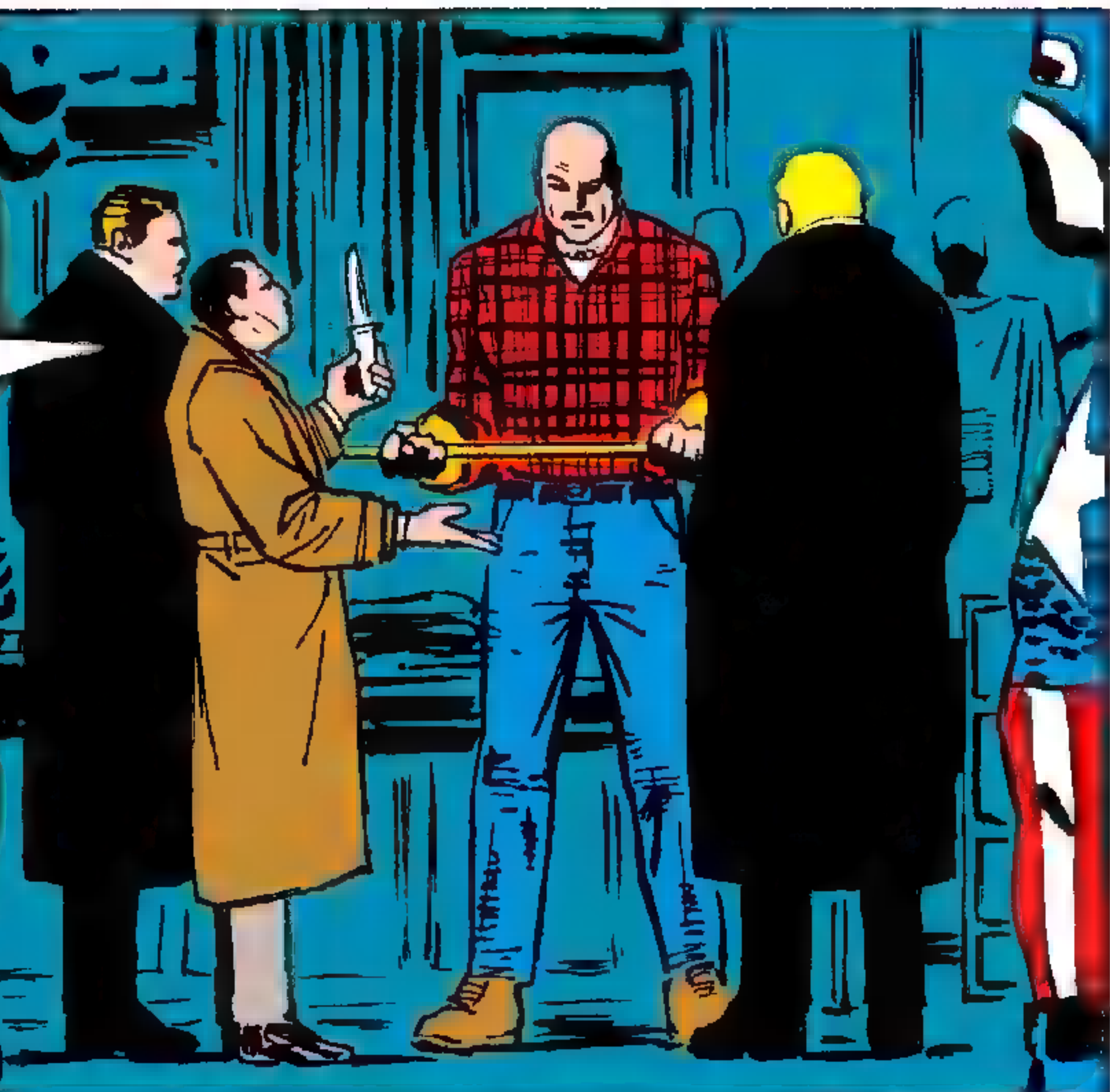
I DON'T LIKE IT. I KNOW WHO YOU WORK FOR, FELIX.

AND THE KINGPIN IS NEVER UP TO ANYTHING GOOD.

WHAT IS THERE NOT TO LIKE, POTTER? YOU CONSTRUCT COSTUMES. I AM HERETOWITH COMMISSIONING FROM YOURSELF A COSTUME.

SAID COSTUME BEING ONE YOU ARE INFINITELY FAMILIAR WITH-- DURING SUCH TIME FRAME AS BEFORE YOU DID RENUNCIATE YOUR STATUS AS A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE CRIMINAL CLASS TO OPEN THIS SHOP WITHIN WHICH WE NOW CONVERSE.

SPEAKING OF THIS MOST NEATLY CUSTODIATED ESTABLISHMENT, WE WILL SUMMARILY EXECUTE ITS PREMATURE DEMOLITION--



--NOT TO MENTION THE REMOVAL OF YOUR MOST VALUED BODY PARTS--



-- SHOULD YOU PERCHANCE FAIL TO RENDER UNTO US A PERFECT DUPLICATE OF THE UNIFORM OF A CERTAIN MAN WITHOUT FEAR.



A HEARTBEAT CAN TELL YOU A LOT.

MINE, FOR INSTANCE, HAS SLOWED DOWN CONSIDERABLY IN THE PAST FEW HOURS...



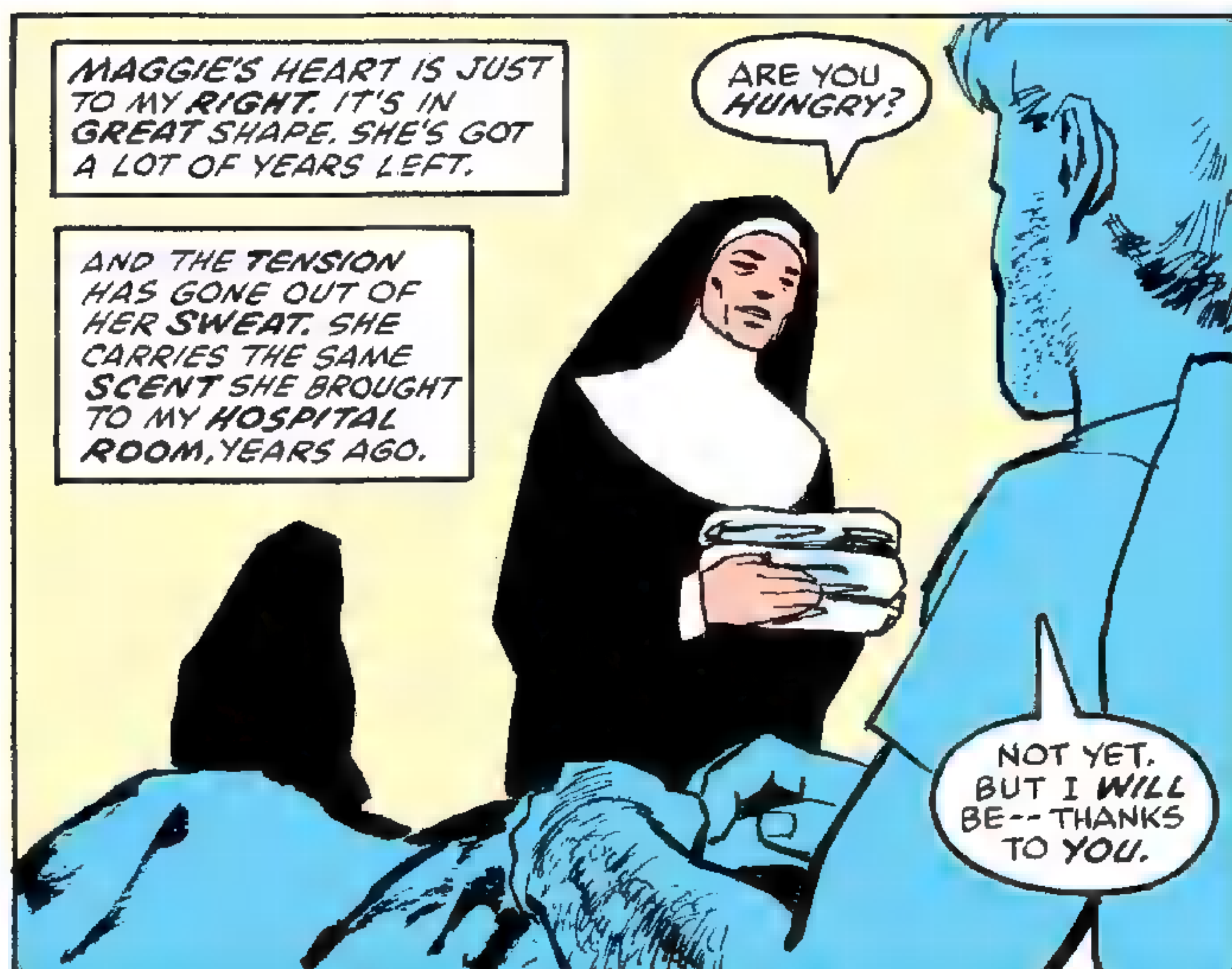


...EVER SINCE  
THE FEVER  
BROKE.

IT'S A PLEASURE  
JUST TO SIT AND  
LISTEN TO IT.

GOD HAS BEEN  
MERCIFUL  
TO THAT BOY.

GOD IS  
JUST,  
SISTER.

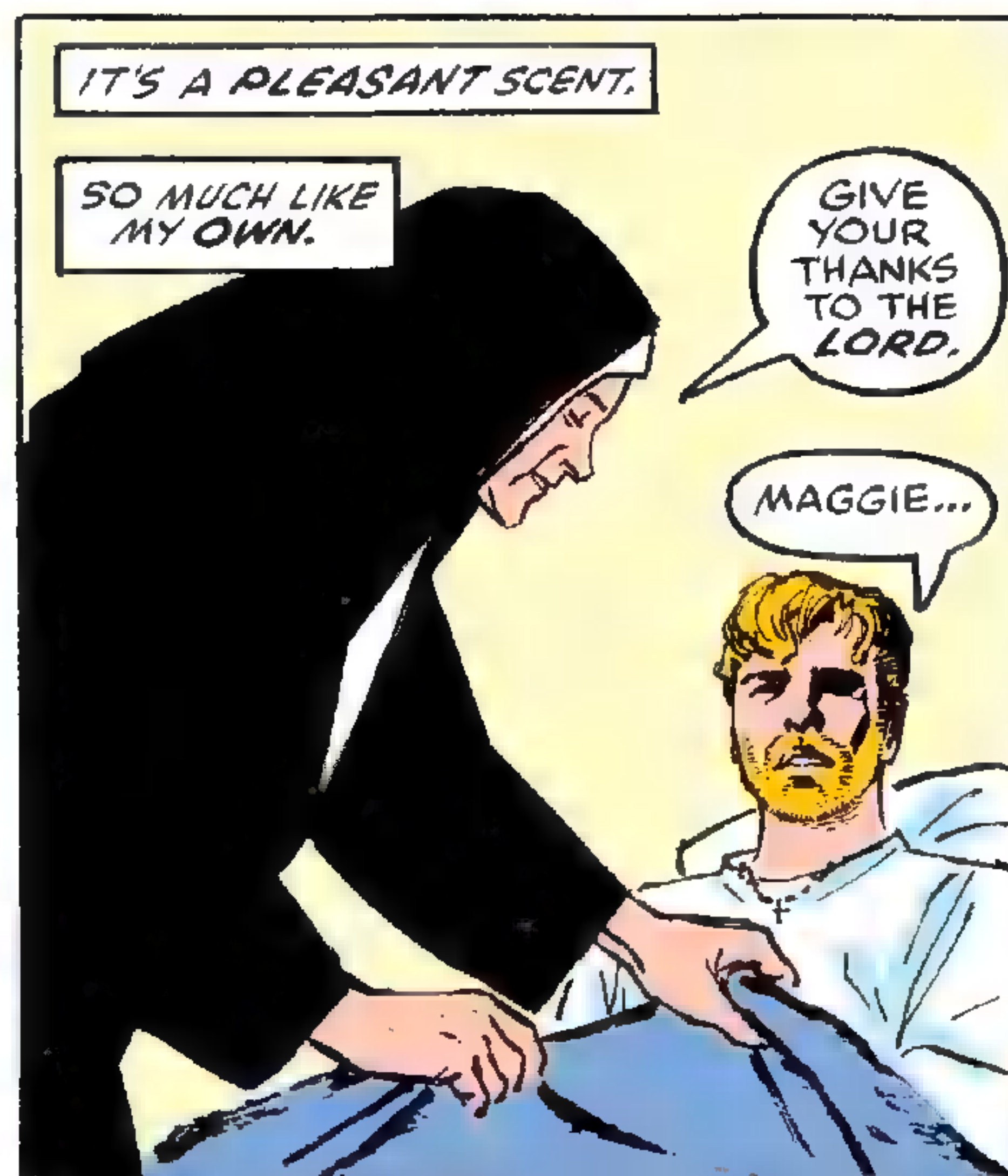


MAGGIE'S HEART IS JUST  
TO MY RIGHT. IT'S IN  
GREAT SHAPE. SHE'S GOT  
A LOT OF YEARS LEFT.

AND THE TENSION  
HAS GONE OUT OF  
HER SWEAT. SHE  
CARRIES THE SAME  
SCENT SHE BROUGHT  
TO MY HOSPITAL  
ROOM, YEARS AGO.

ARE YOU  
HUNGRY?

NOT YET.  
BUT I WILL  
BE-- THANKS  
TO YOU.

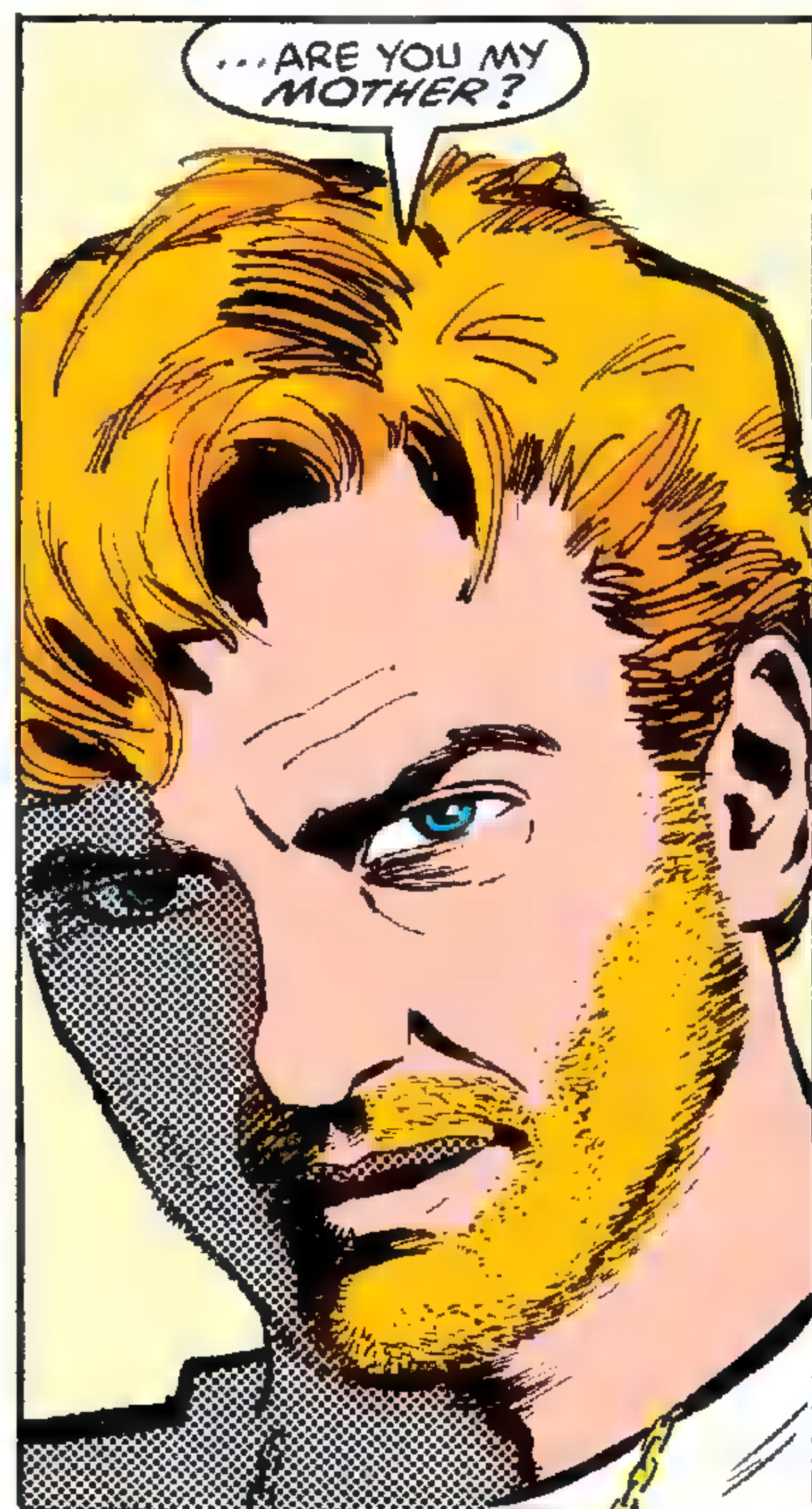


IT'S A PLEASANT SCENT.

SO MUCH LIKE  
MY OWN.

GIVE  
YOUR  
THANKS  
TO THE  
LORD.

MAGGIE...



...ARE YOU MY  
MOTHER?



OF COURSE NOT,  
CHILD.



A HEARTBEAT CAN TELL  
YOU A LOT.

HERS JUST JUMPED.

SHE'S LYING.

**NEXT: SAVED**



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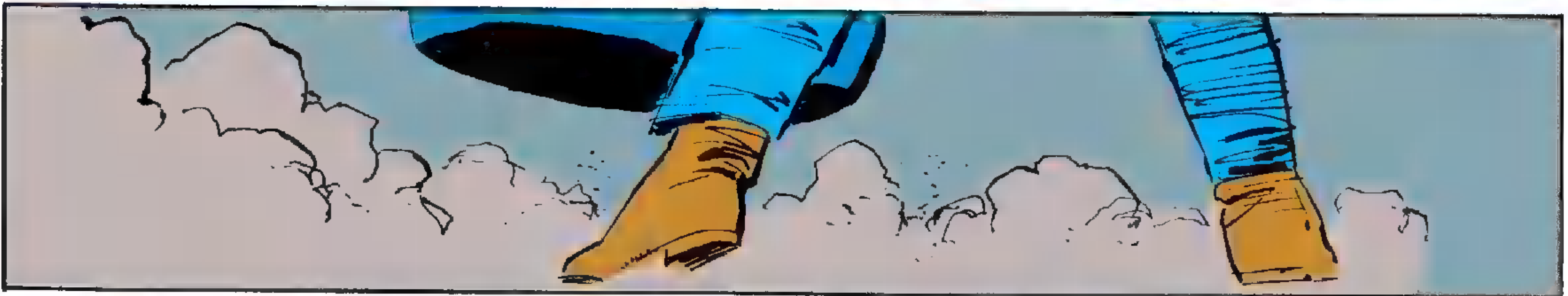
# DAREDEVIL<sup>®</sup>



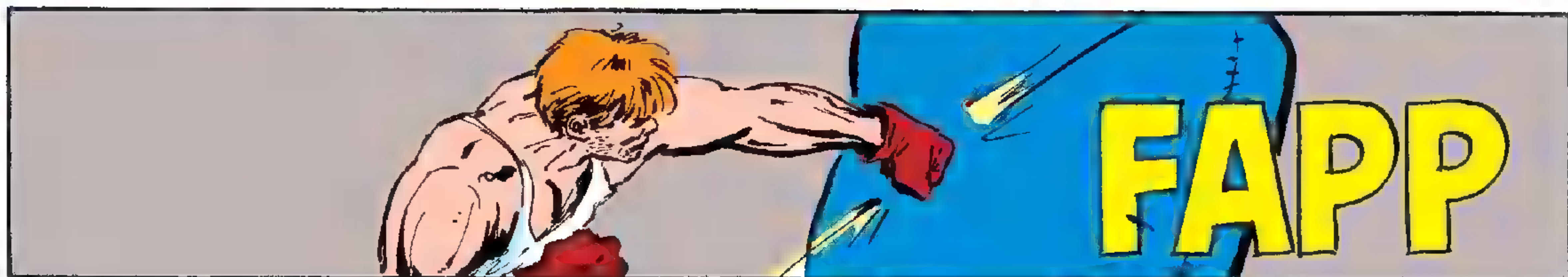
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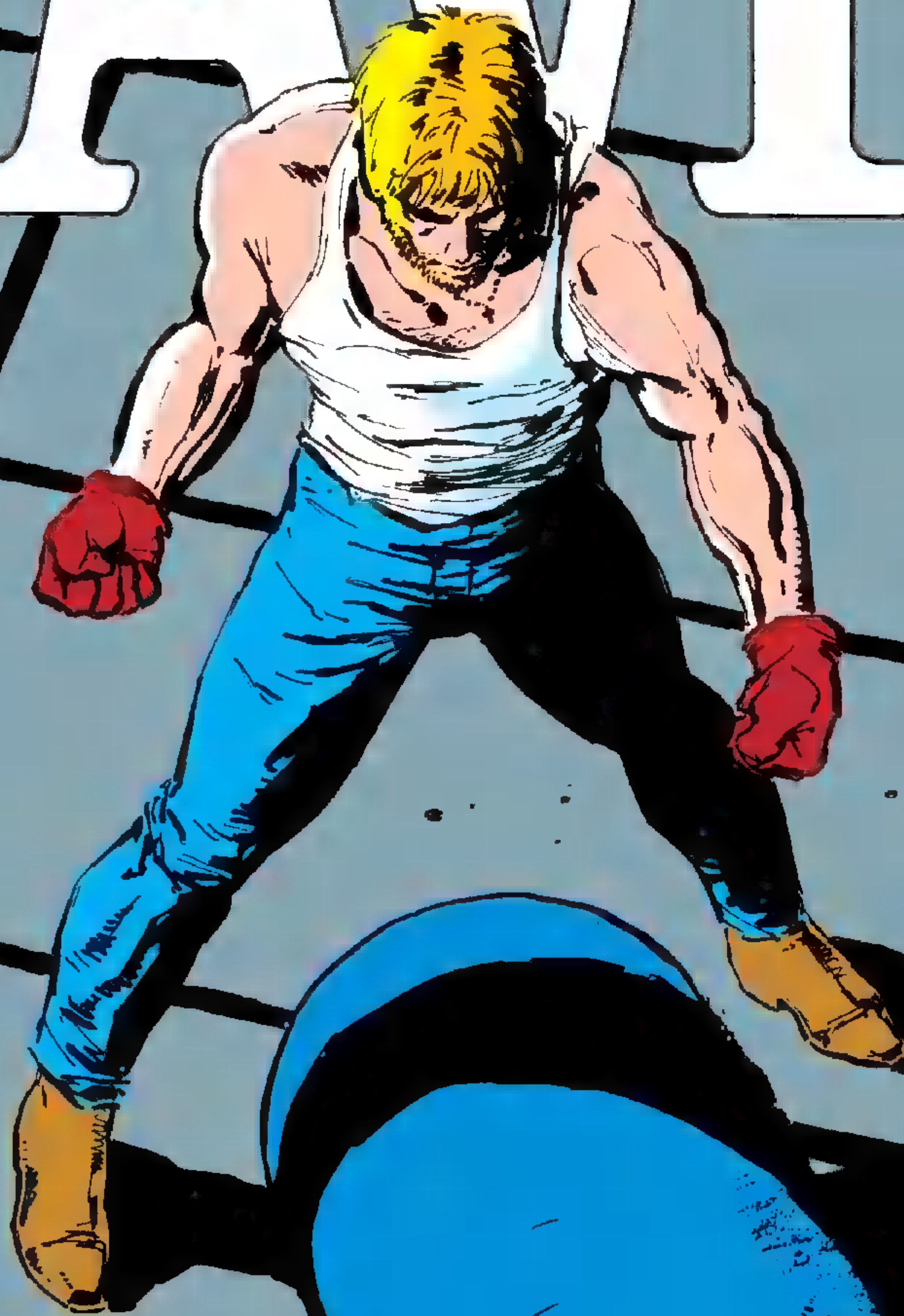






STAN LEE presents

# SAVED



by

FRANK MILLER and

DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

MAX SCHEELE

JOE ROSEN

RALPH MACCHIO

JIM SHOOTER

COLORS

LETTERS

EDITOR

EDITOR IN CHIEF



A hand is shown holding a newspaper. The headline on the newspaper reads "BUGLE" in large, bold, capital letters. Below it, the text "Cop Strangled in Hospital Bed" is written in a large, bold, sans-serif font. The newspaper is tilted, and the hand is visible on the left side, holding the paper. The background is a solid black color.

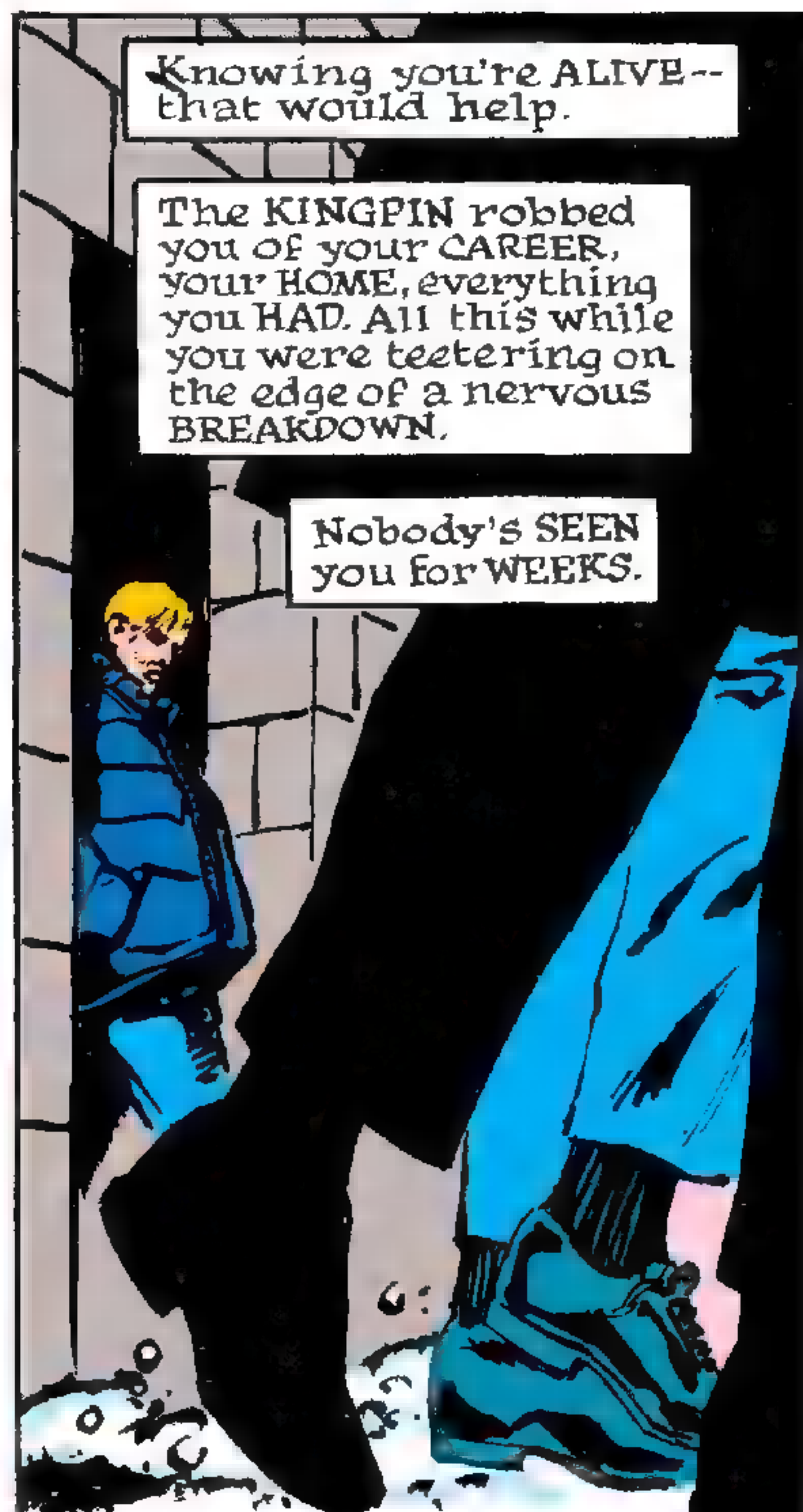




...no, I don't tell them all THAT. But whatever I DO say is enough to convince them to graft a six foot SWEDE to my hip.

I wish I could tell you I feel SAFER with officer HEGGERFORS.

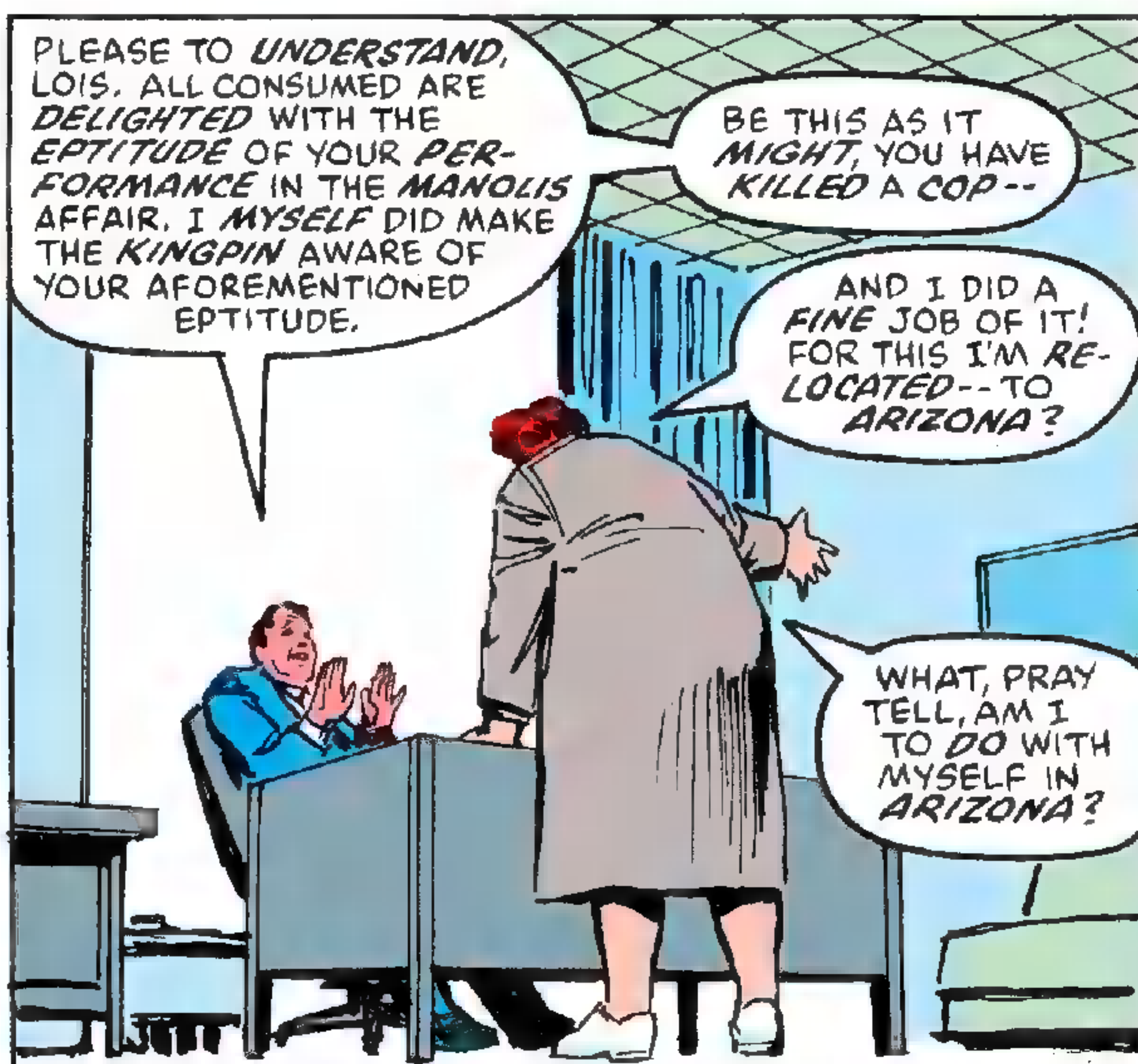
It's not like having YOU along, MATT. Nothing is.



Knowing you're ALIVE-- that would help.

The KINGPIN robbed you of your CAREER, your HOME, everything you HAD. All this while you were teetering on the edge of a nervous BREAKDOWN.

Nobody's SEEN you for WEEKS.



PLEASE TO UNDERSTAND, LOIS. ALL CONSUMED ARE DELIGHTED WITH THE EPTITUDE OF YOUR PERFORMANCE IN THE MANOLIS AFFAIR. I MYSELF DID MAKE THE KINGPIN AWARE OF YOUR AFOREMENTIONED EPTITUDE.

BE THIS AS IT MIGHT, YOU HAVE KILLED A COP--

AND I DID A FINE JOB OF IT! FOR THIS I'M RELOCATED-- TO ARIZONA?

WHAT, PRAY TELL, AM I TO DO WITH MYSELF IN ARIZONA?

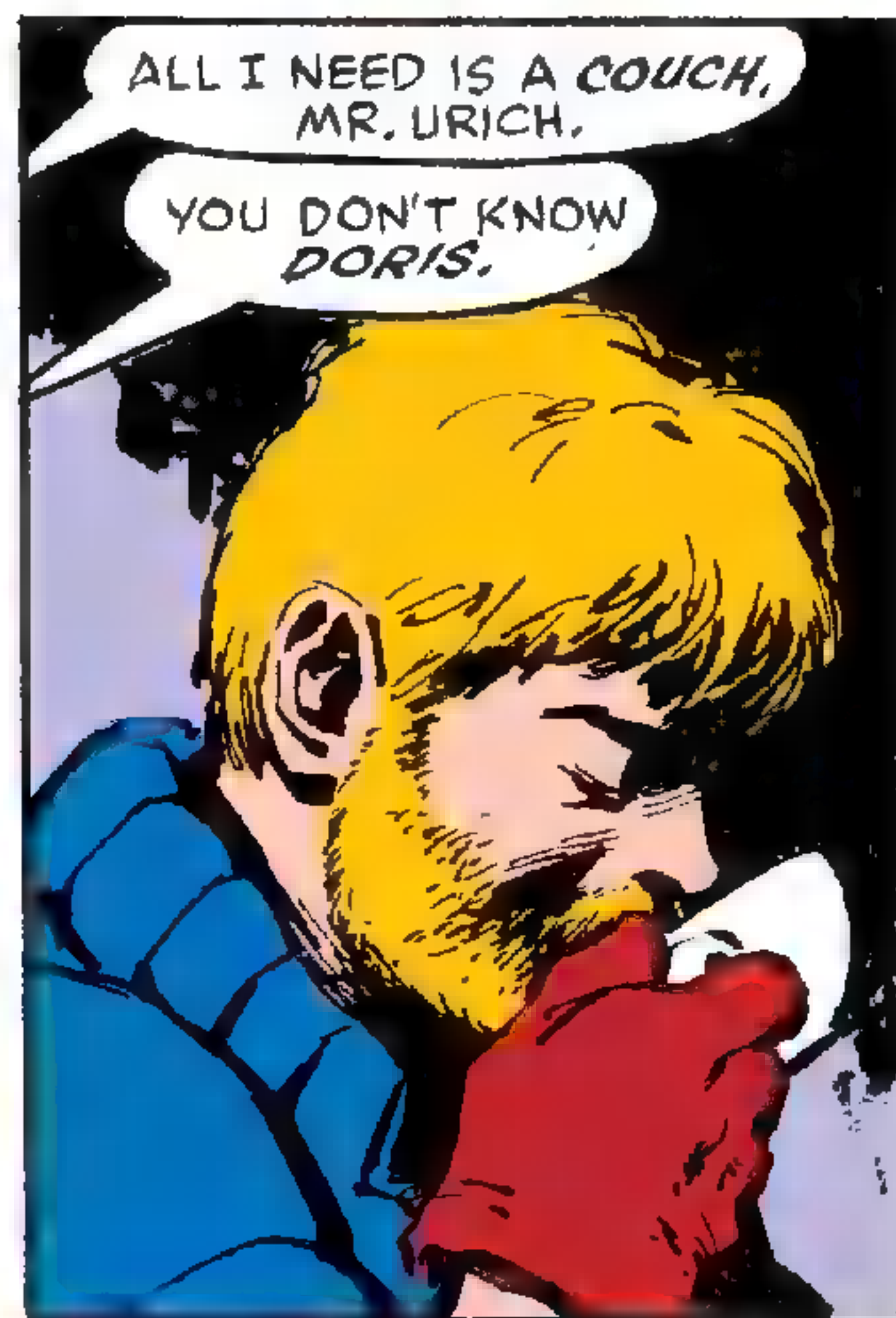
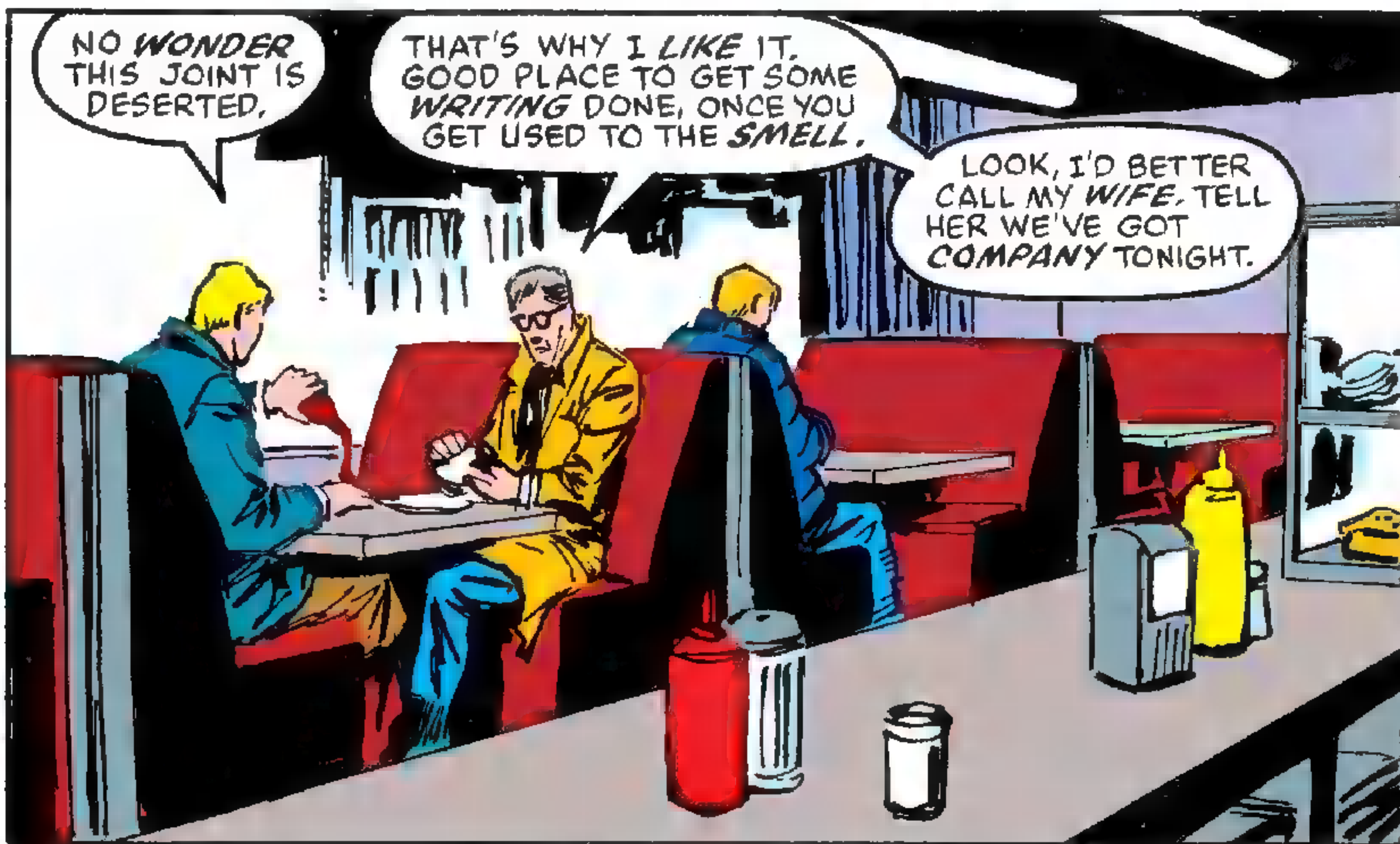


I ASSURE YOU THIS DISPLACEMENT IS OF A TEMPORARY NATURE. URICH'S SUDDEN ACQUISITION OF GUTS IS CAUSE FOR ORGANIZATION-WIDE CONCERN--

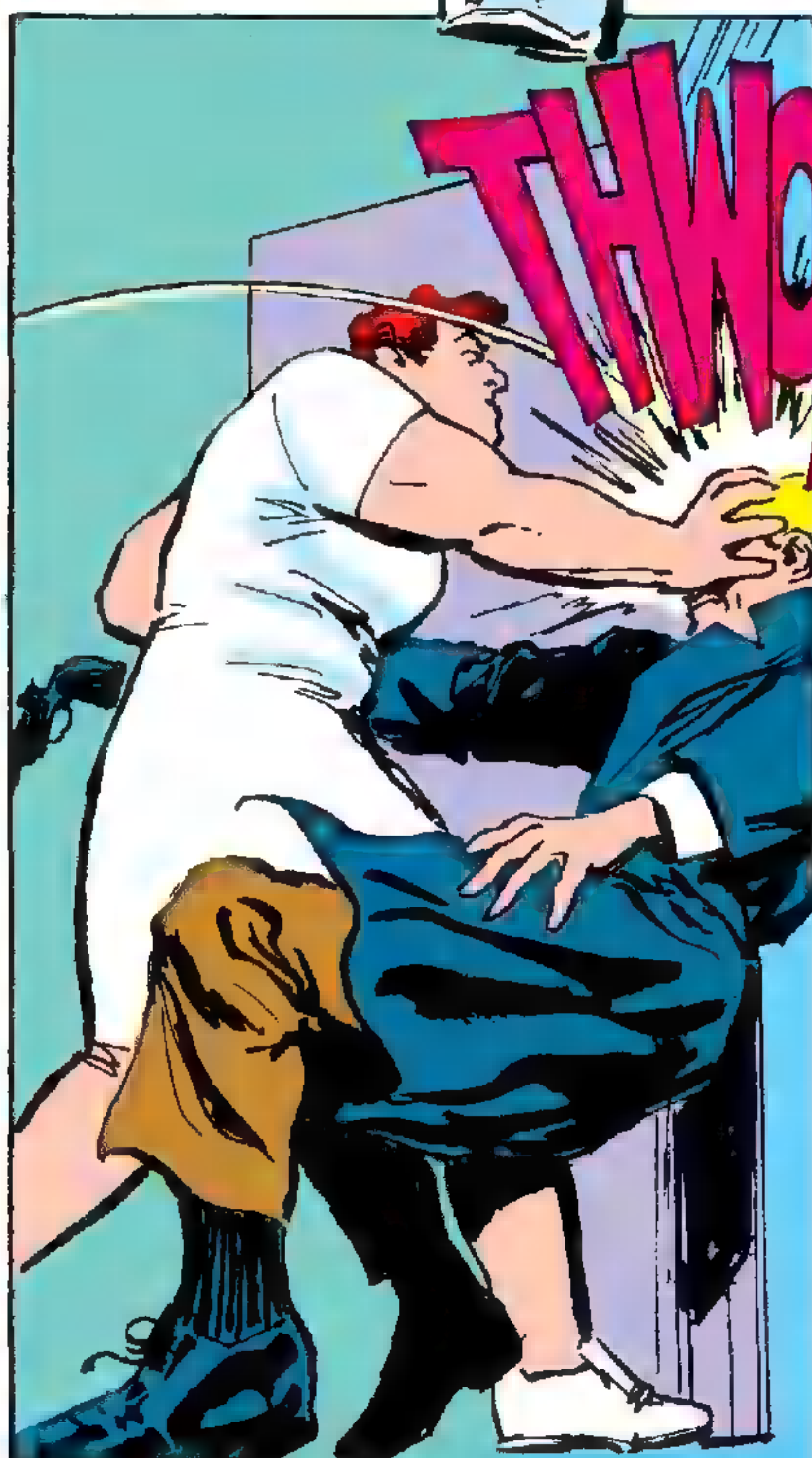
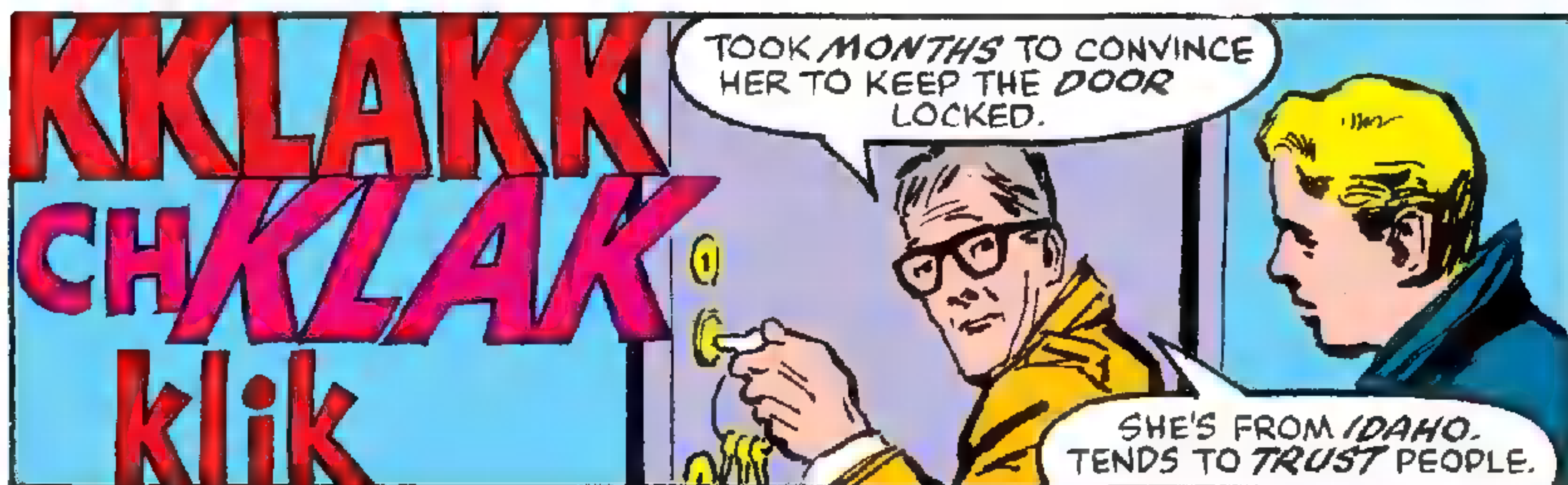
IF MR. URICH IS THE PROBLEM--

--LET ME RELOCATE HIM.

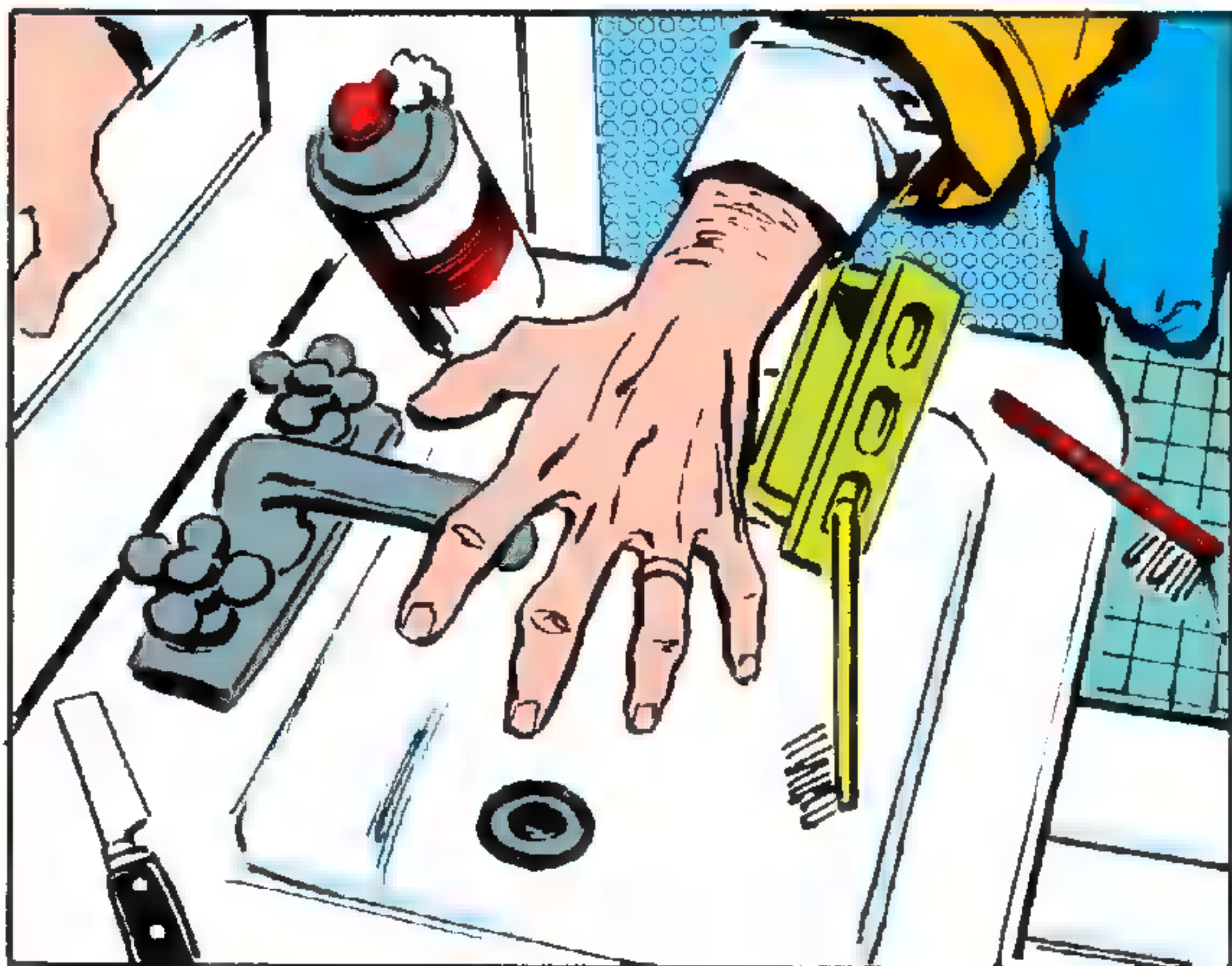
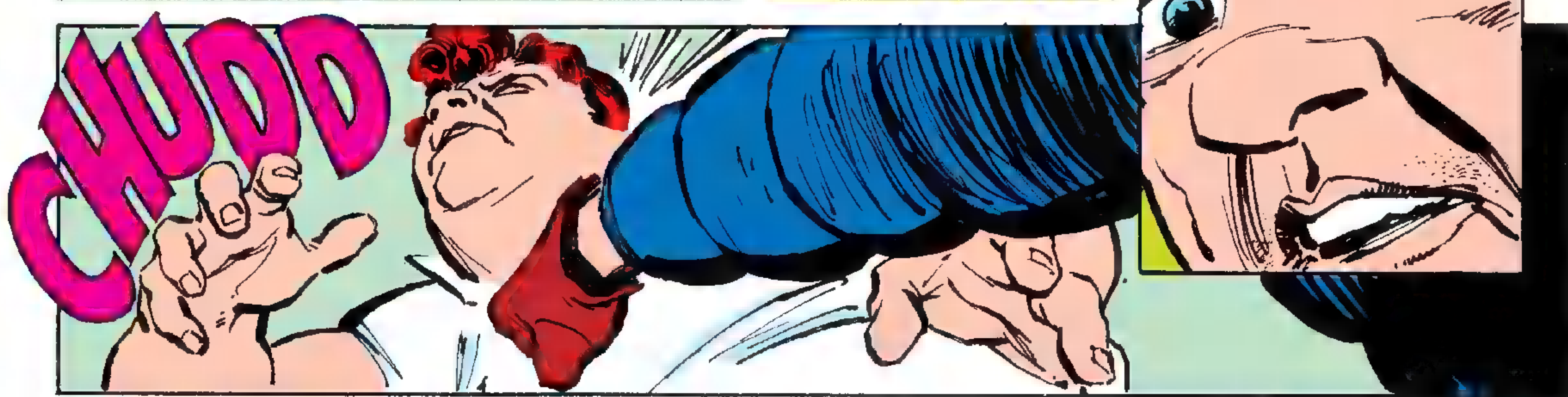
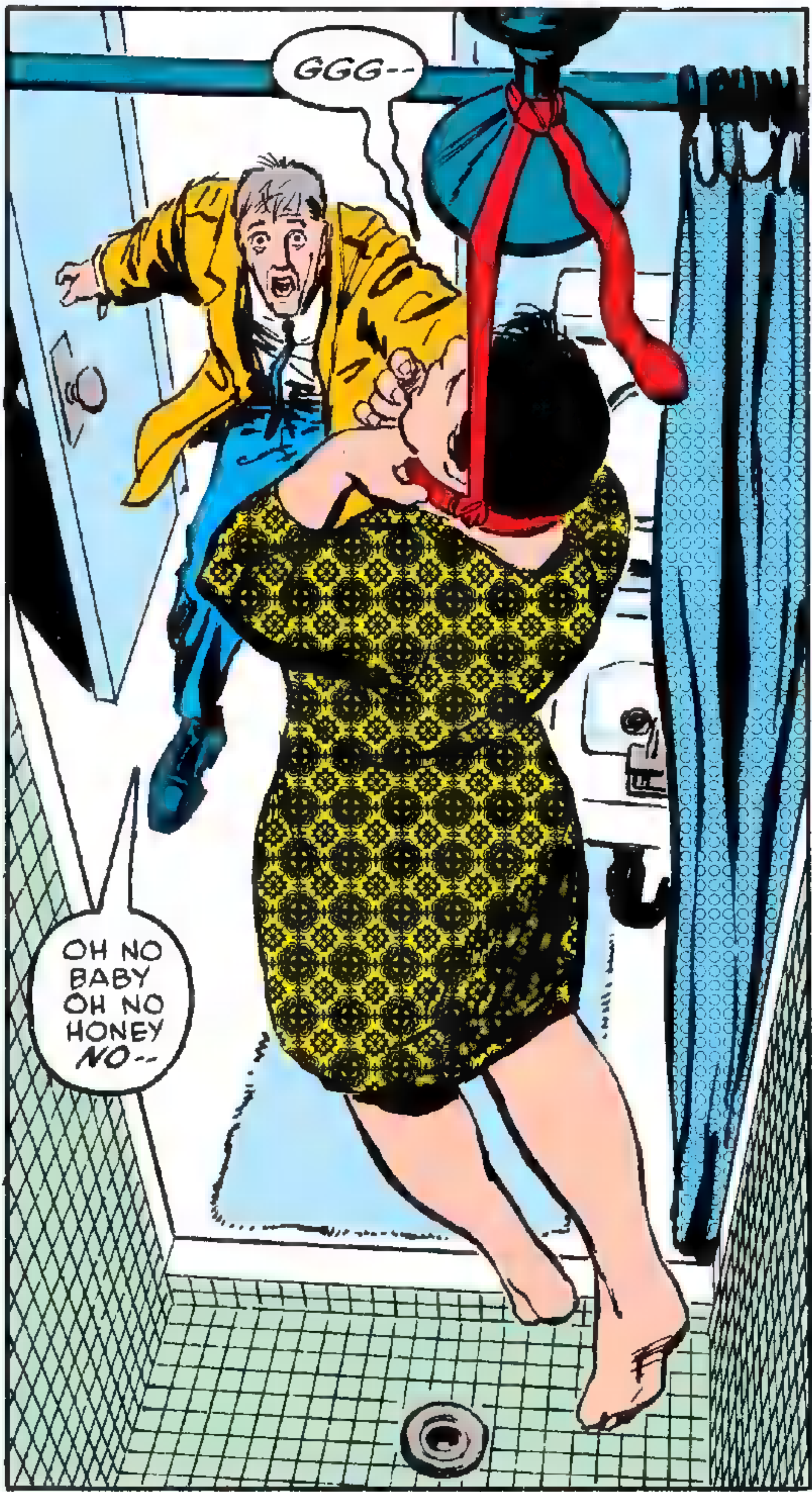




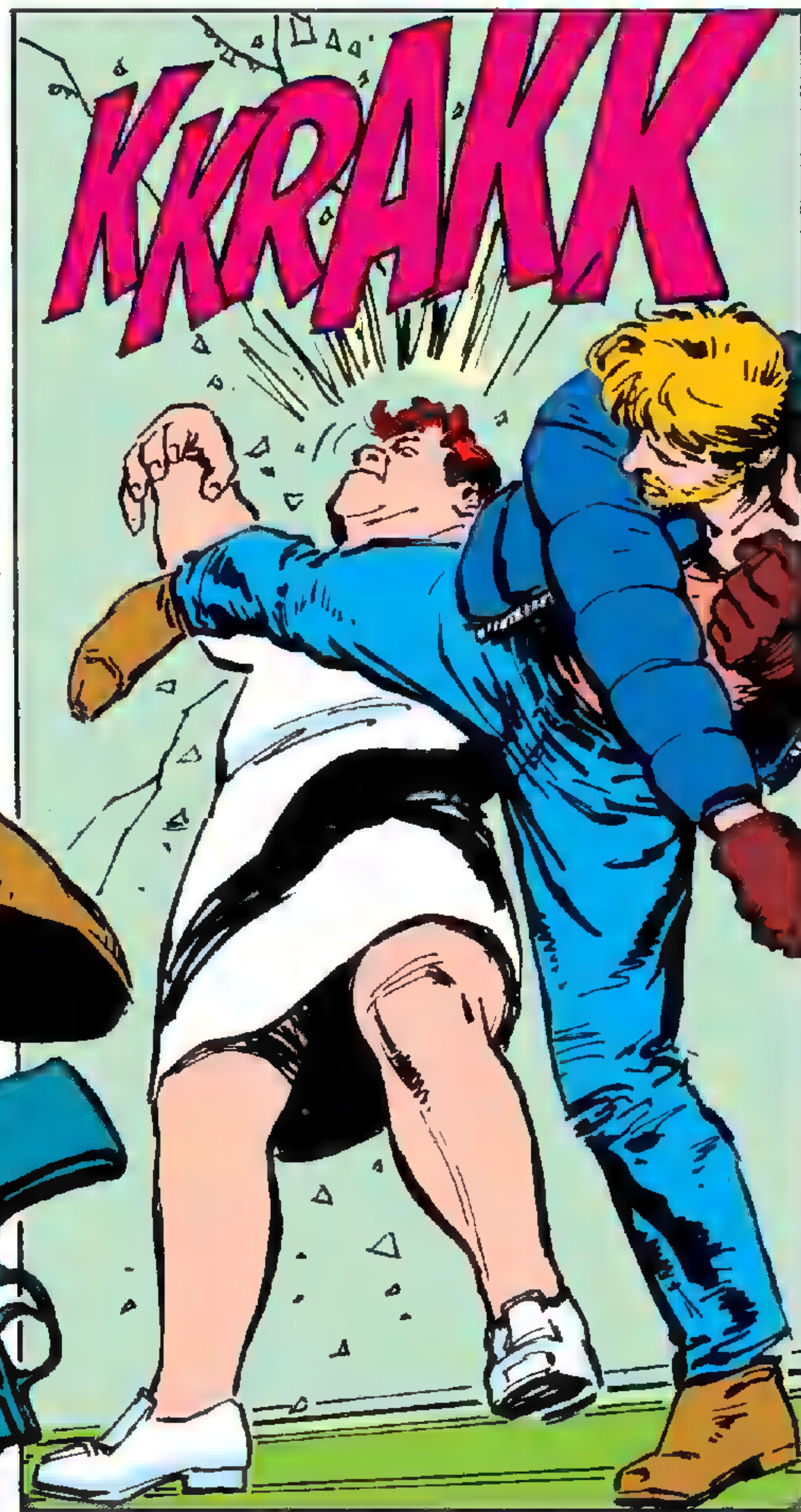




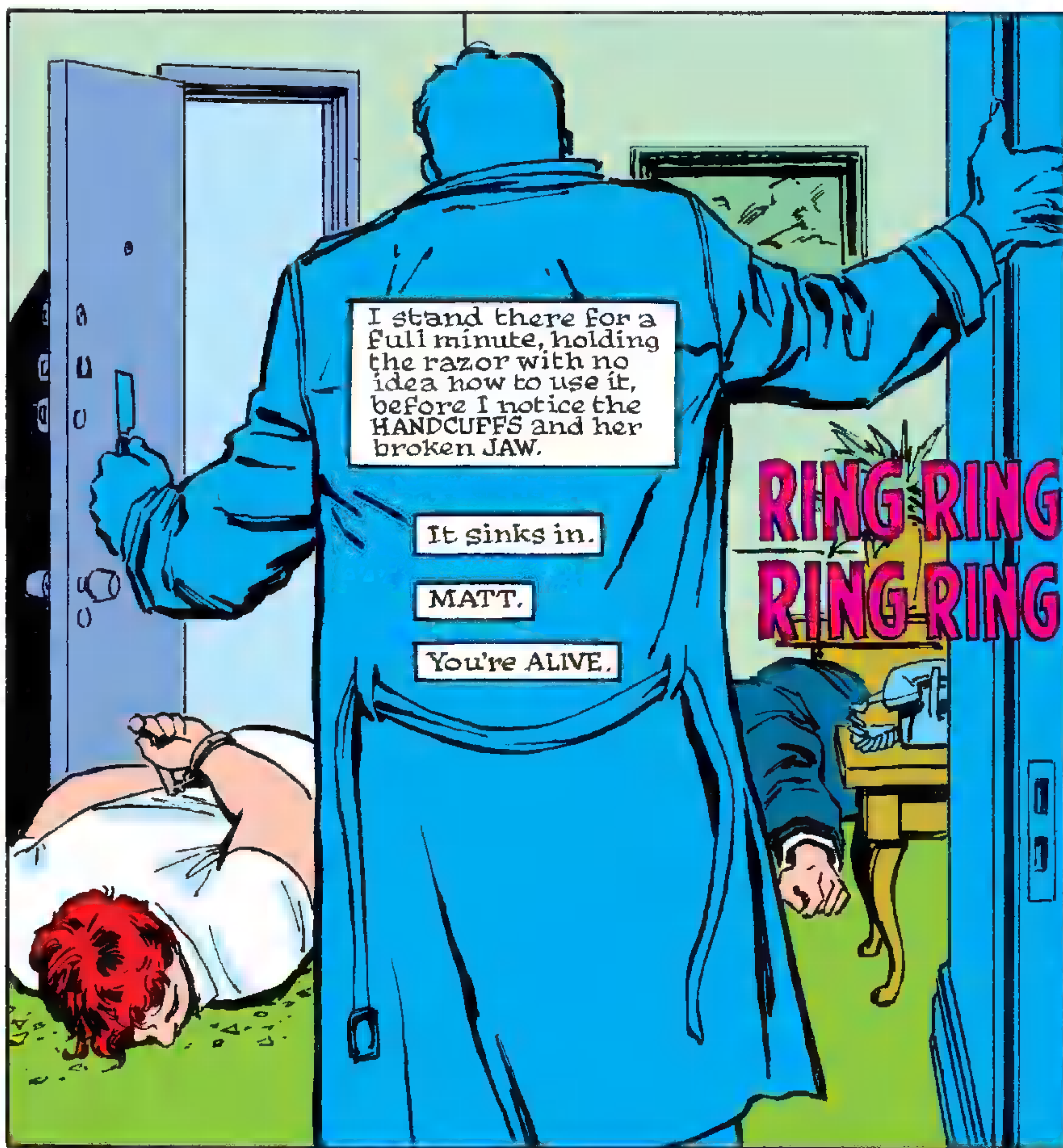












I stand there for a full minute, holding the razor with no idea how to use it, before I notice the HANDCUFFS and her broken JAW.

It sinks in.

MATT.

You're ALIVE.



HELLO?  
HELLO, MR.  
URICH?

YOU MIGHT  
NOT REMEMBER  
ME. I'M MELVIN  
POTTER.



YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, MR. URICH --  
I READ YOUR ARTICLE IN TODAY'S  
BUGLE. ABOUT THE KINGPIN.

WE OUGHT TO  
TALK. I MEAN, WE  
HAVE TO TALK.  
TONIGHT.



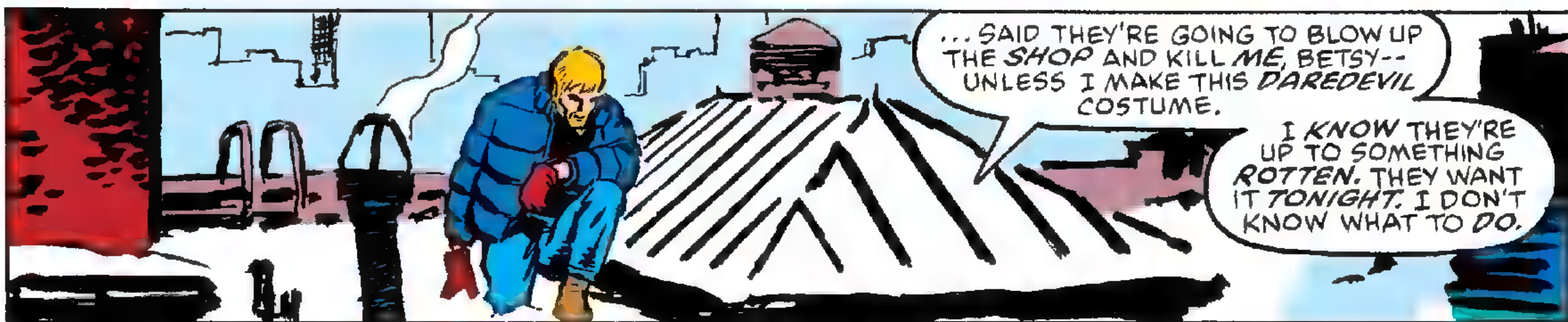
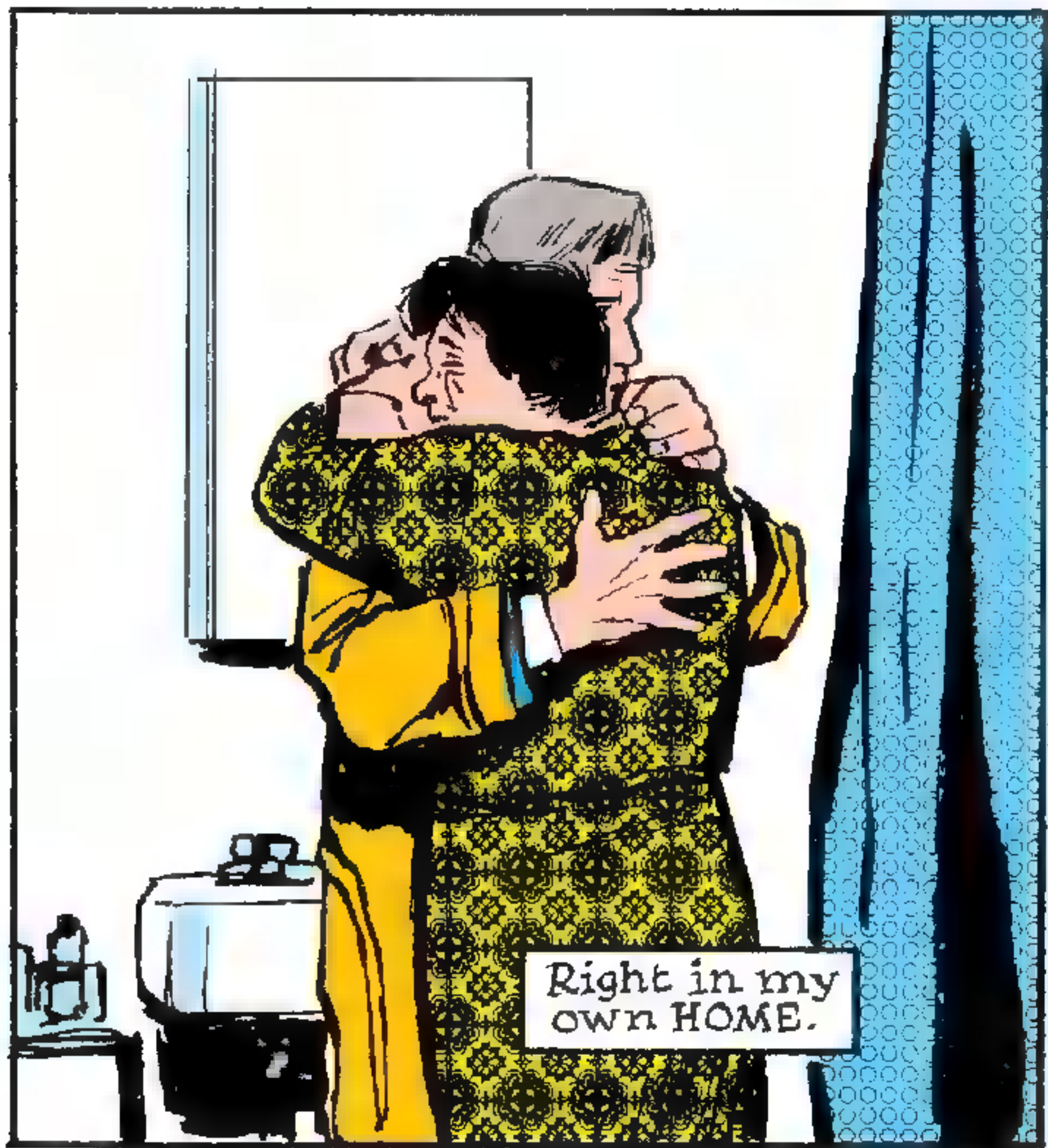
IT'S ABOUT  
DAREDEVIL.  
IT'S URGENT.

TONIGHT?  
NO. CAN'T TALK  
TONIGHT.  
TOMORROW.



BUT IT  
HAS TO BE  
TONIGHT--  
IT'S A MATTER  
OF LIFE AND  
KLIK



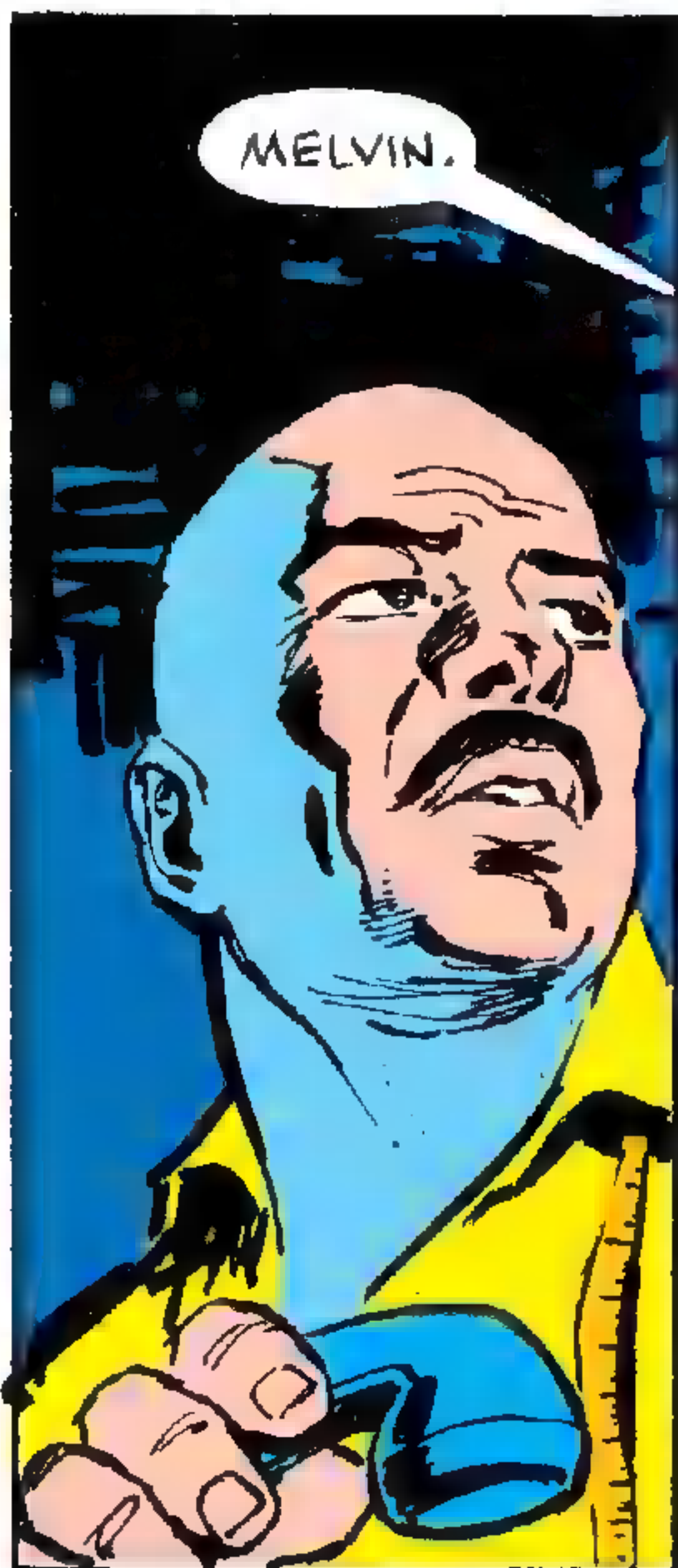




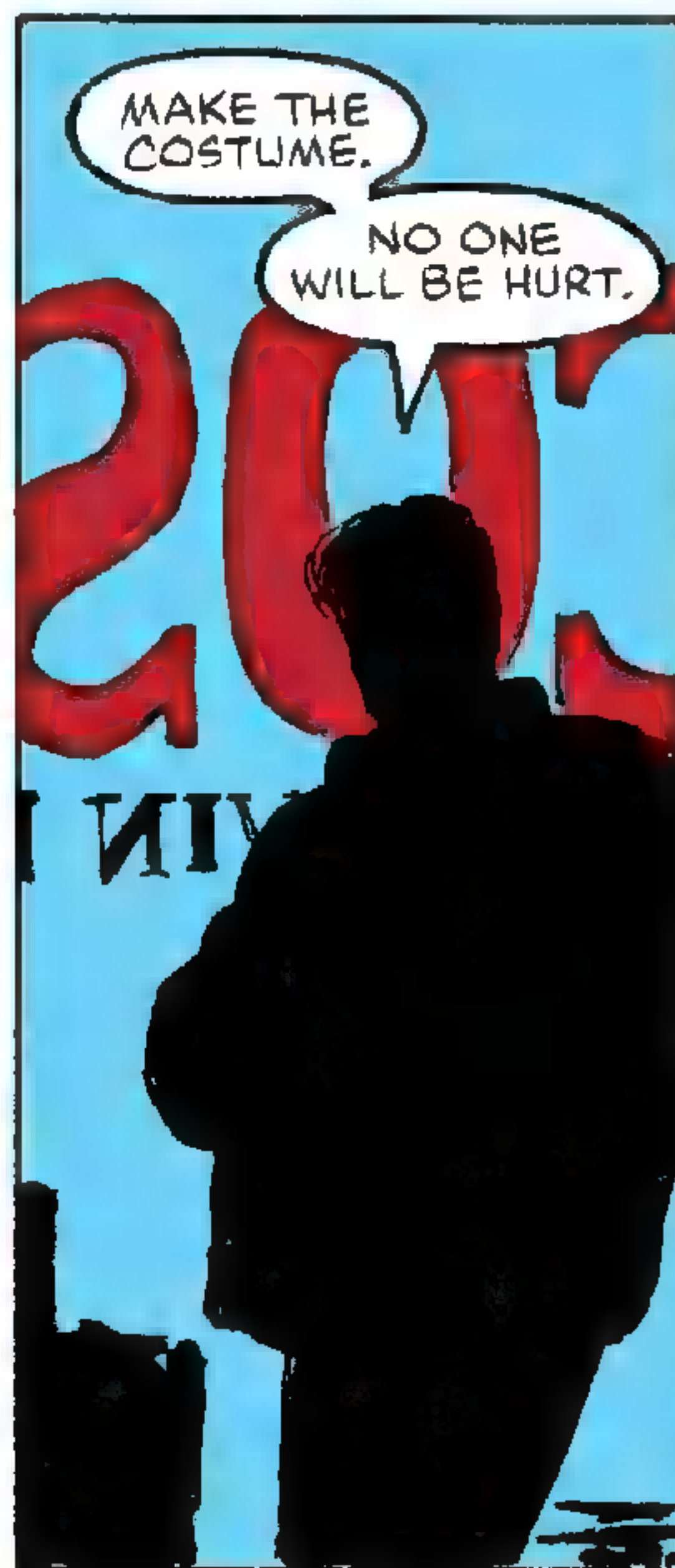


...NO, NO--SKIP ALL THAT. YOU JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT I SHOULD DO. I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M SPEAKING WITH YOU.

GOOD-BYE, BETSY.



MELVIN.

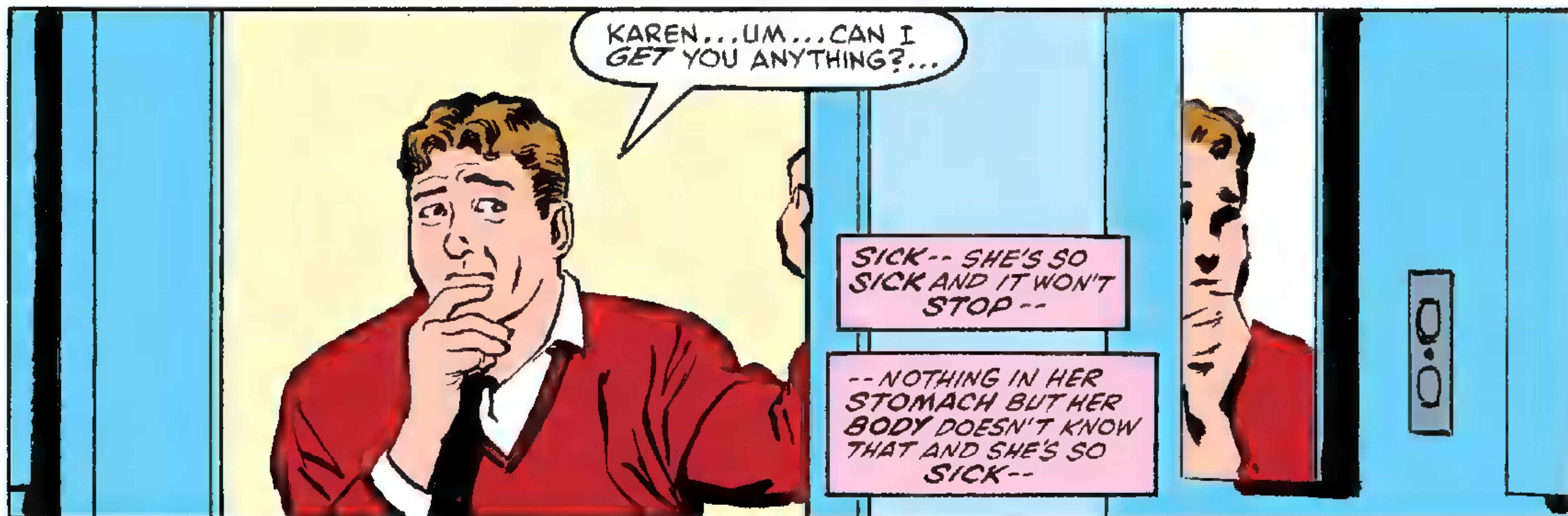


MAKE THE COSTUME.

NO ONE WILL BE HURT.



PLEASURE TO HEAR YOUR VOICE, DAREDEVIL.



KAREN...UM...CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING?...

SICK-- SHE'S SO SICK AND IT WON'T STOP--

-- NOTHING IN HER STOMACH BUT HER BODY DOESN'T KNOW THAT AND SHE'S SO SICK--

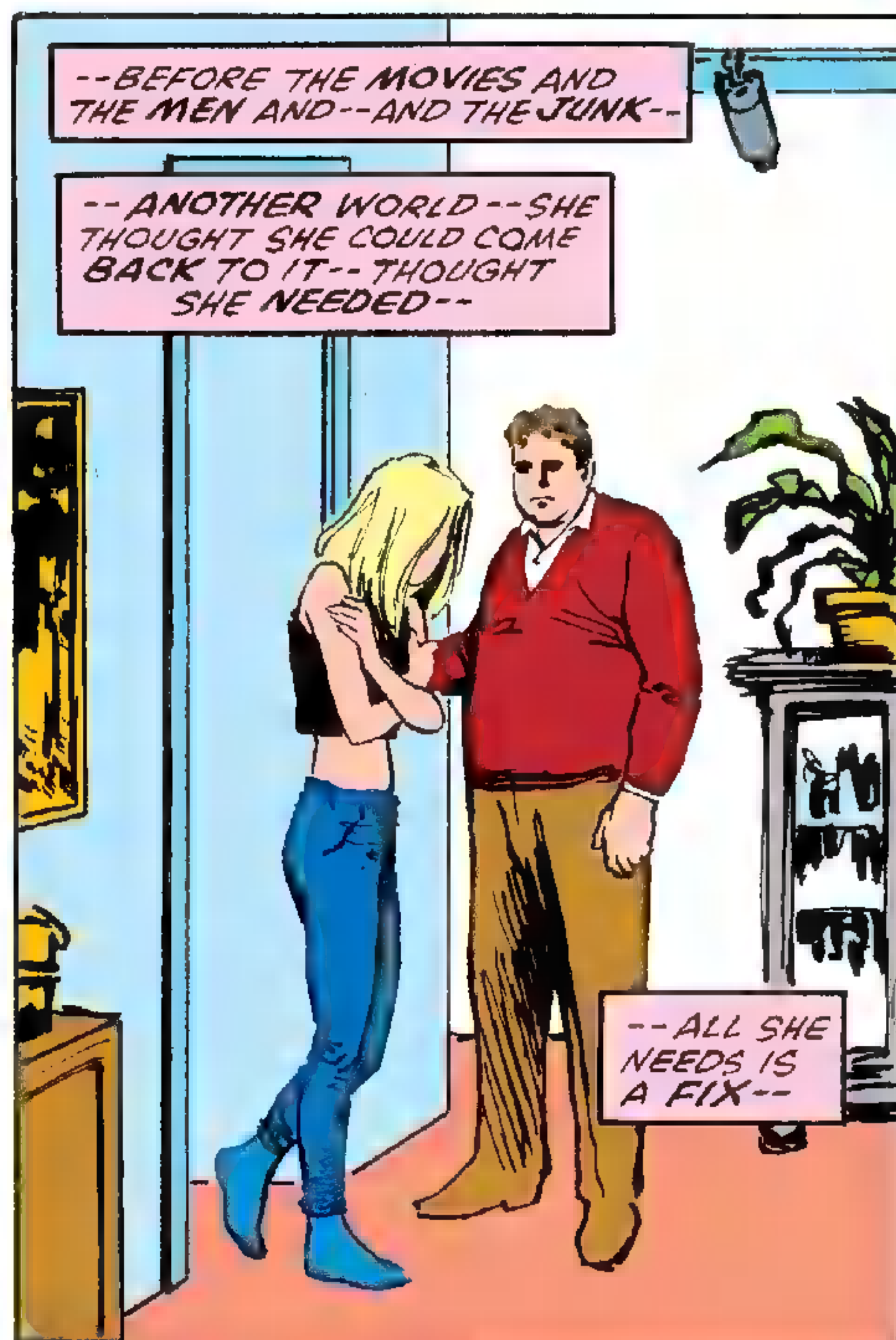


NO, FOGGY-- I'M OKAY--

-- FOGGY--IT SEEMS SO STUPID WITH FOGGY HERE-- HE'S PART OF ANOTHER WORLD--

-- WHEN KAREN PAGE WAS PRETTY AND INNOCENT AND FOGGY'S SECRETARY--

-- AND MATT'S--

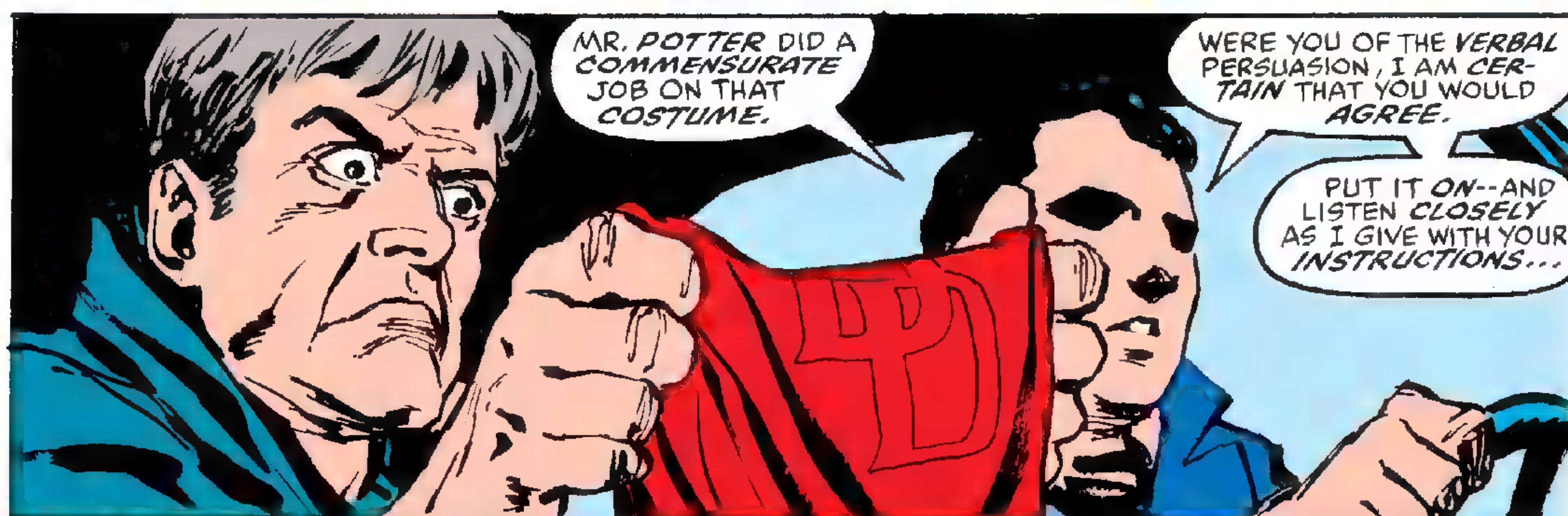
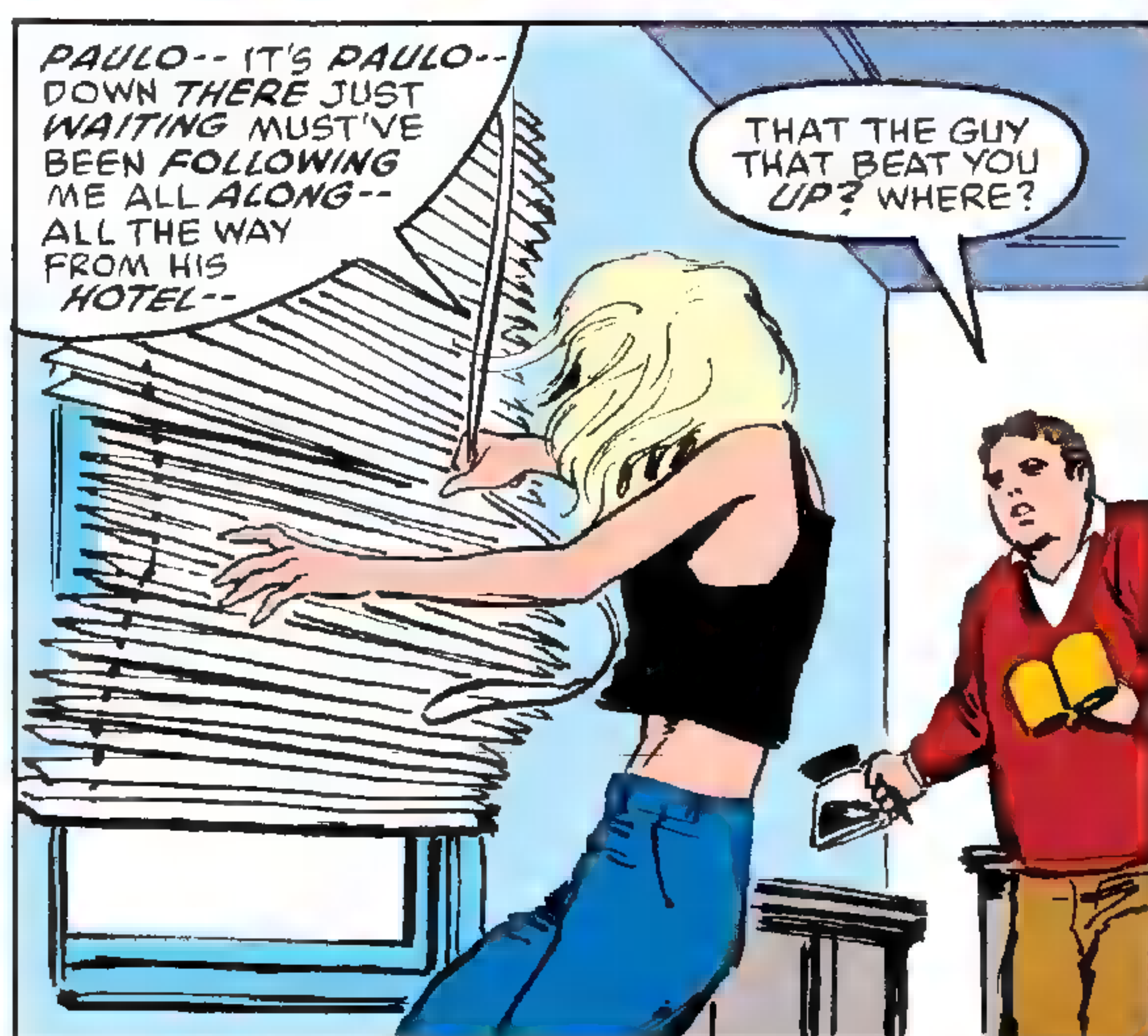
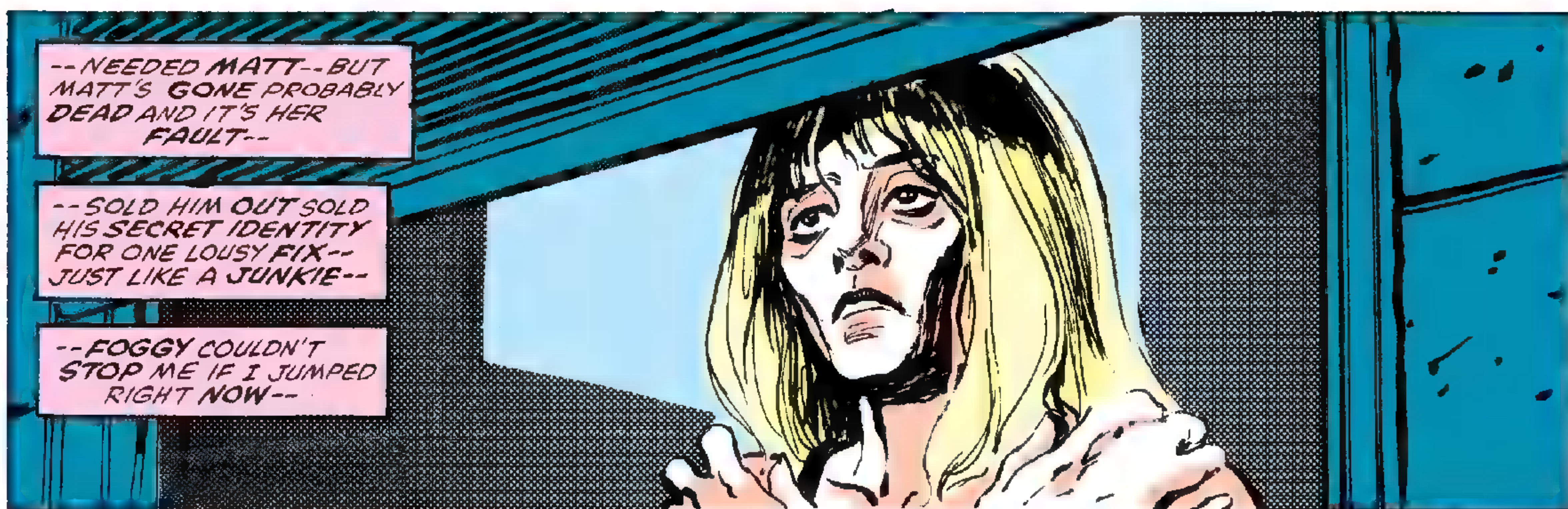


-- BEFORE THE MOVIES AND THE MEN AND--AND THE JUNK--

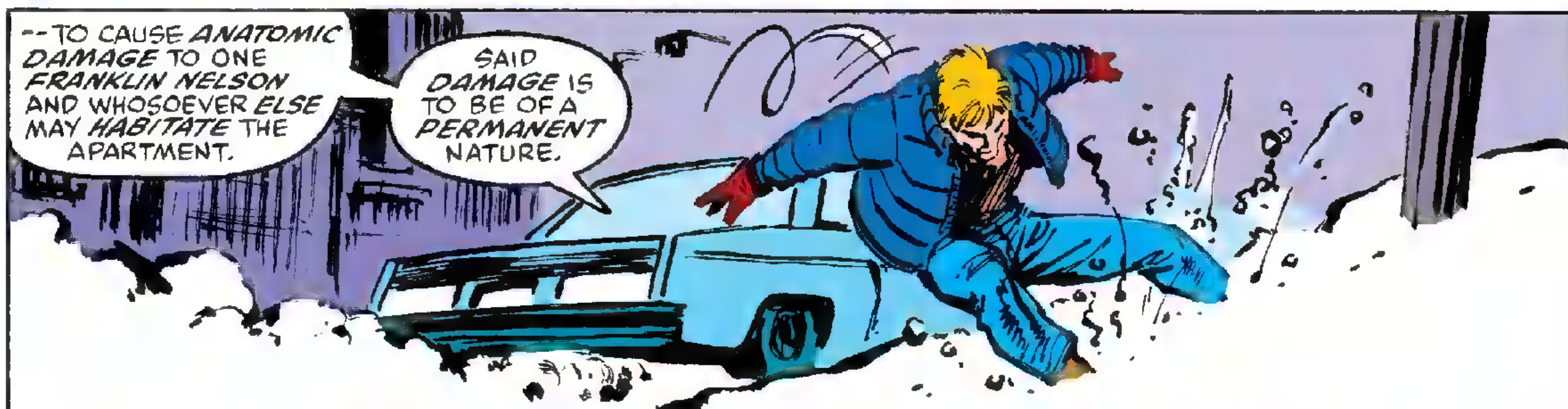
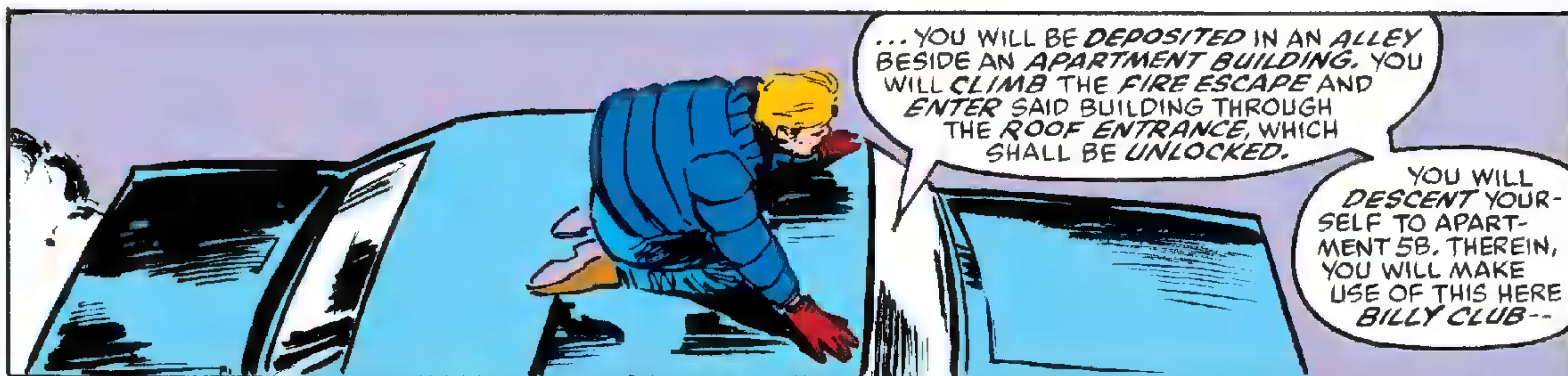
-- ANOTHER WORLD-- SHE THOUGHT SHE COULD COME BACK TO IT-- THOUGHT SHE NEEDED--

-- ALL SHE NEEDS IS A FIX--

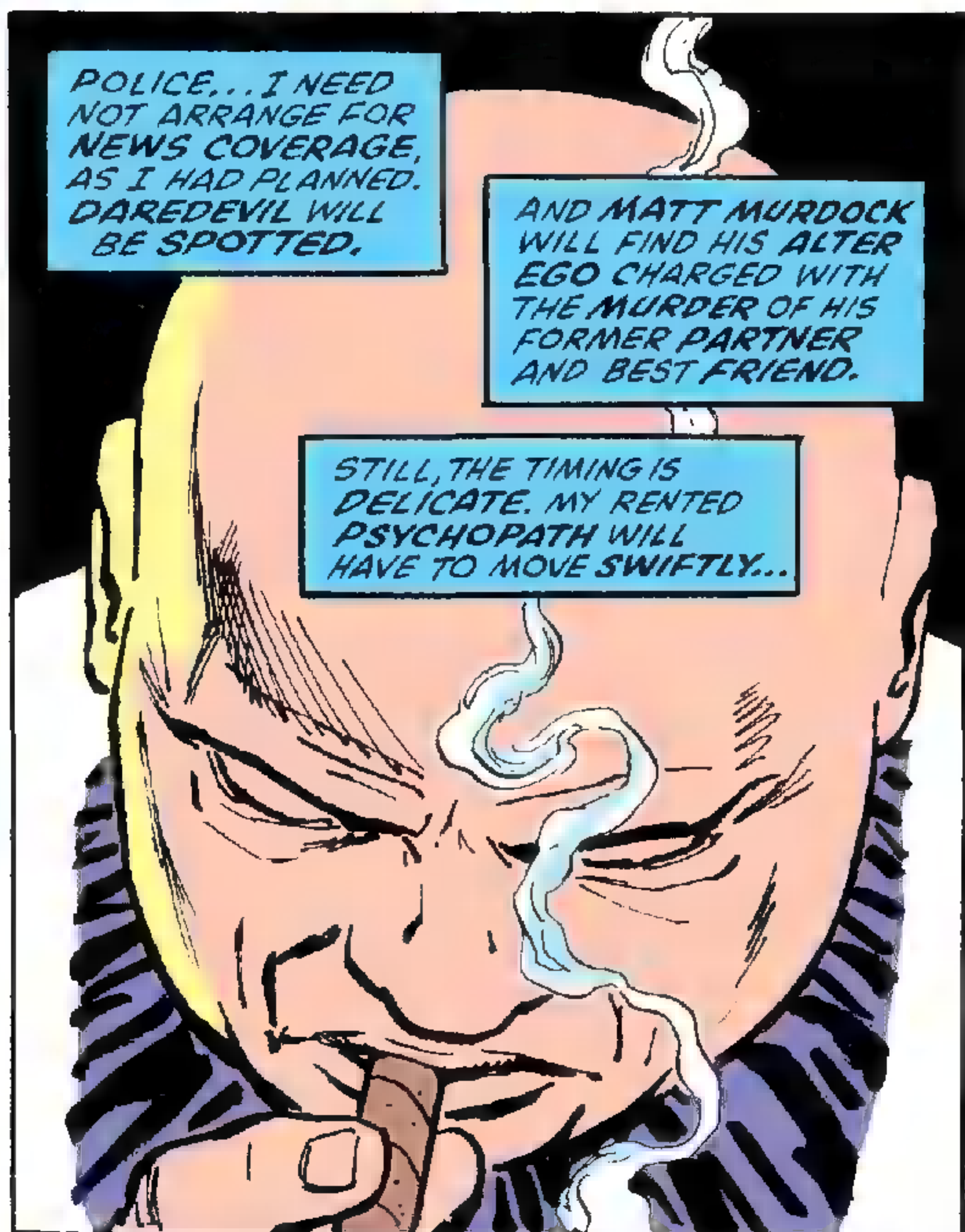
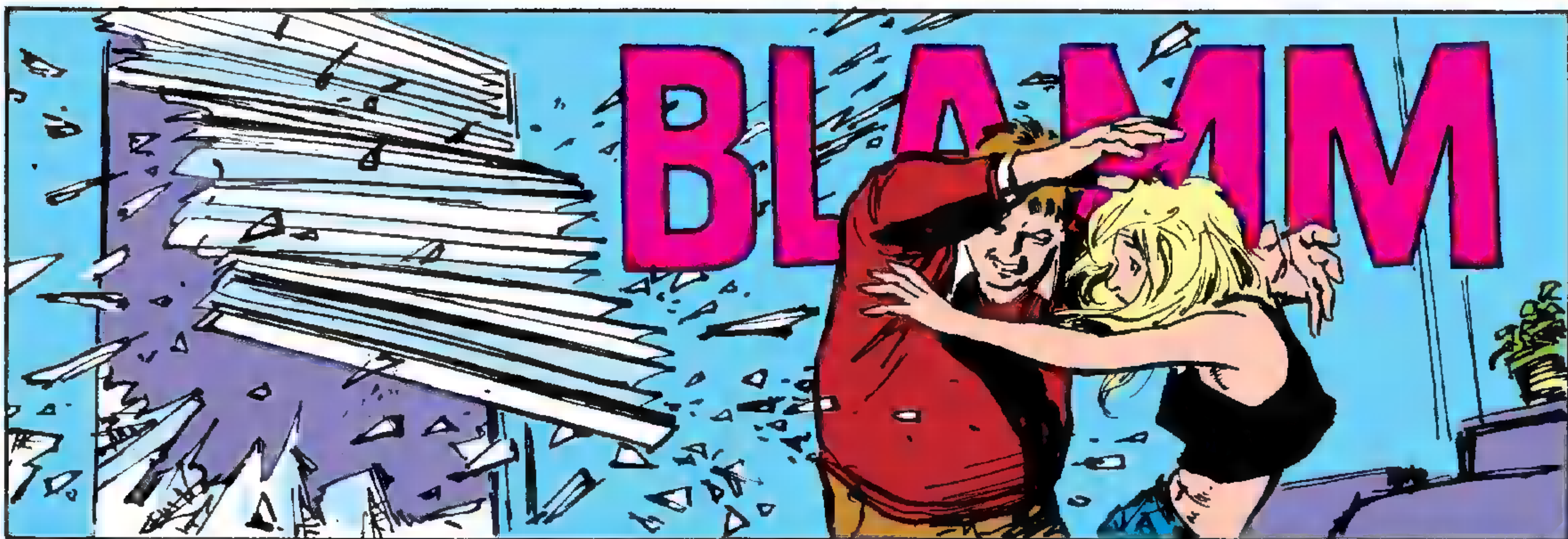
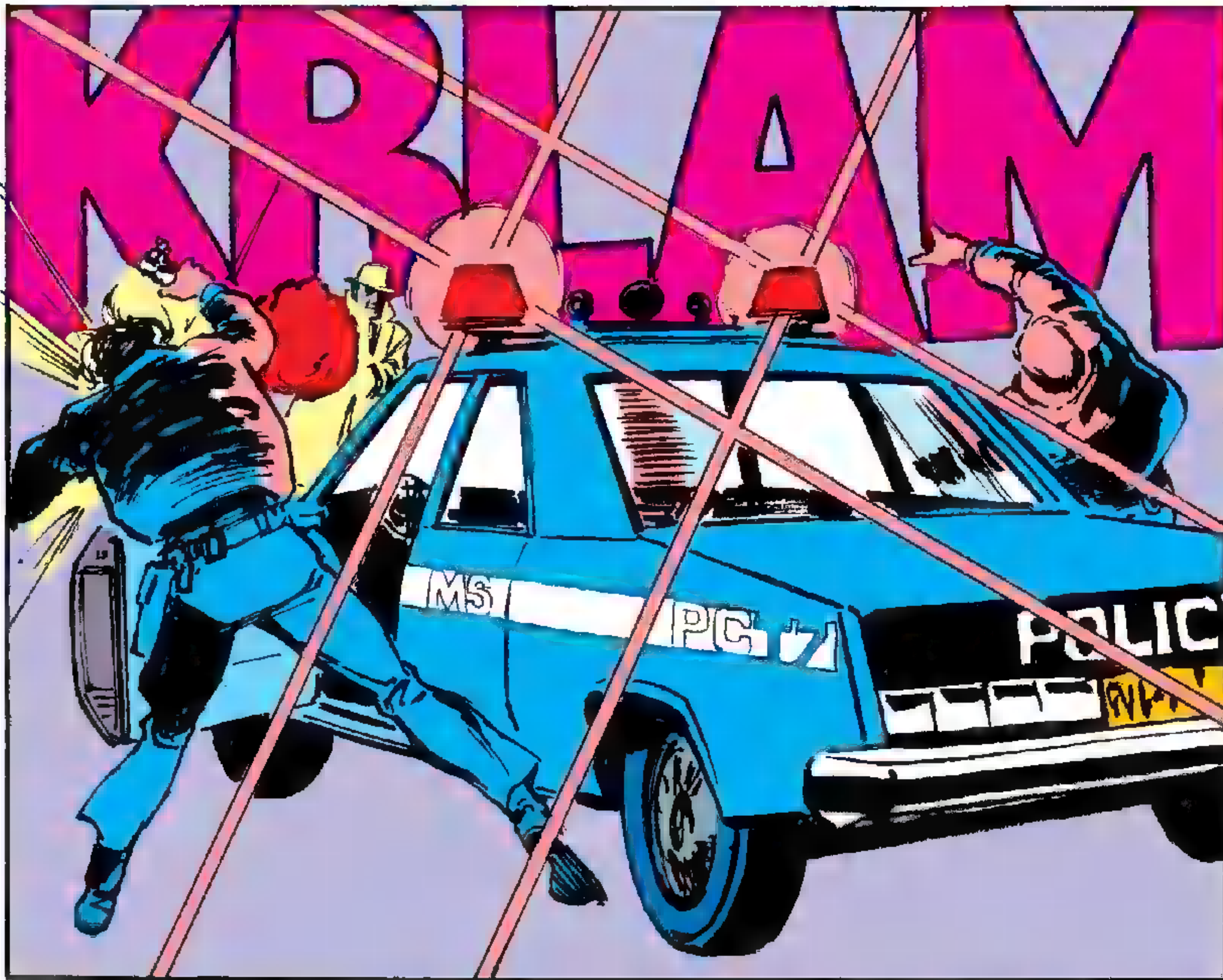




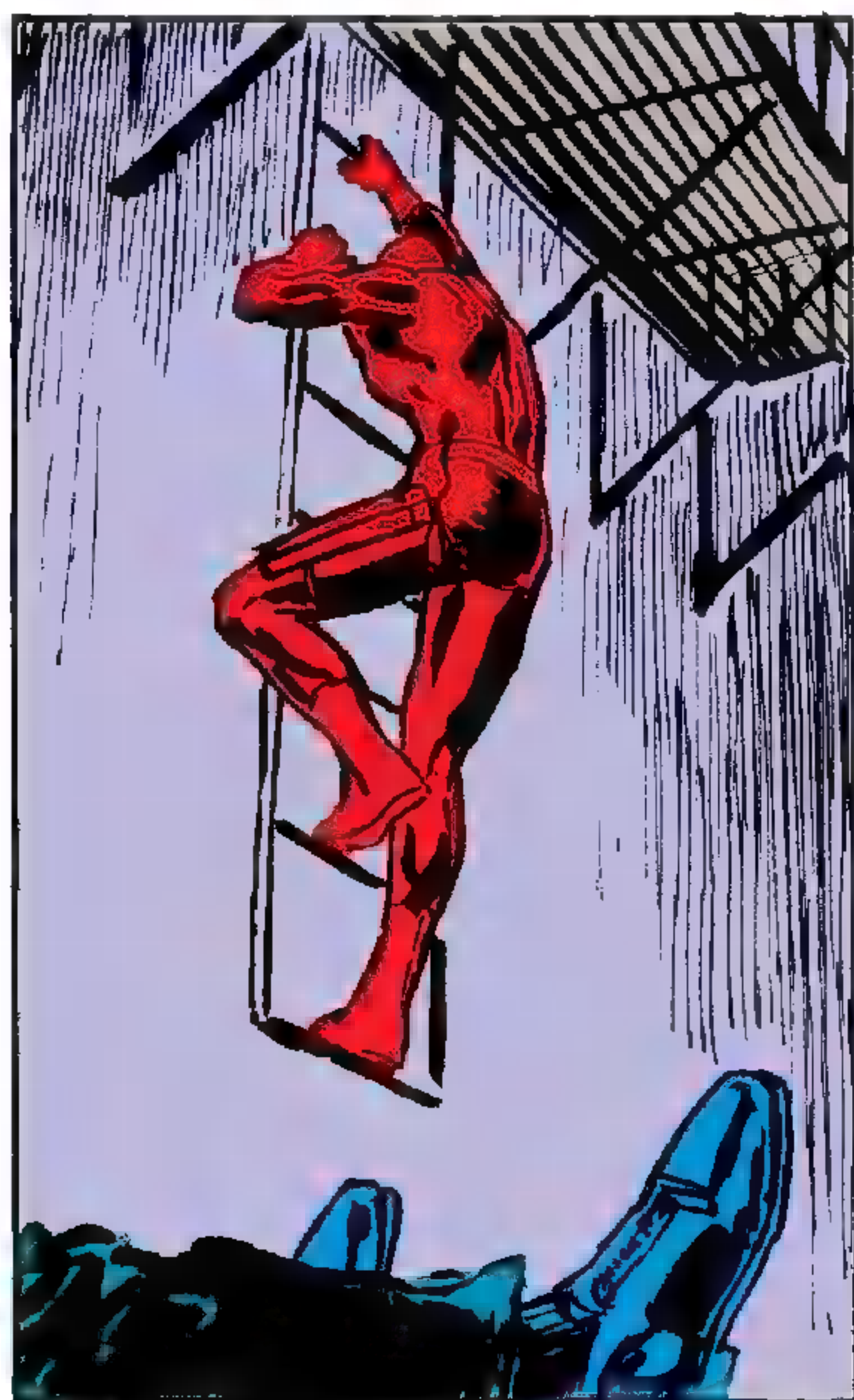




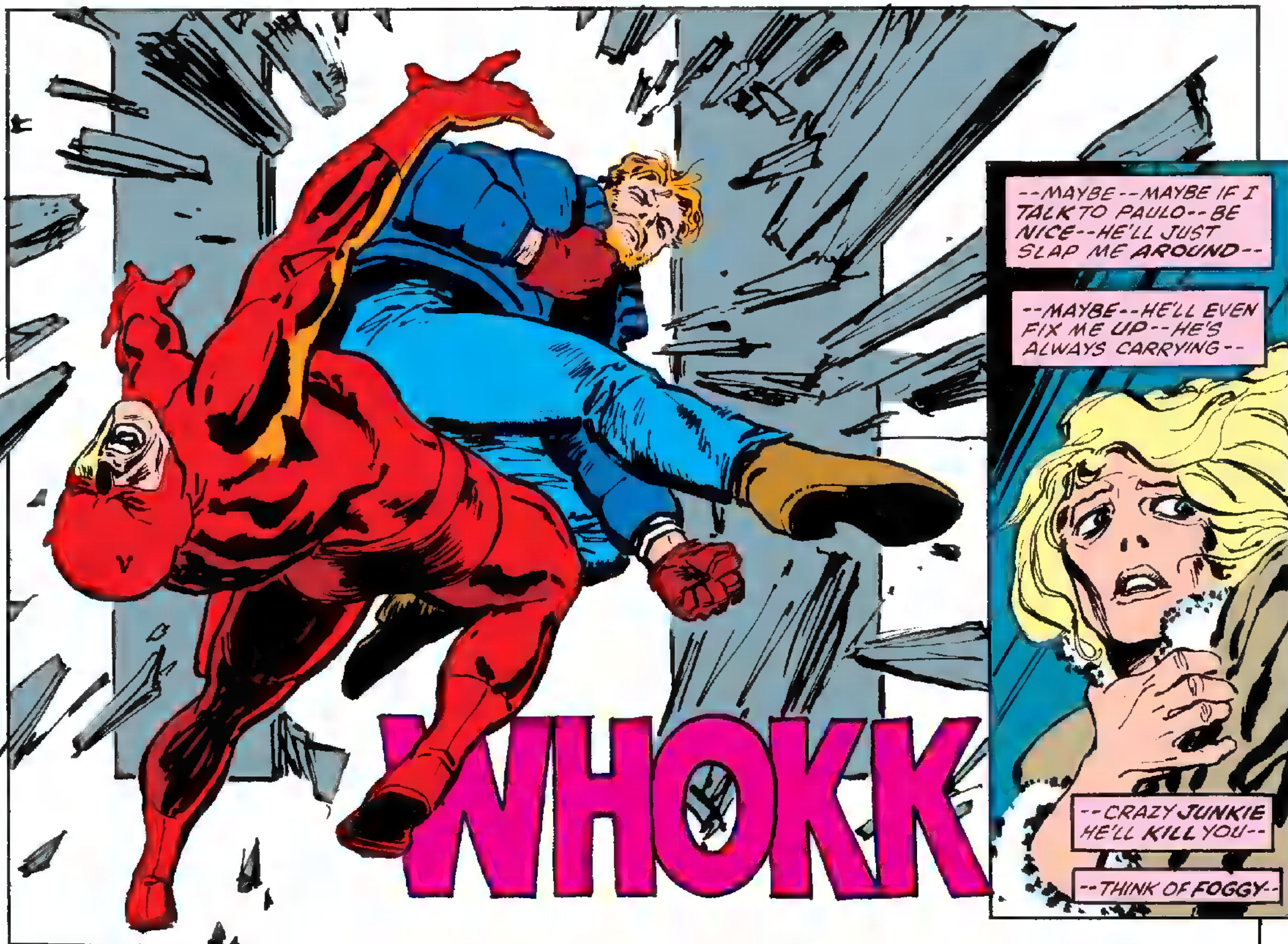
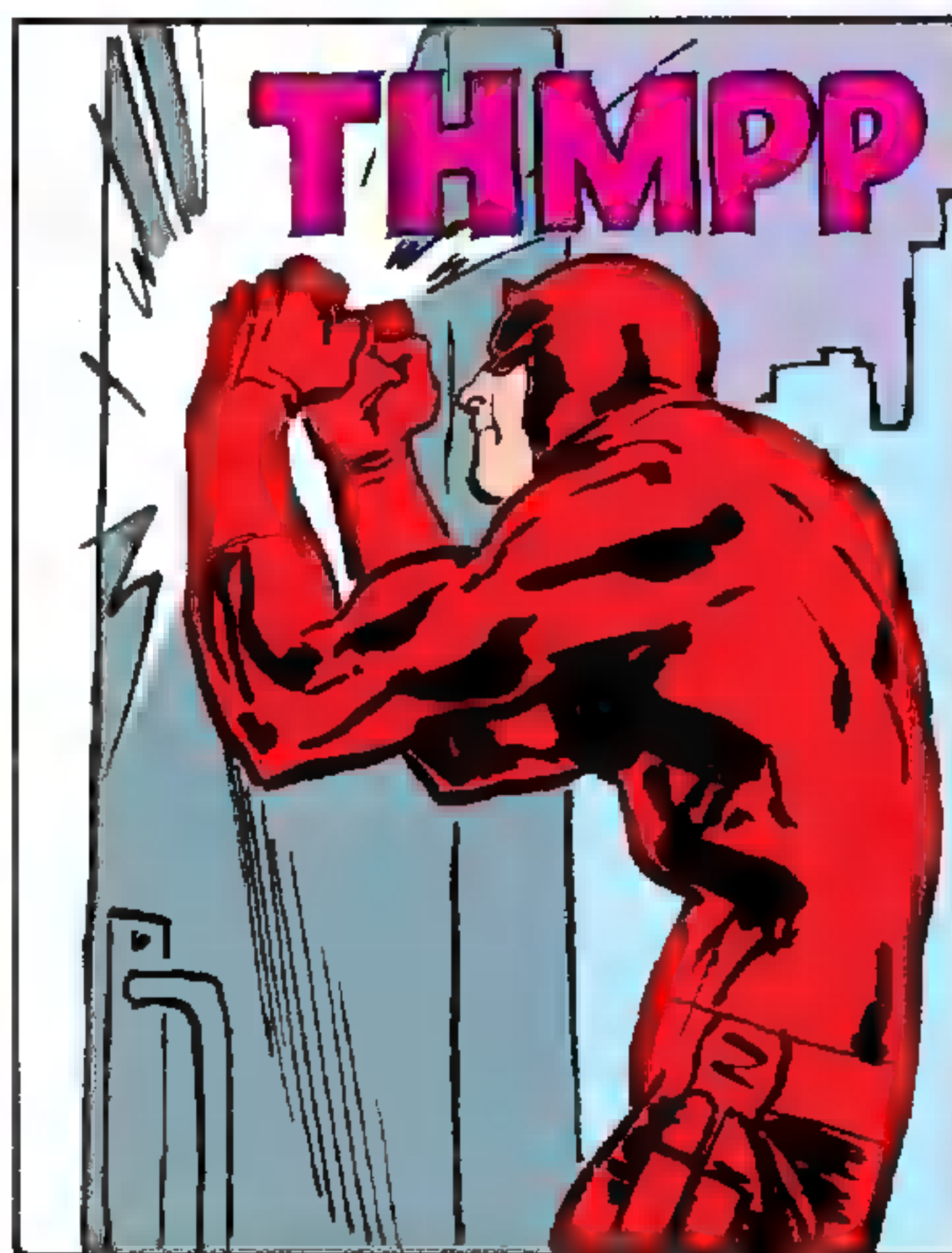
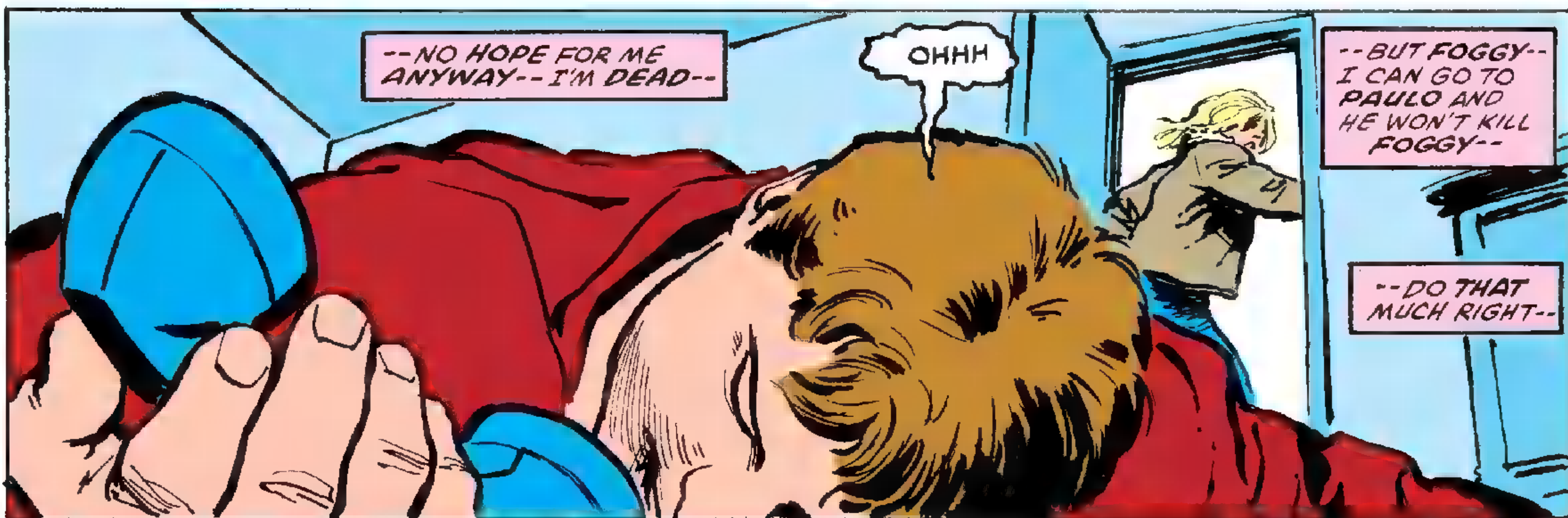




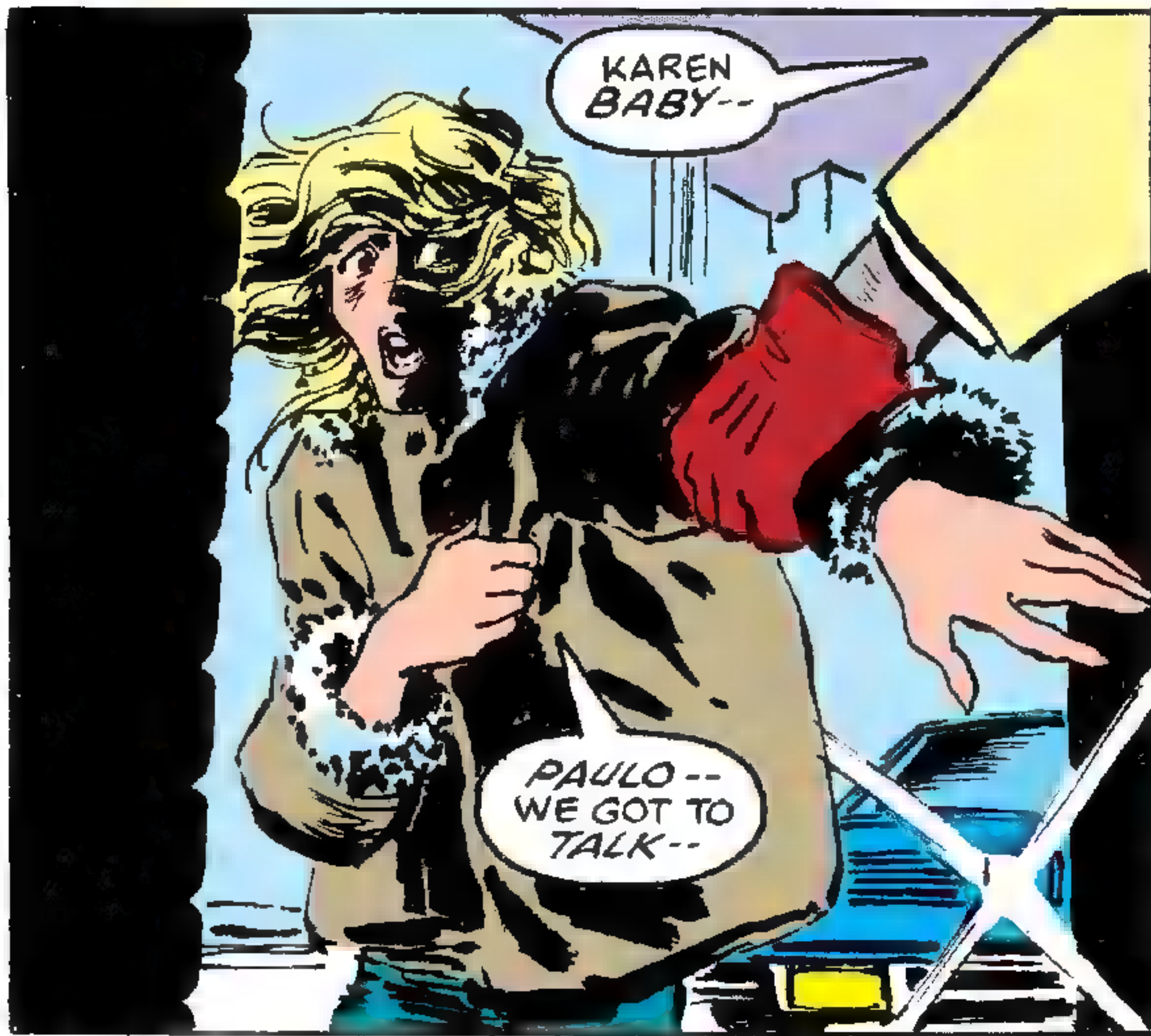
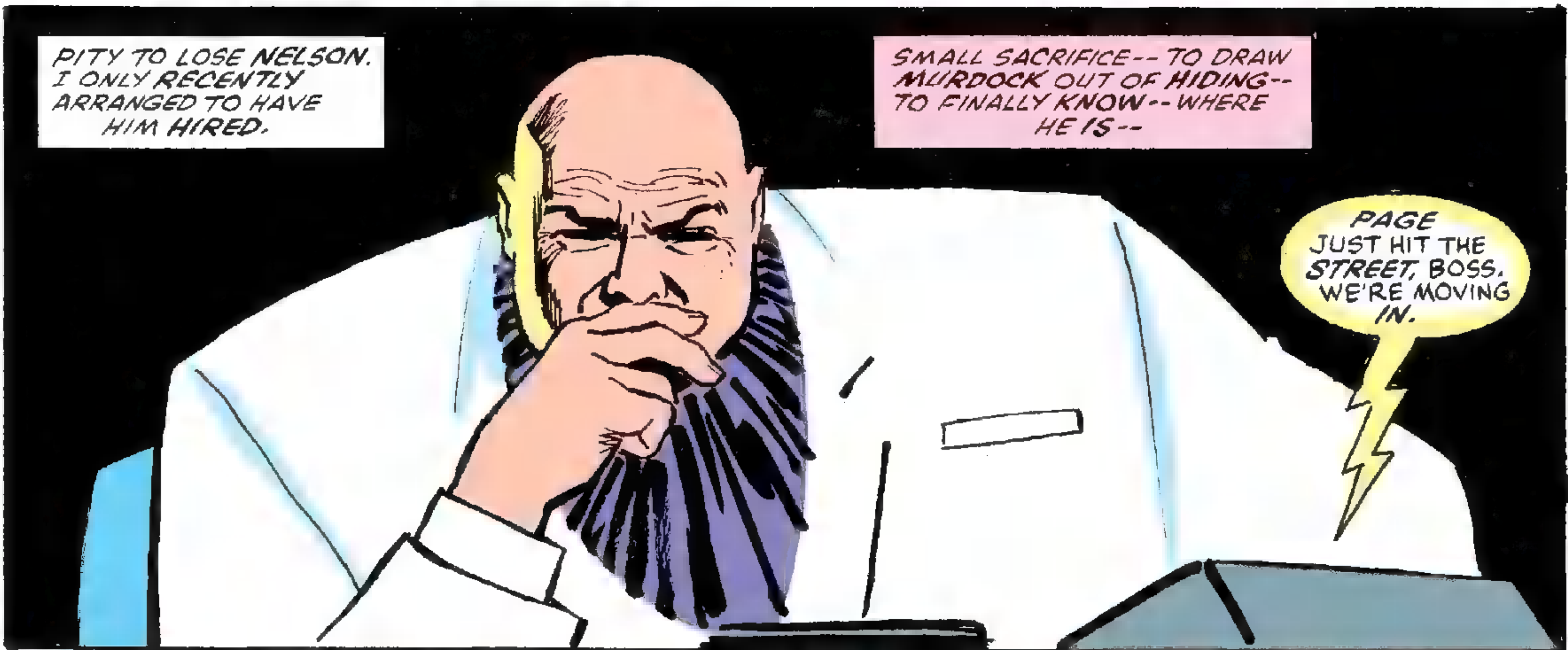




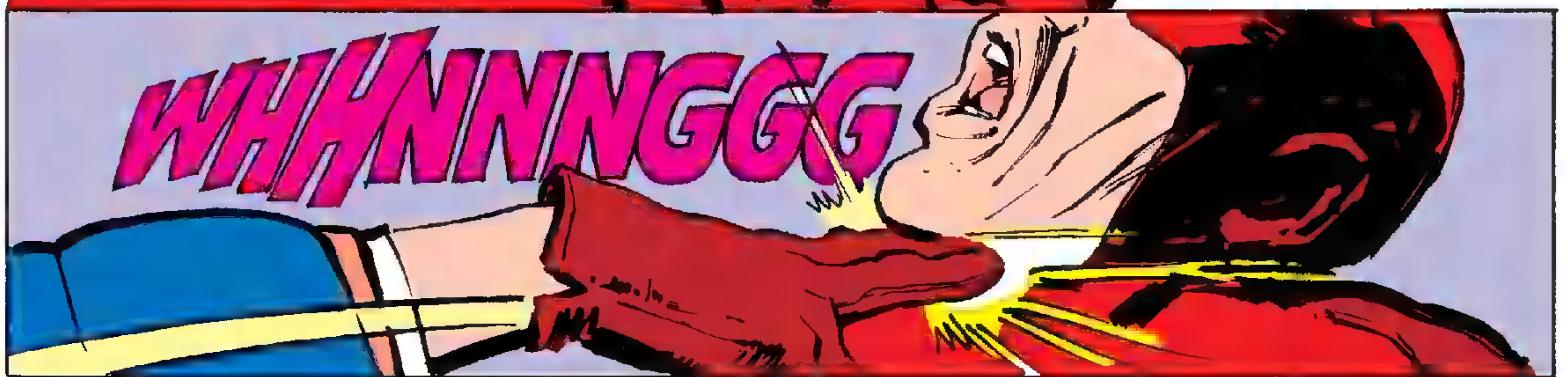
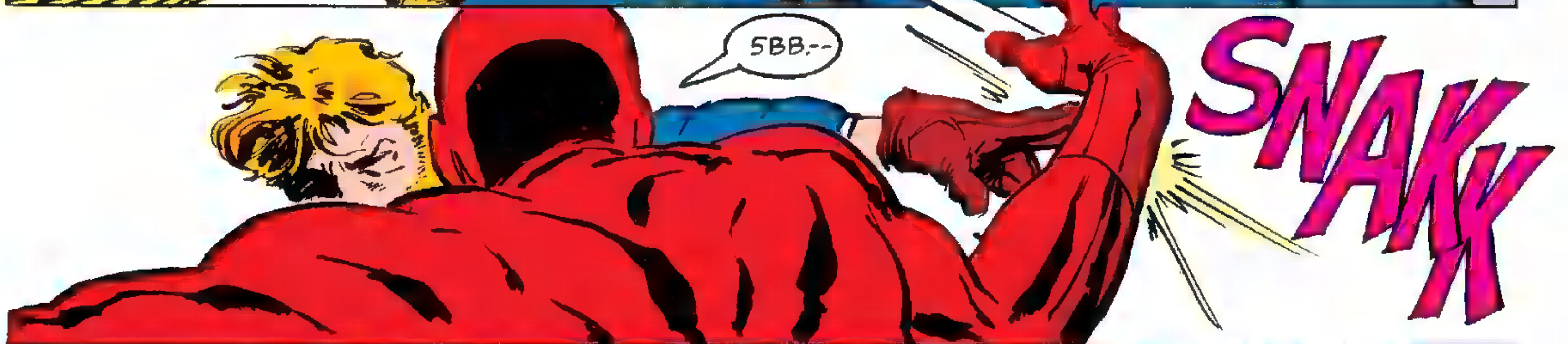
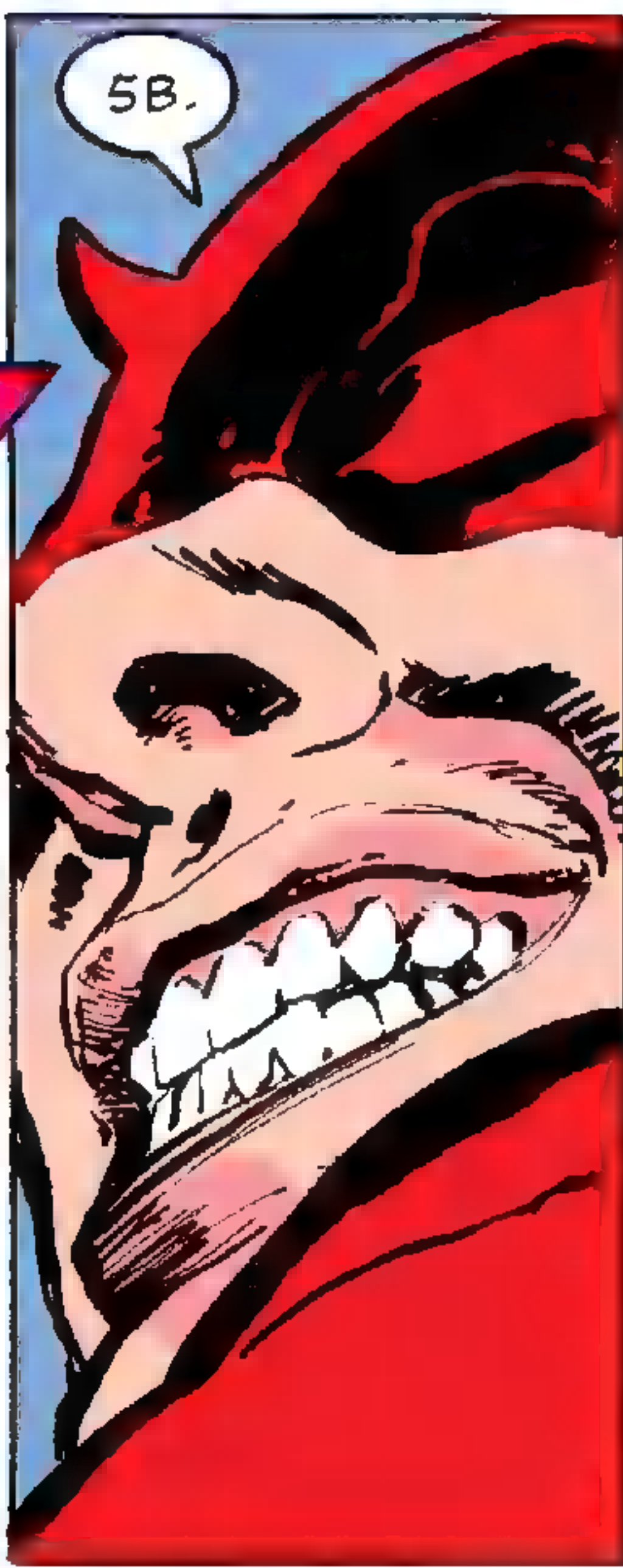
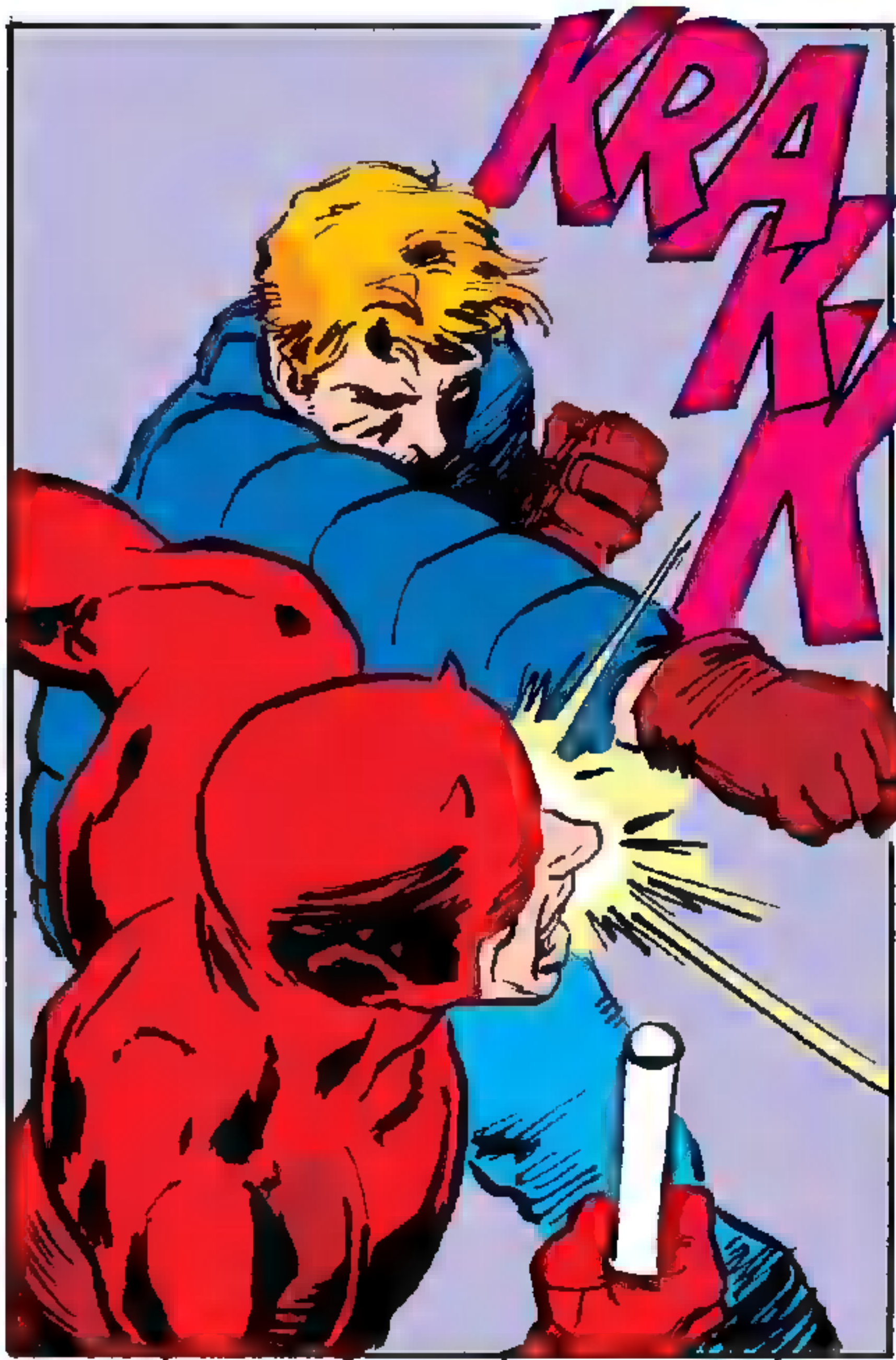




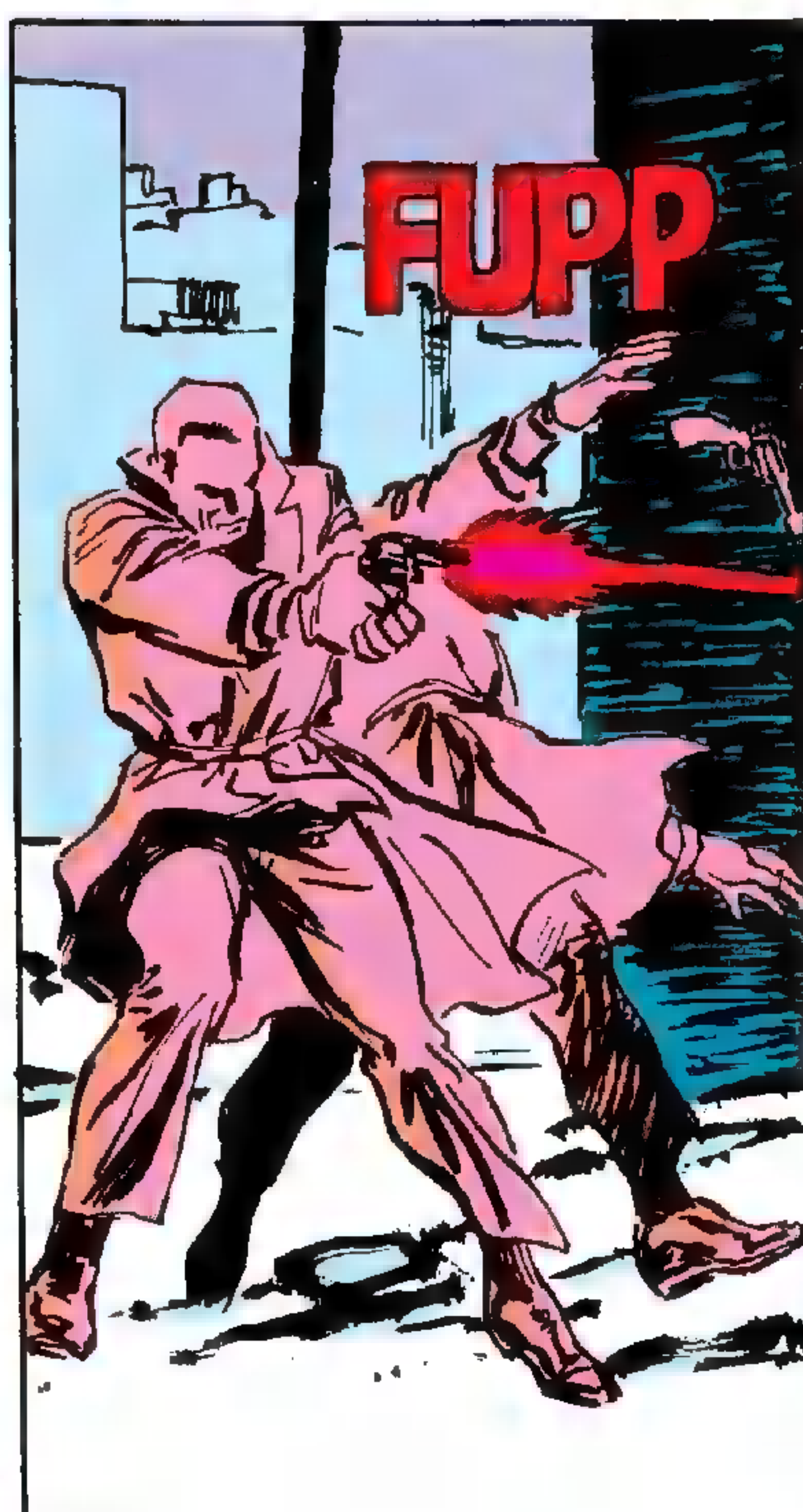
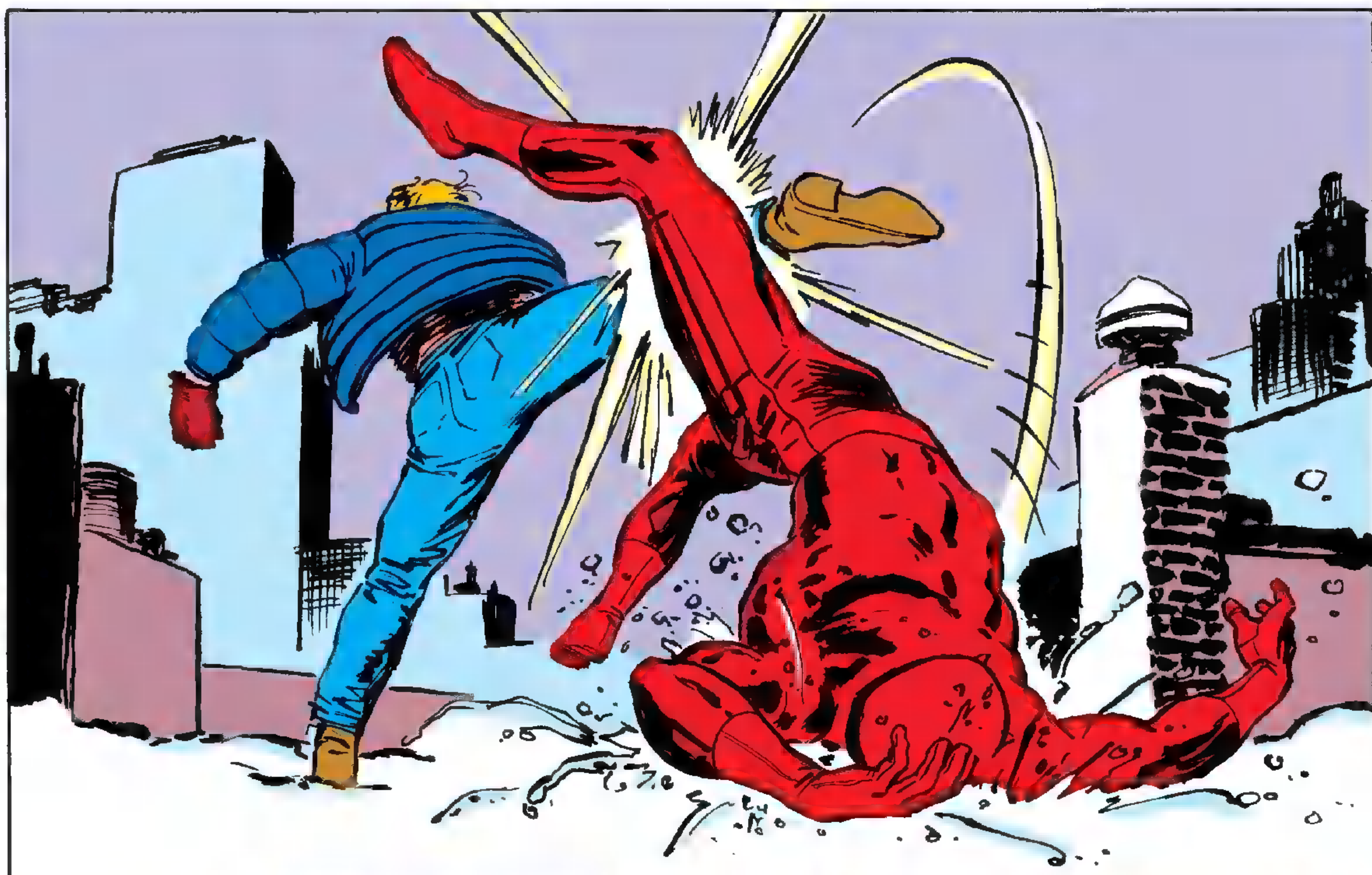




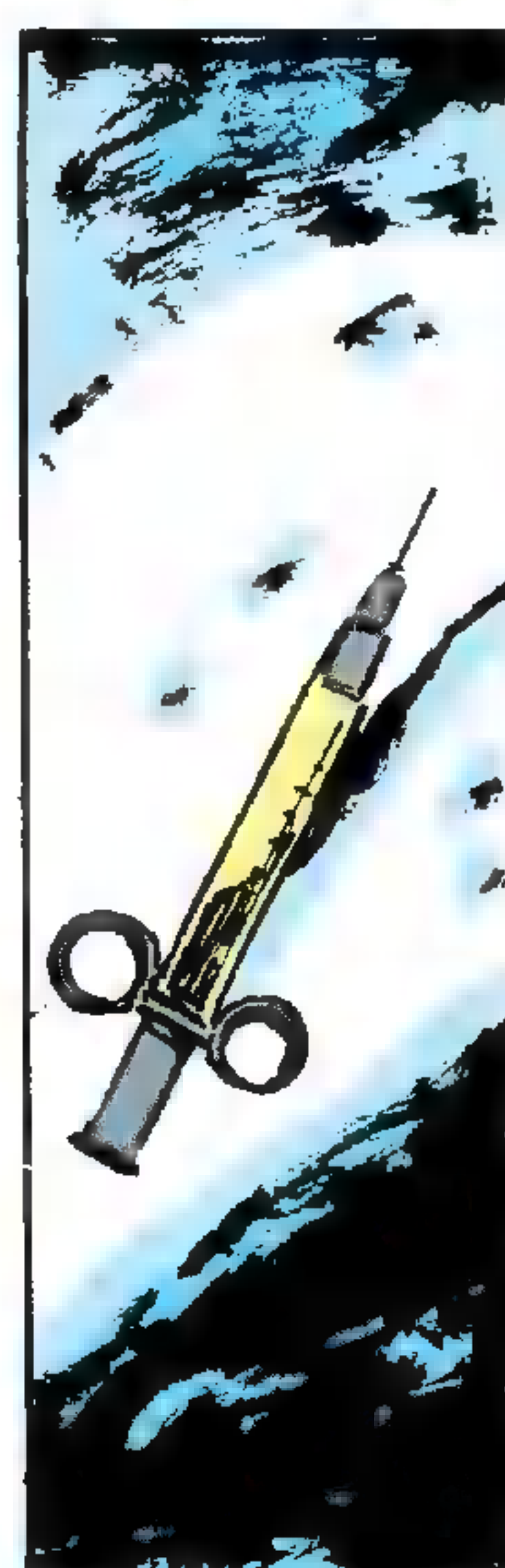
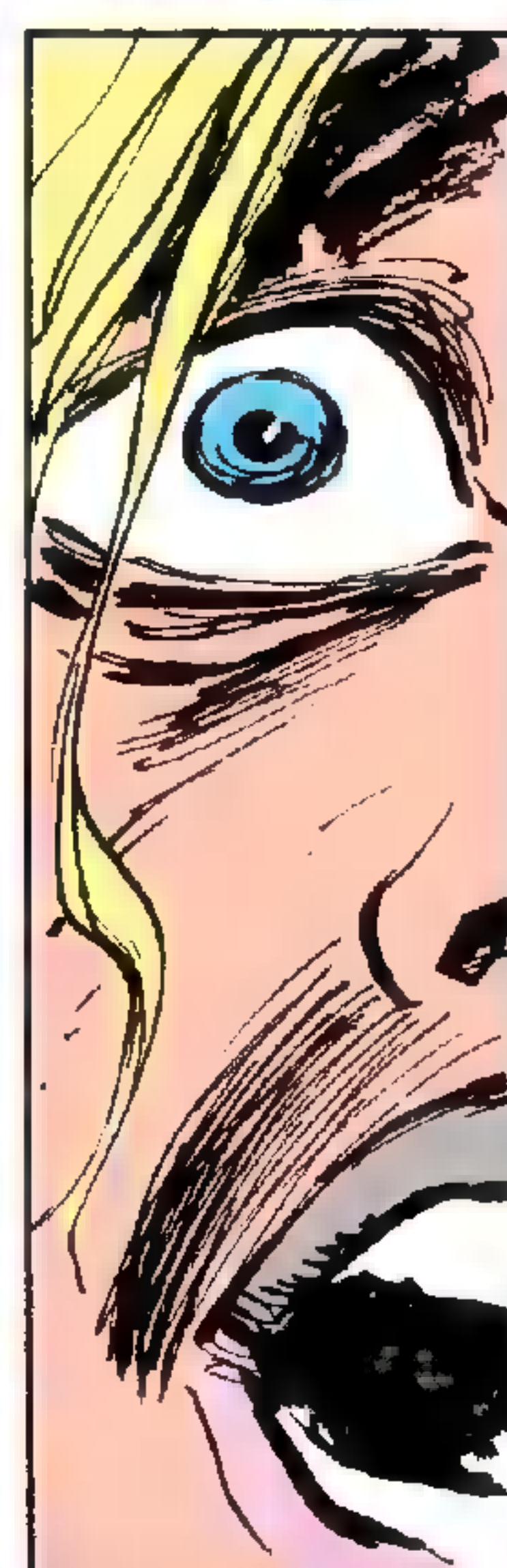
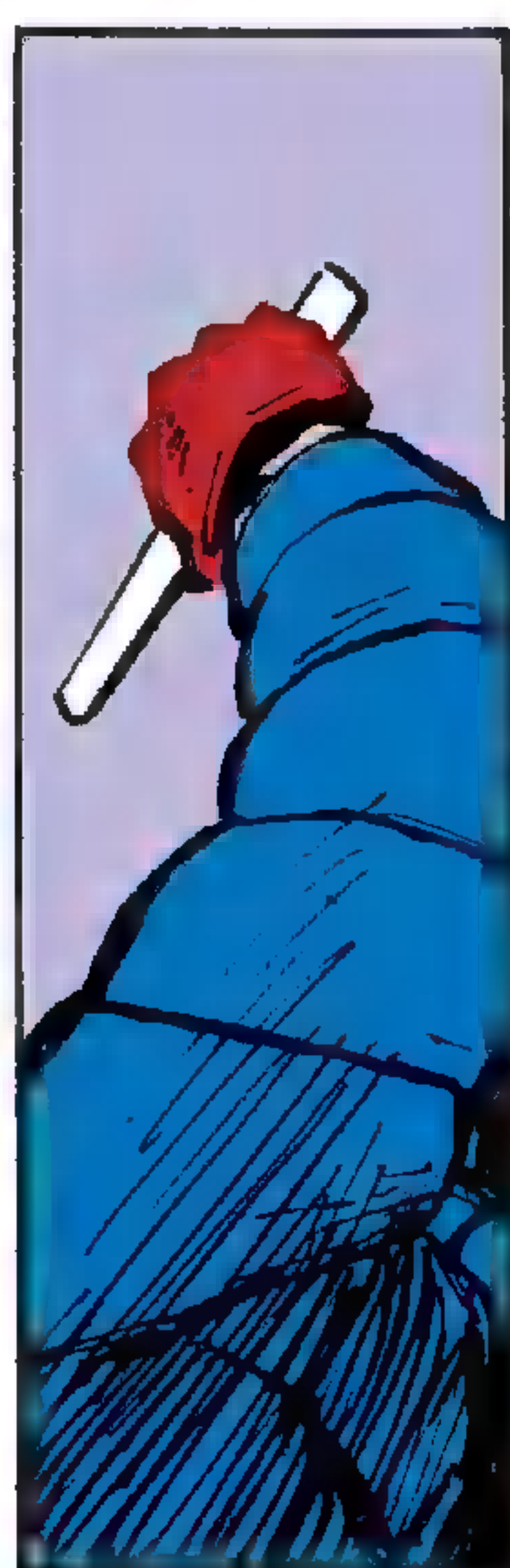
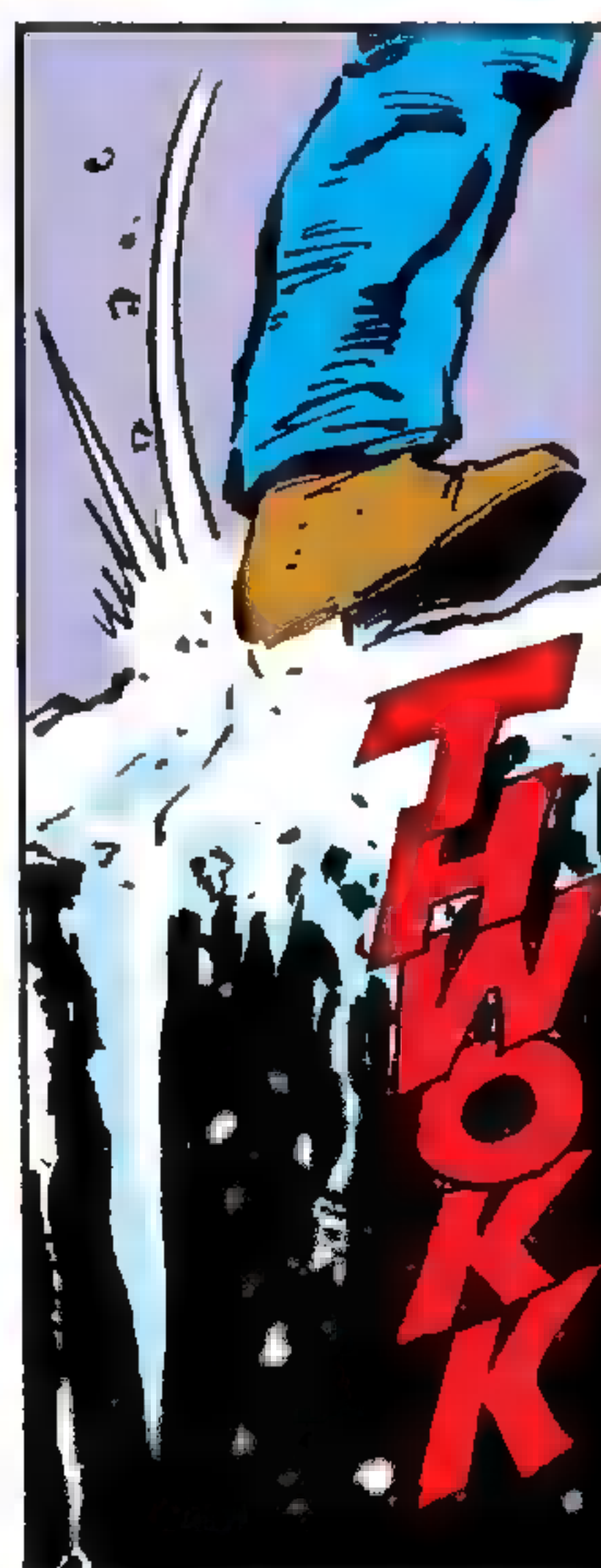
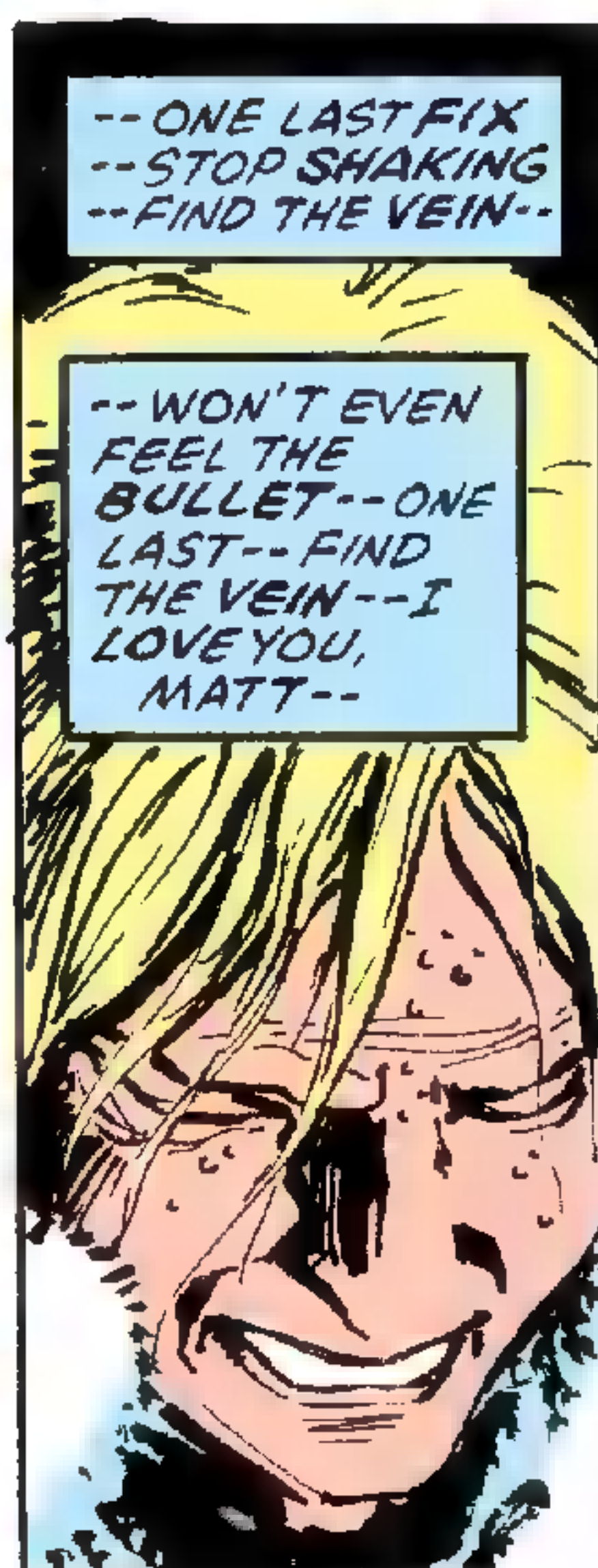




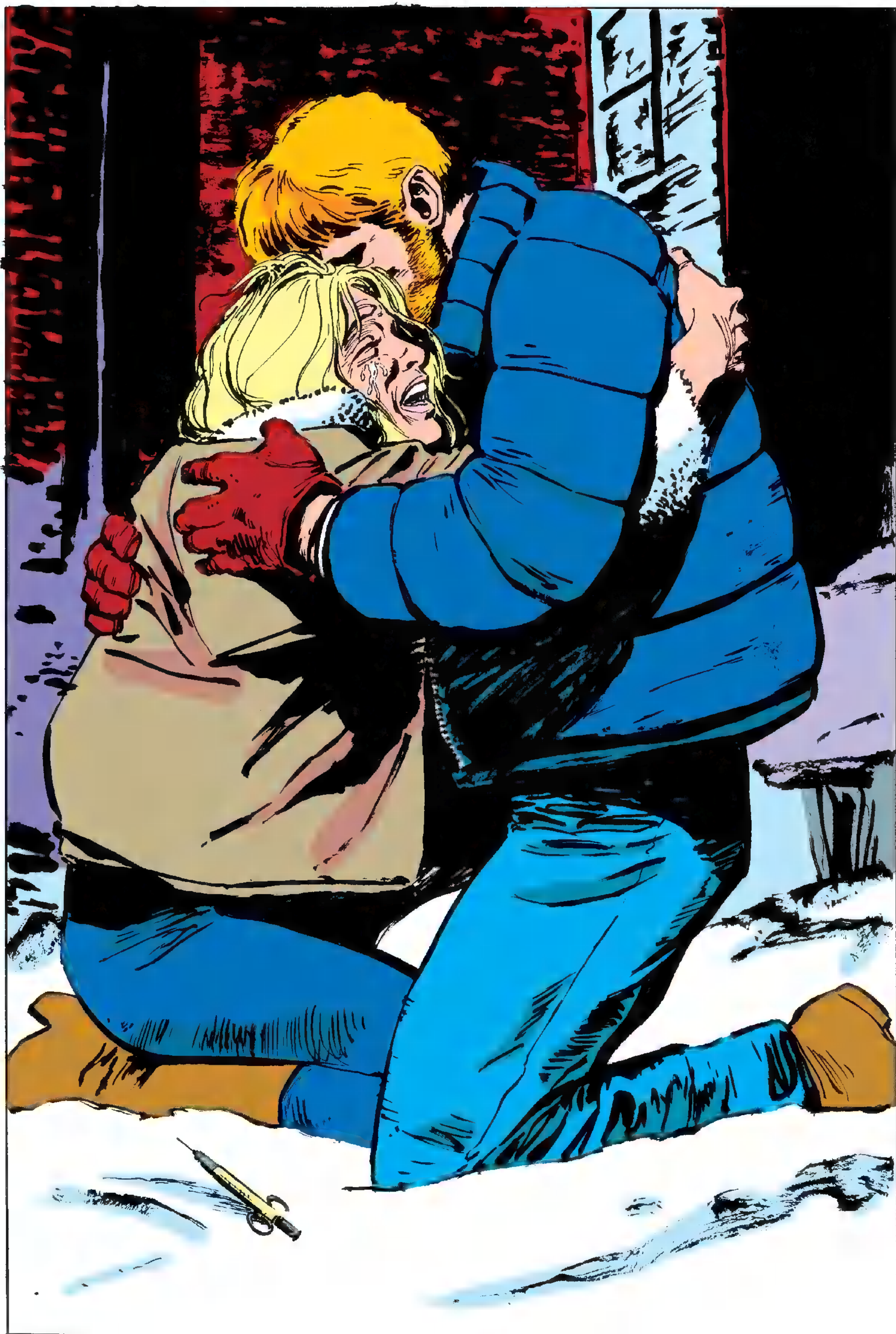














In case you're too LAZY to read the NEWSPAPER--or WORSE, you get it from TELEVISION--a LOT has happened.

FIVE BODIES were found by POLICE on and around a West Side APARTMENT BUILDING. The LIVE one was on the ROOF, stripped NAKED and suffering from multiple CONTUSIONS.

Turns out he's a certified LUNATIC.

The DOCTOR who arranged for his RELEASE is now working in FLORIDA.

As a GARDENER.

Two of the DEAD ones were known CRIMINALS. Both had previously served PRISON terms. One, in fact, FELIX MANNING by name, was still on PAROLE.

Their CORPSES and their EMPLOYMENT RECORDS have sparked an INVESTIGATION that will keep the Kingpin's ATTORNEYS busy for MONTHS.

The other two were OFFICERS SPANNER and TRUMBULL of the New York City POLICE. They leave a husband, a wife, and four kids behind to wonder WHY.

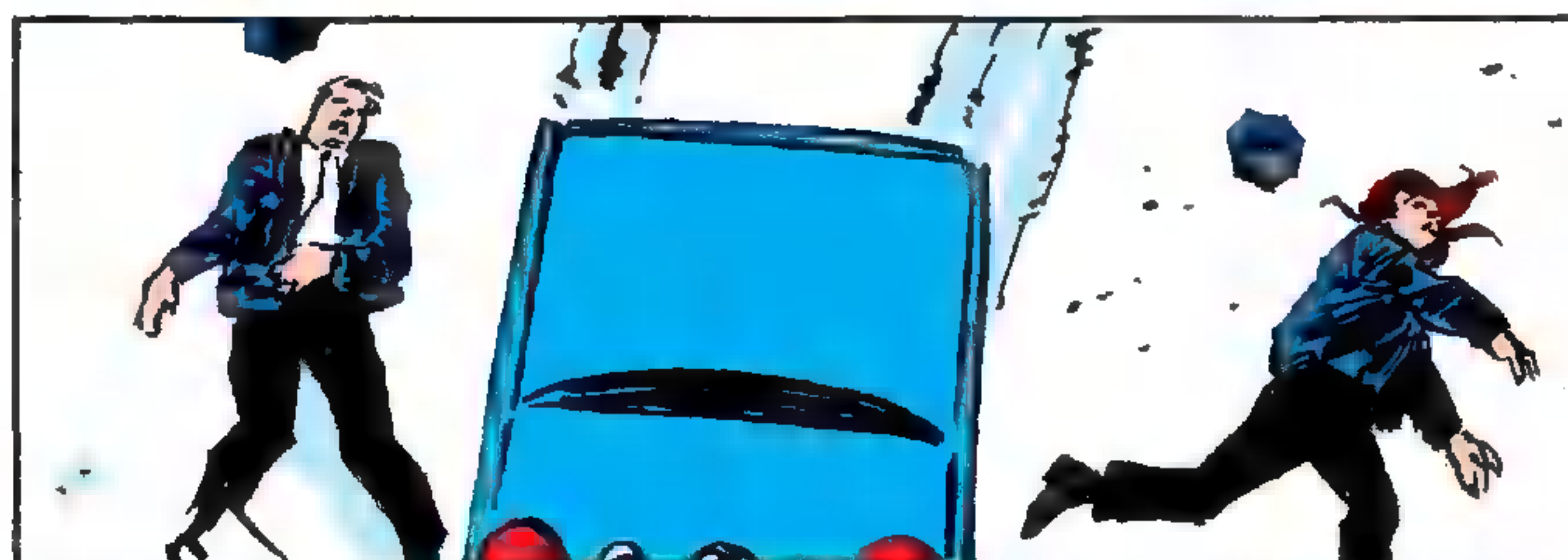
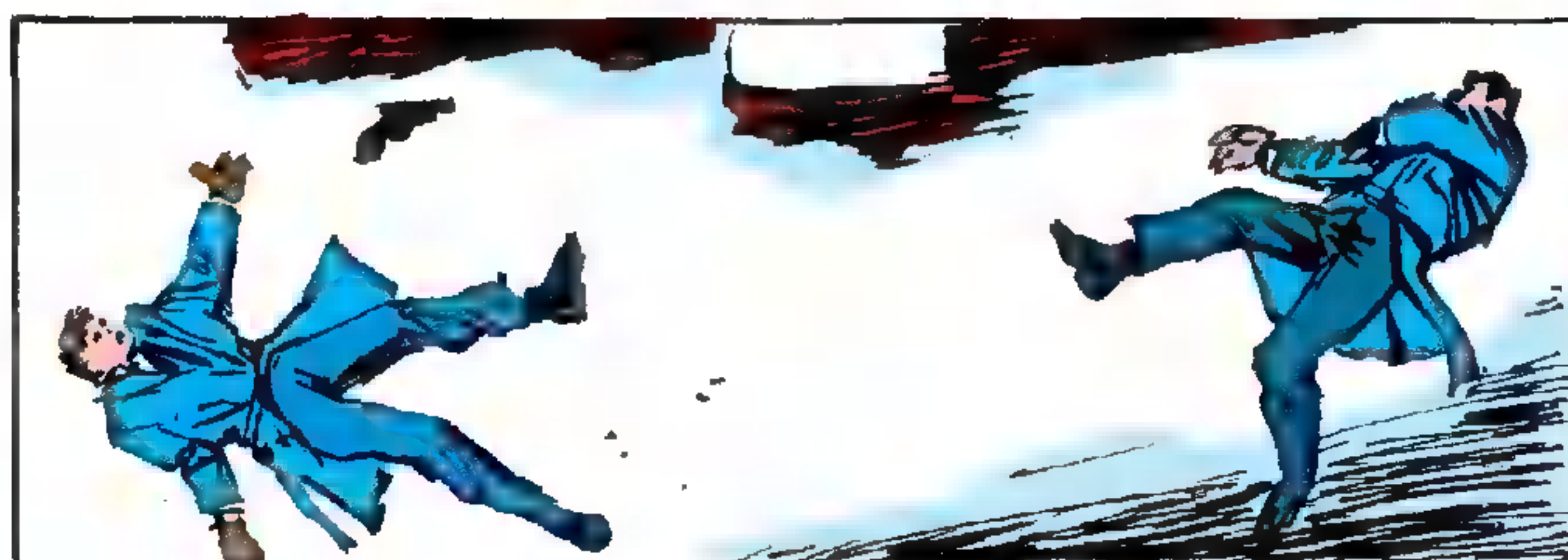
Two MORE were apprehended FLEEING the scene. One was MICHAEL KEMP, a three time LOSER. The other, PAULO SCORCESE, faces several LIFE SENTENCES for outstanding convictions of ARMED ROBBERY, DRUG TRAFFICKING, and MURDER.

Doris? Well, her NECK still hurts and she's taken to wearing a SCARF to hide the BRUISE. But she can TALK again and even LAUGHS when I say she sounds like BRENDA VACCARO.

As For ME -- like I TOLD you, I'm a REPORTER.

I'm going to find out where MATT MURDOCK is --

-- and what he has BECOME.





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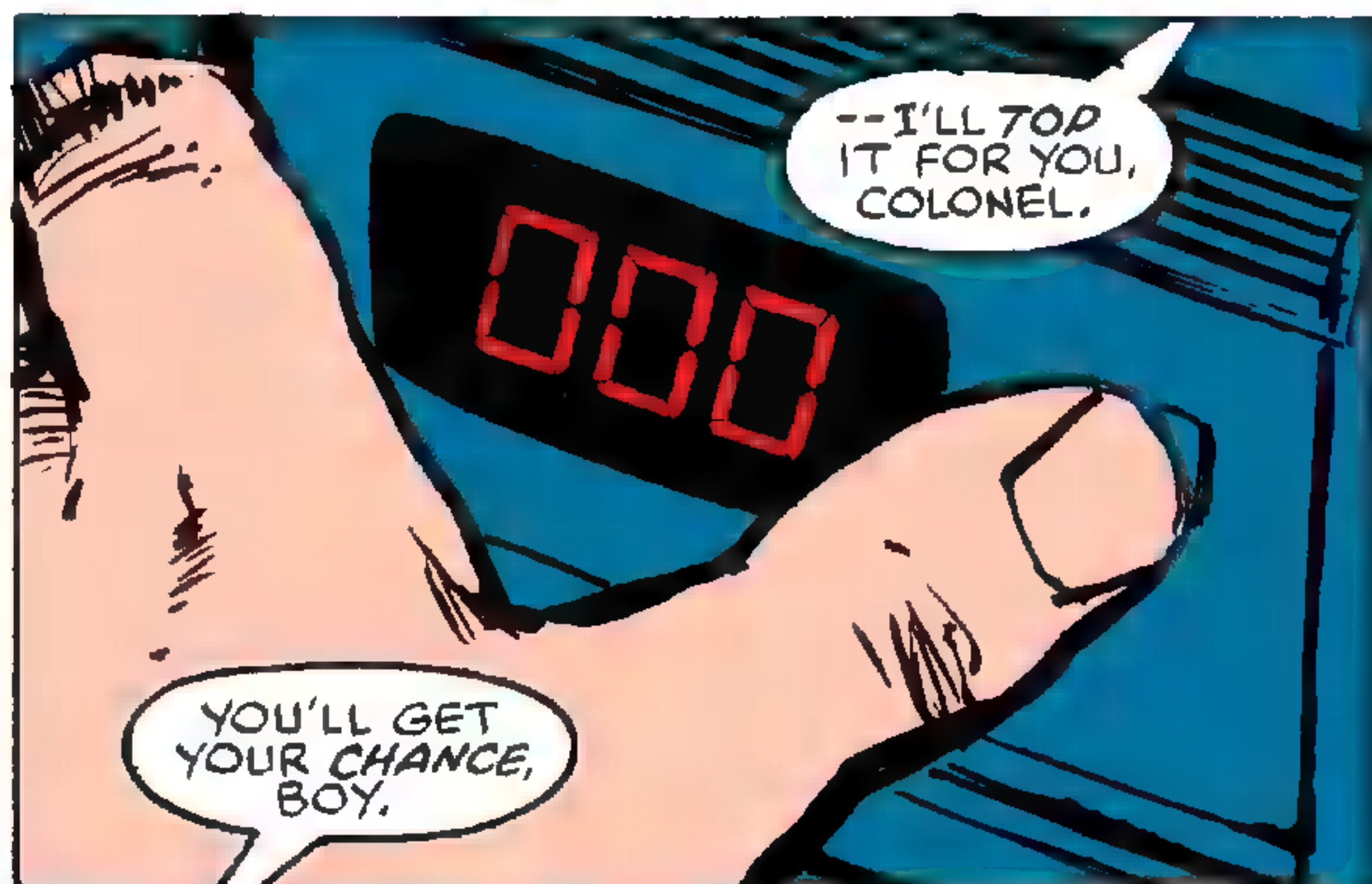
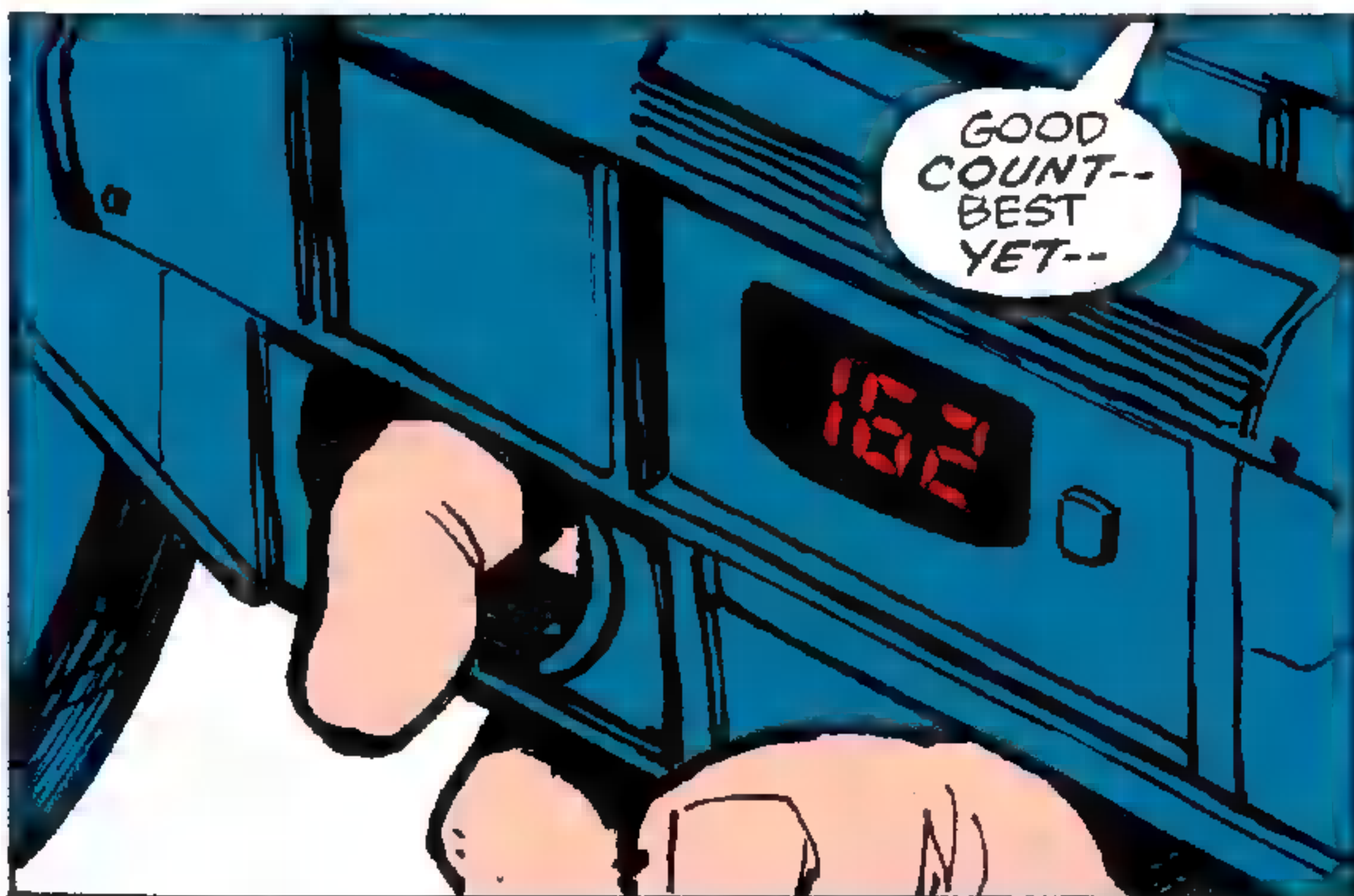
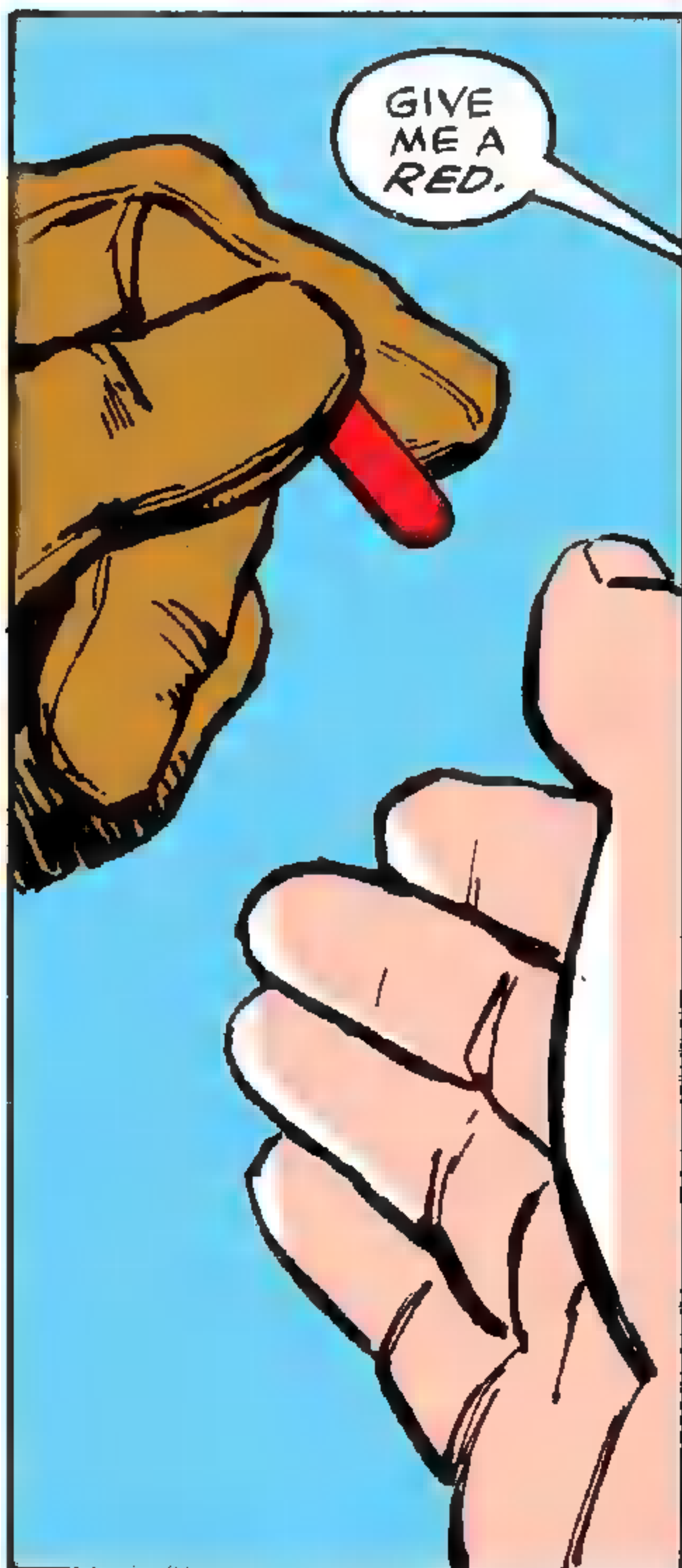
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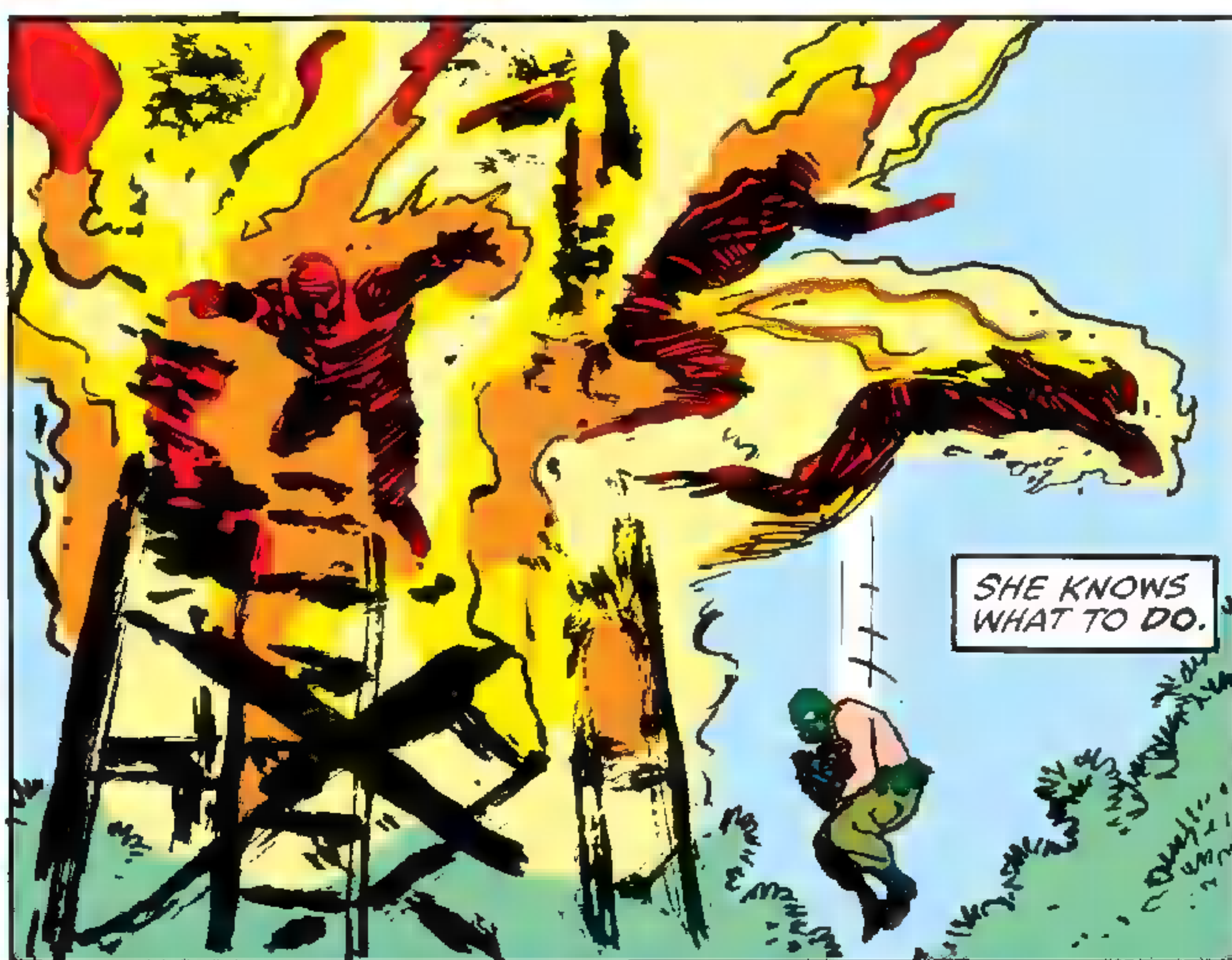
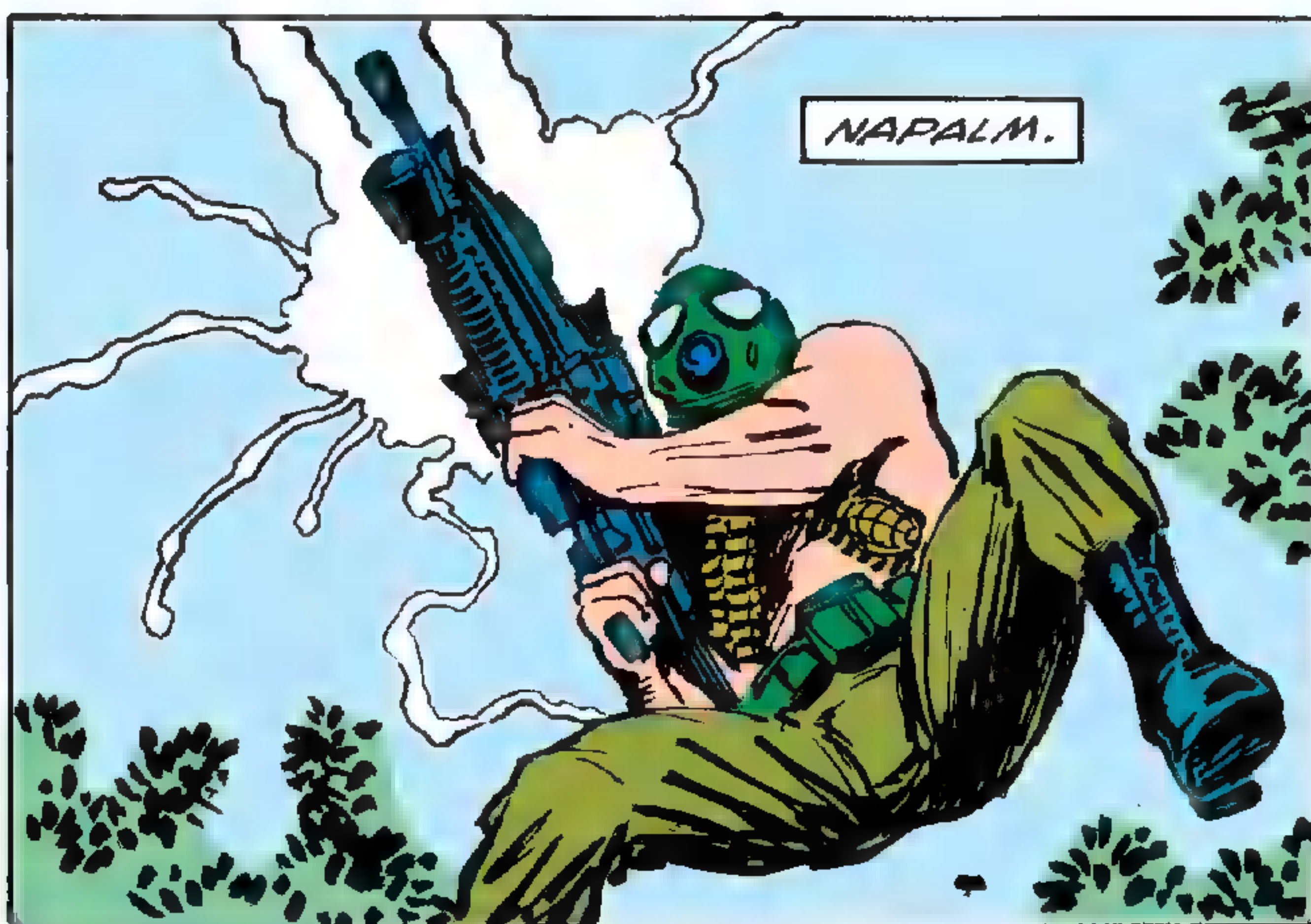
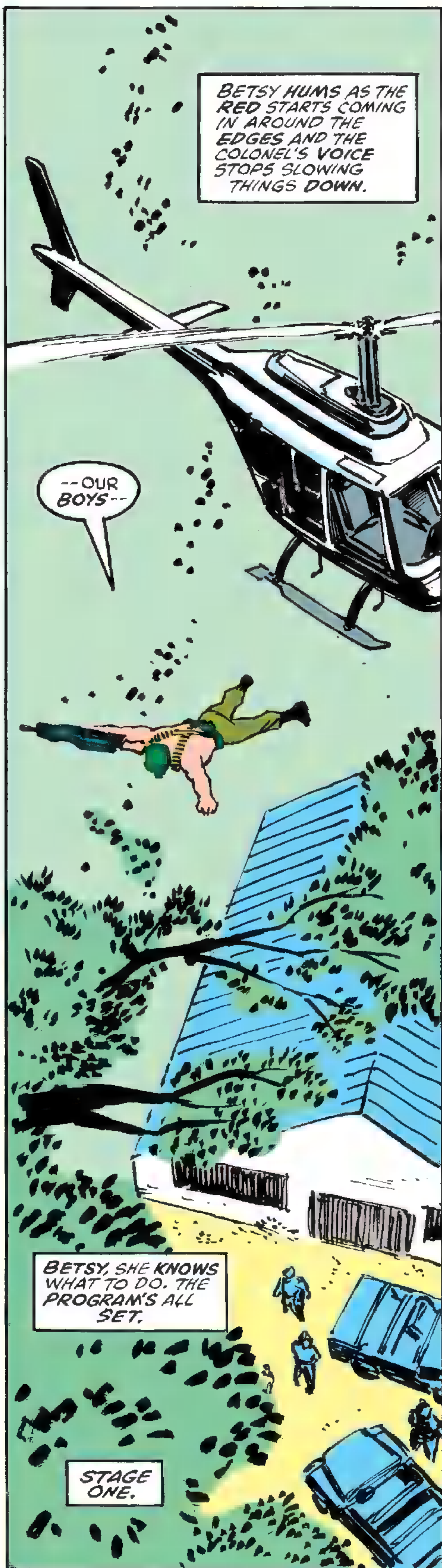
MAZZUCCHELLI

## GOD AND COUNTRY

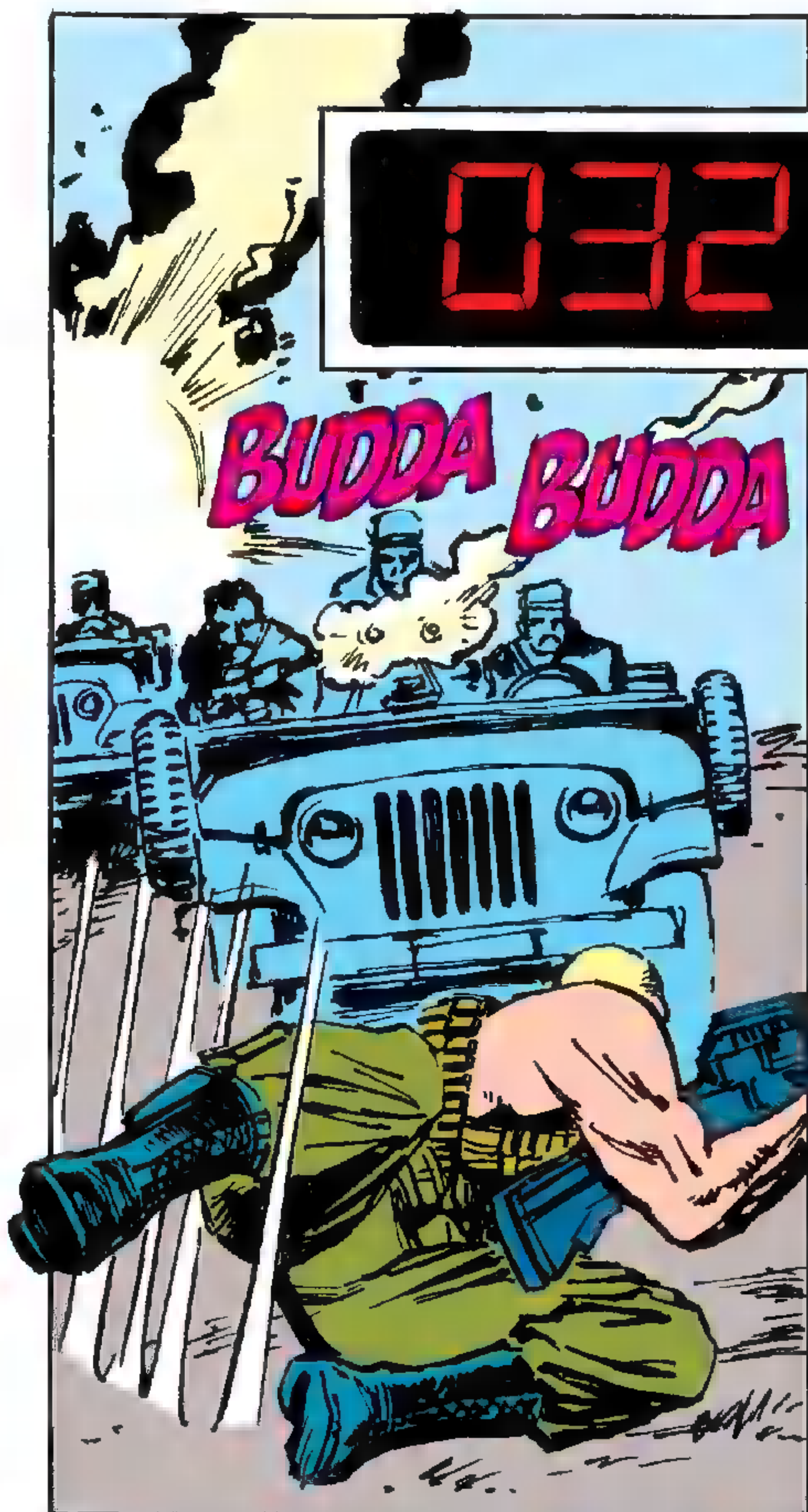












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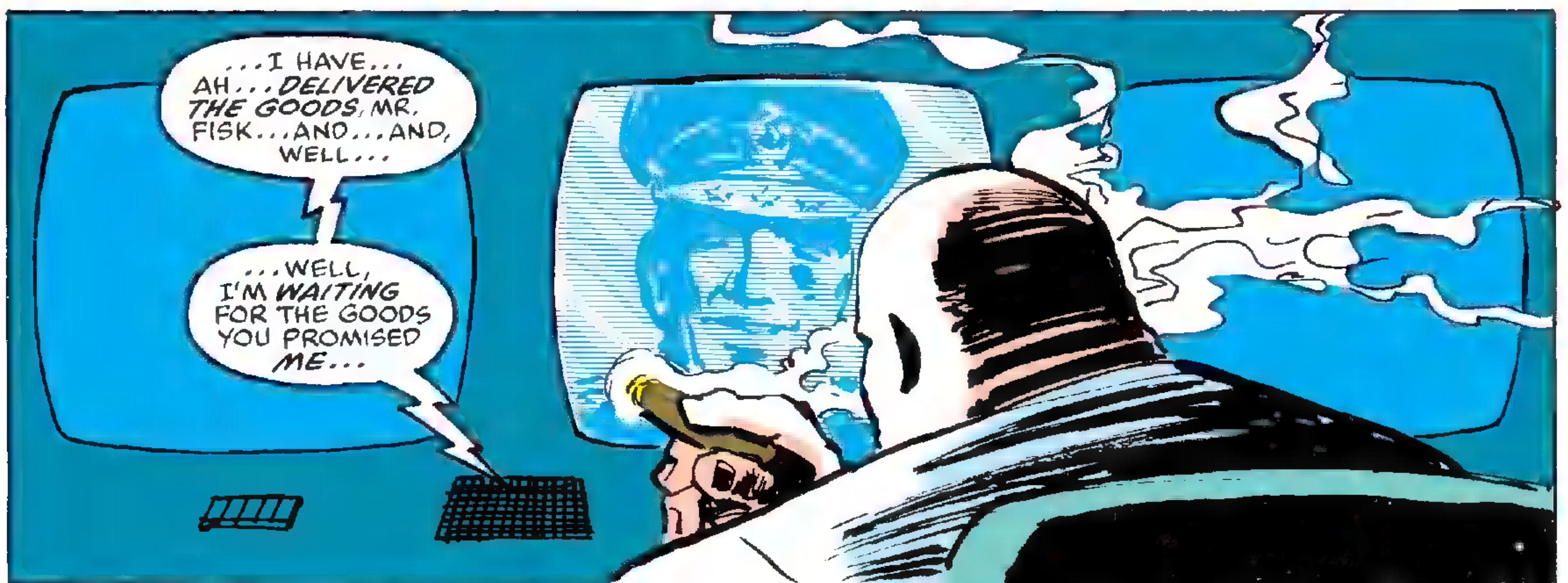


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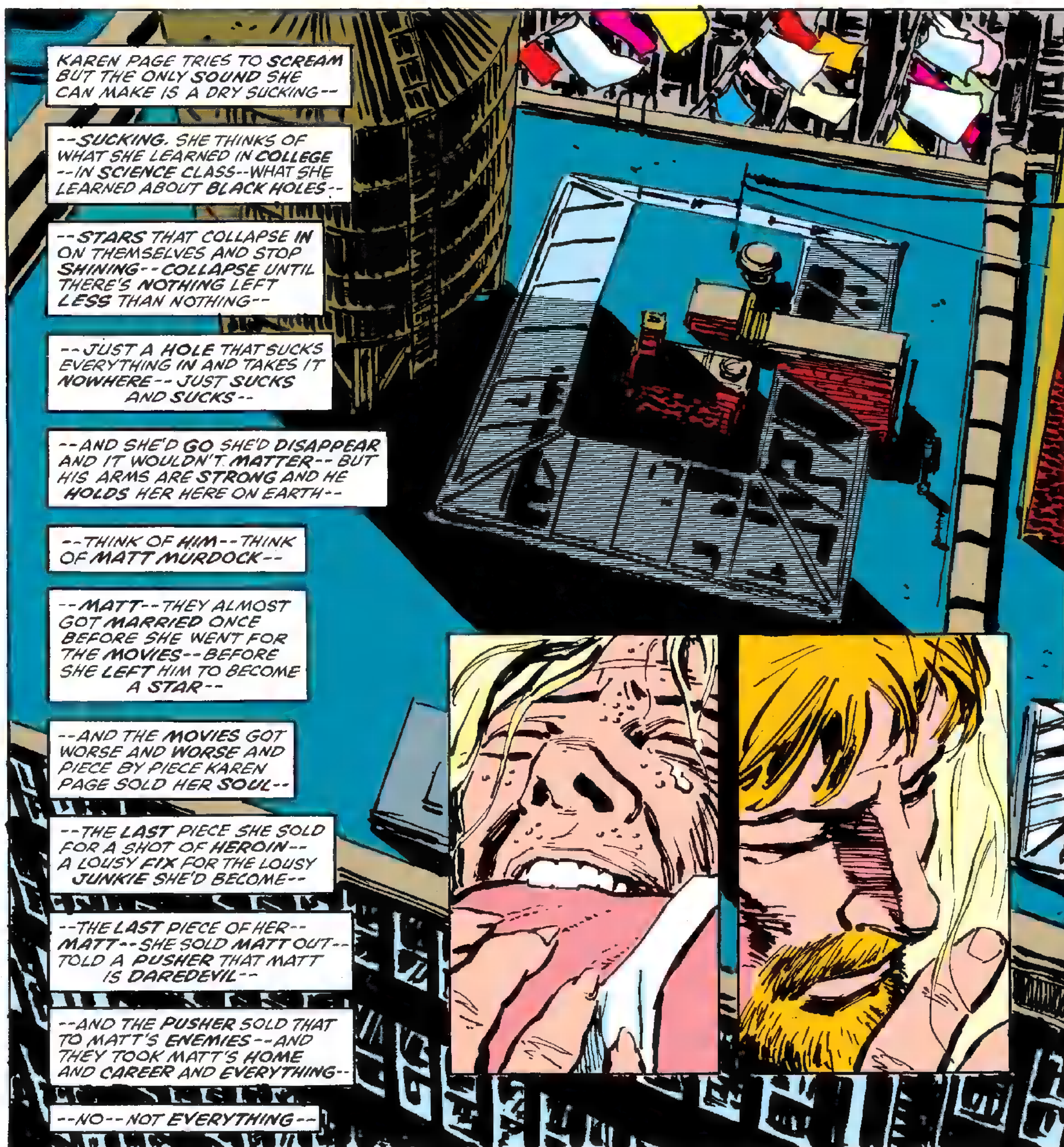
NUKE.

SUCH A SIMPLE TERM. SO DIRECT.

AND NOW THE KING-PIN OF CRIME WILL AIM THIS NUKE AT THE MAN HE IS LEARNING TO HATE.

THE MAN HE IS LEARNING TO FEAR.

MURDOCK.



KAREN PAGE TRIES TO SCREAM BUT THE ONLY SOUND SHE CAN MAKE IS A DRY SUCKING--

--SUCKING. SHE THINKS OF WHAT SHE LEARNED IN COLLEGE --IN SCIENCE CLASS--WHAT SHE LEARNED ABOUT BLACK HOLES--

--STARS THAT COLLAPSE IN ON THEMSELVES AND STOP SHINING-- COLLAPSE UNTIL THERE'S NOTHING LEFT LESS THAN NOTHING--

--JUST A HOLE THAT SUCKS EVERYTHING IN AND TAKES IT NOWHERE-- JUST SUCKS AND SUCKS--

--AND SHE'D GO SHE'D DISAPPEAR AND IT WOULDN'T MATTER-- BUT HIS ARMS ARE STRONG AND HE HOLDS HER HERE ON EARTH--

--THINK OF HIM--THINK OF MATT MURDOCK--

--MATT--THEY ALMOST GOT MARRIED ONCE BEFORE SHE WENT FOR THE MOVIES-- BEFORE SHE LEFT HIM TO BECOME A STAR--

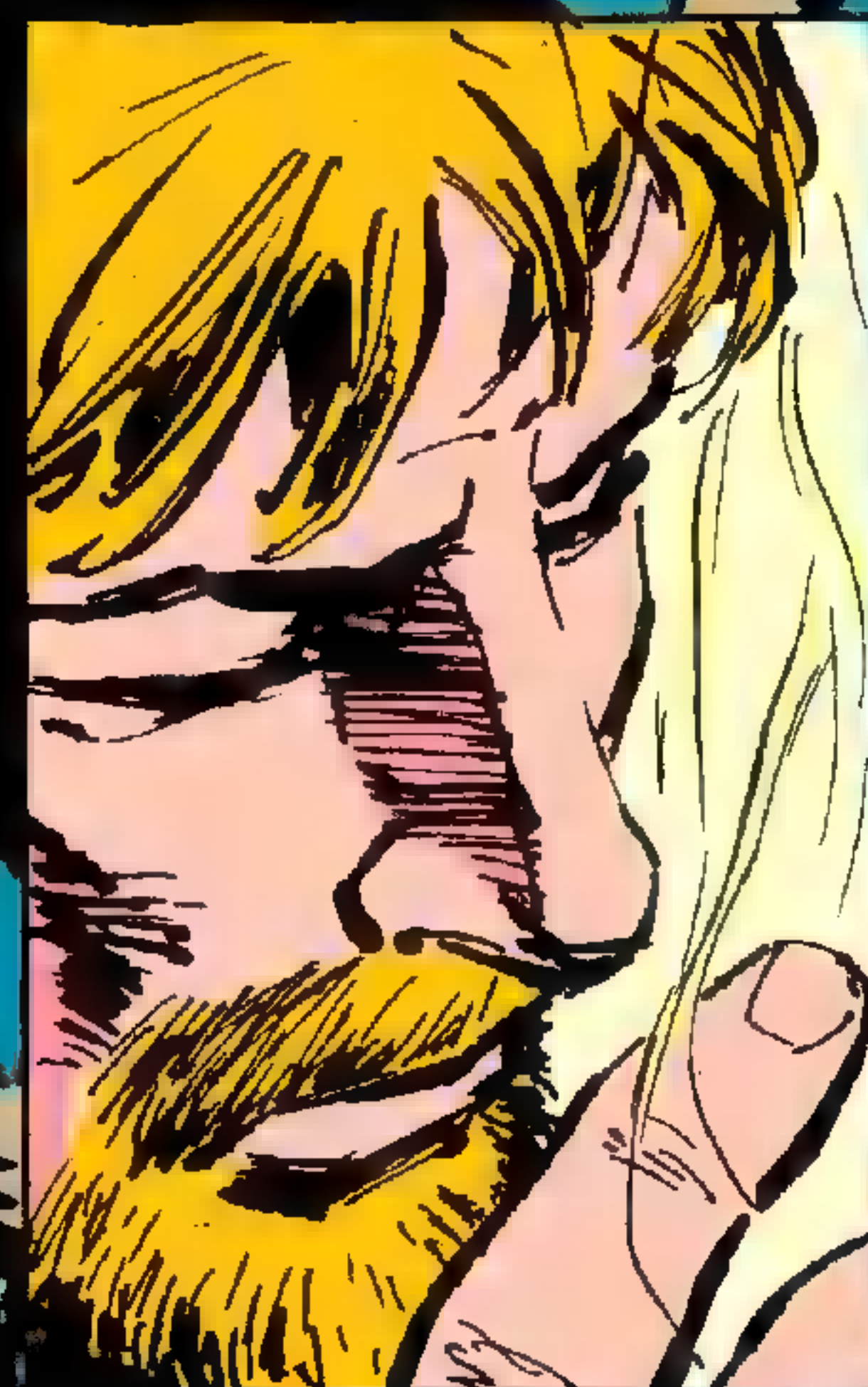
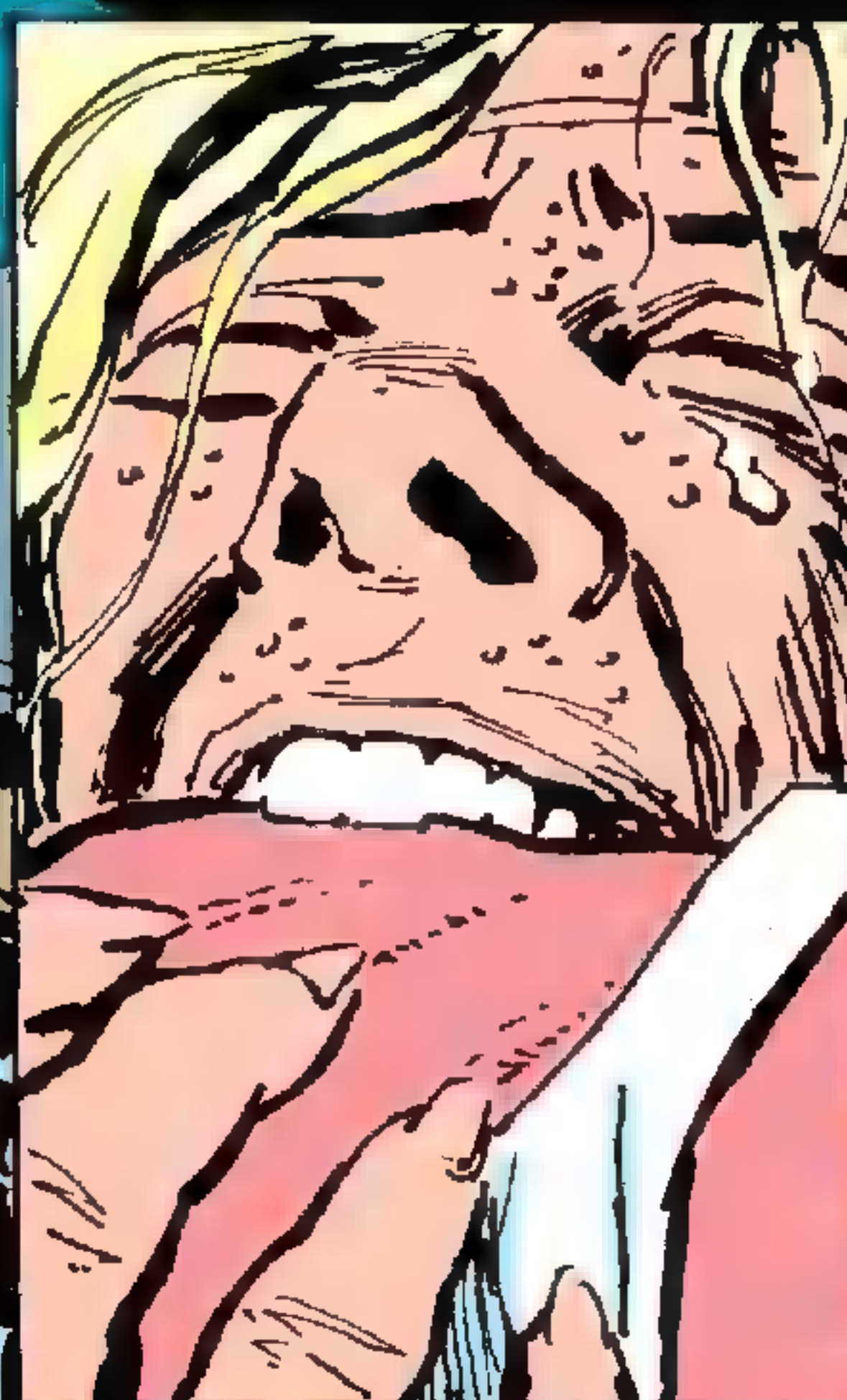
--AND THE MOVIES GOT WORSE AND WORSE AND PIECE BY PIECE KAREN PAGE SOLD HER SOUL--

--THE LAST PIECE SHE SOLD FOR A SHOT OF HEROIN-- A LOUSY FIX FOR THE LOUSY JUNKIE SHE'D BECOME--

--THE LAST PIECE OF HER-- MATT-- SHE SOLD MATT OUT-- TOLD A PUSHER THAT MATT IS DAREDEVIL--

--AND THE PUSHER SOLD THAT TO MATT'S ENEMIES-- AND THEY TOOK MATT'S HOME AND CAREER AND EVERYTHING--

--NO-- NOT EVERYTHING--





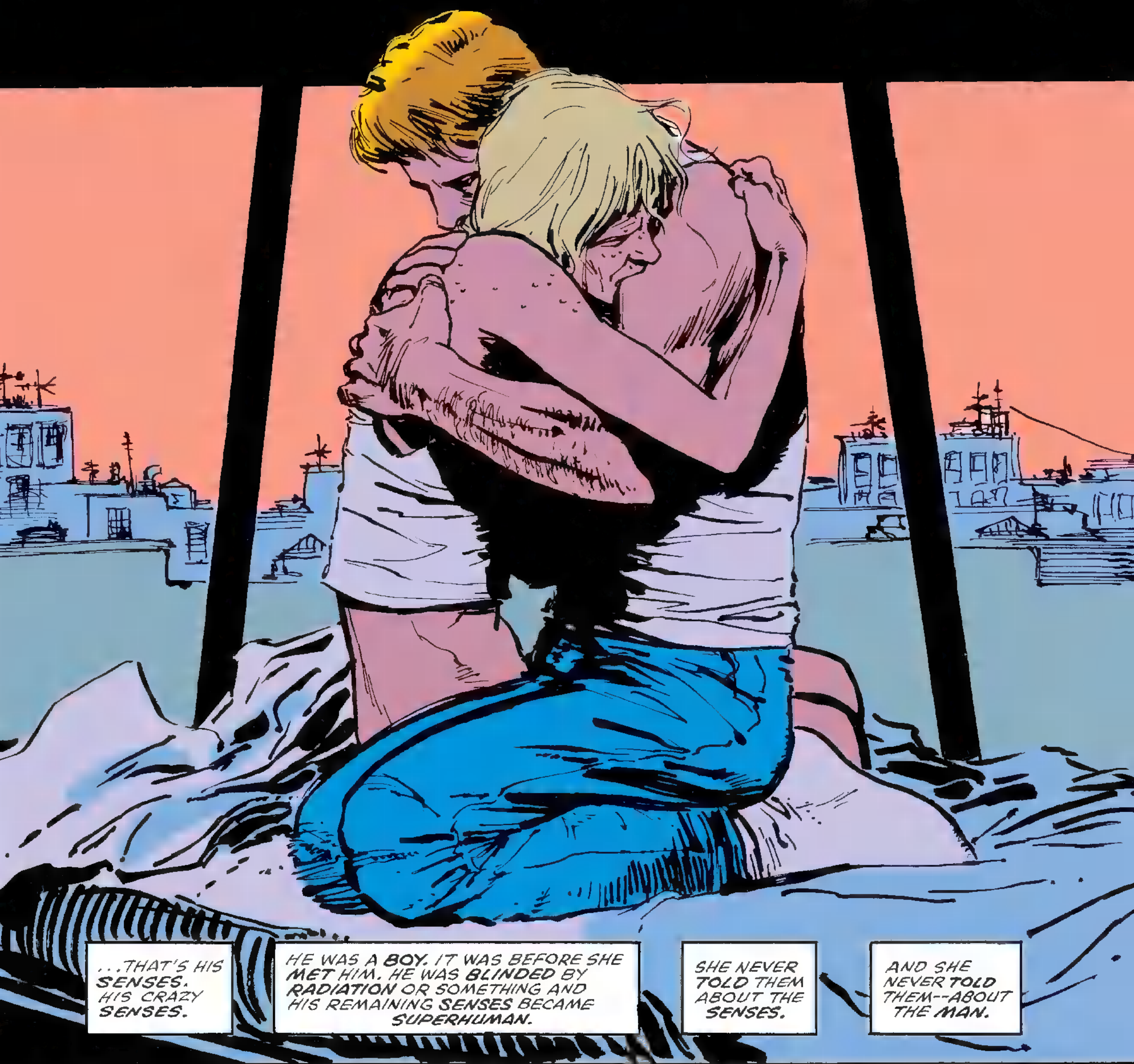
--"NOTHING" HE'D SAID, MATT DID, WHEN SHE TOLD HIM WHAT SHE'D DONE--

--"I'VE LOST NOTHING," MATT SAID, AND LAUGHED LIKE A BOY--

--AND KAREN DIDN'T UNDERSTAND--AND MATT KISSED HER--

--AND HELD HER...

...AND KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT TO SAY AND WHEN TO MAKE HER EAT AND HOW TO TOUCH THE MUSCLES IN HER BACK TO MAKE HER SLEEP...



...THAT'S HIS SENSES. HIS CRAZY SENSES.

HE WAS A BOY. IT WAS BEFORE SHE MET HIM. HE WAS BLINDED BY RADIATION OR SOMETHING AND HIS REMAINING SENSES BECAME SUPERHUMAN.

SHE NEVER TOLD THEM ABOUT THE SENSES.

AND SHE NEVER TOLD THEM--ABOUT THE MAN.

STAN LEE presents

# GOD AND COUNTRY

by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

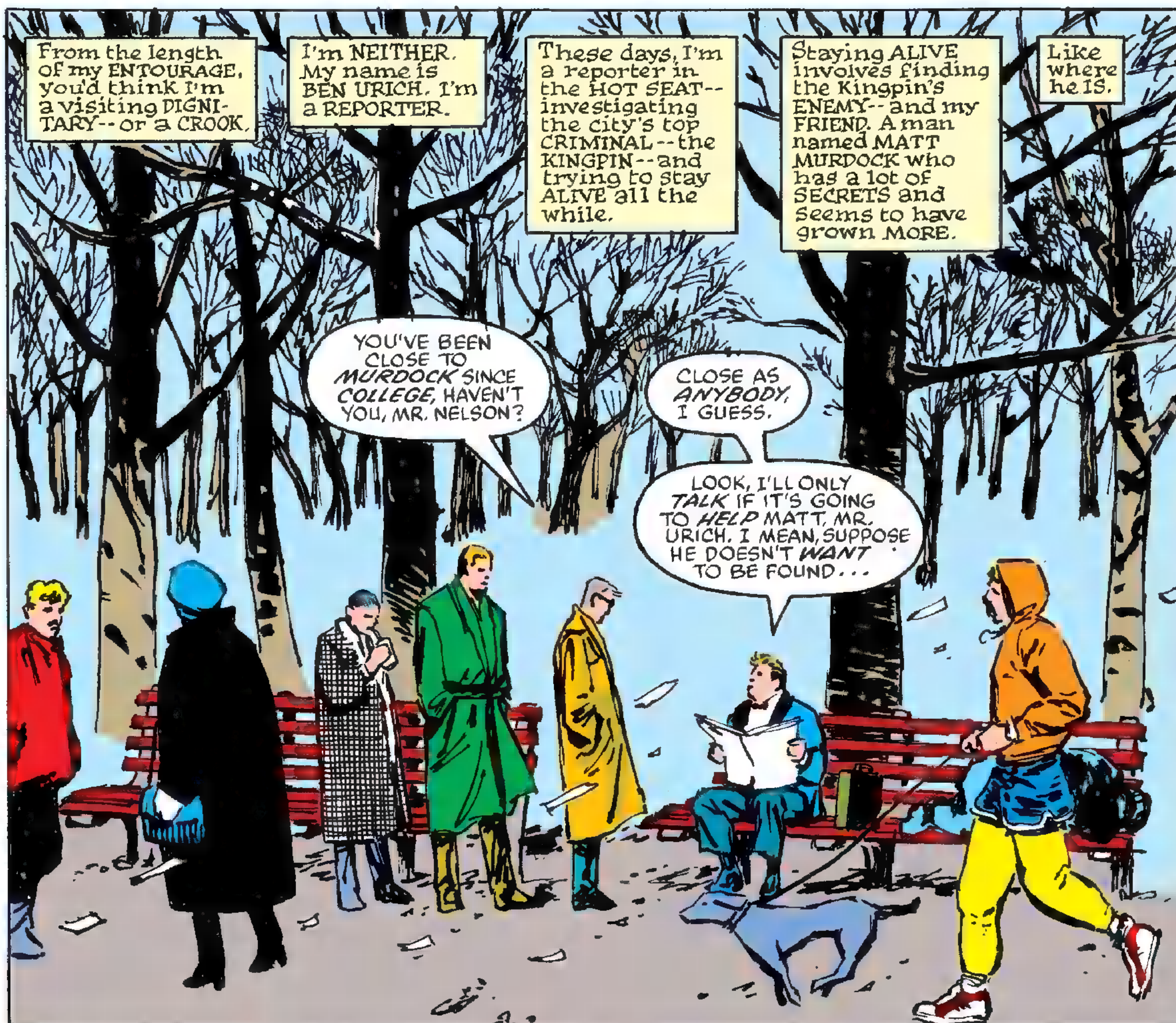
MAX SCHEELE  
COLORS

JOE ROSEN  
LETTERS

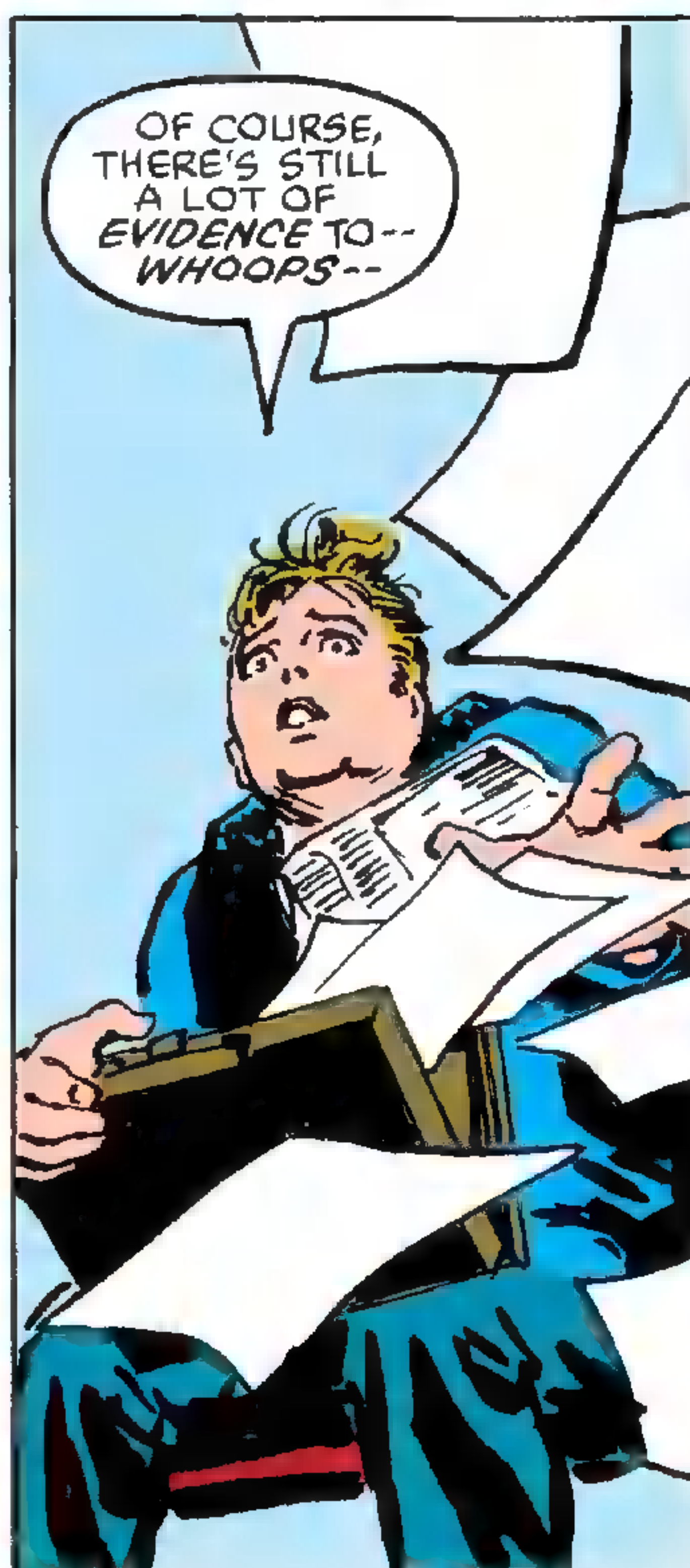
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EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER  
EDITOR IN CHIEF



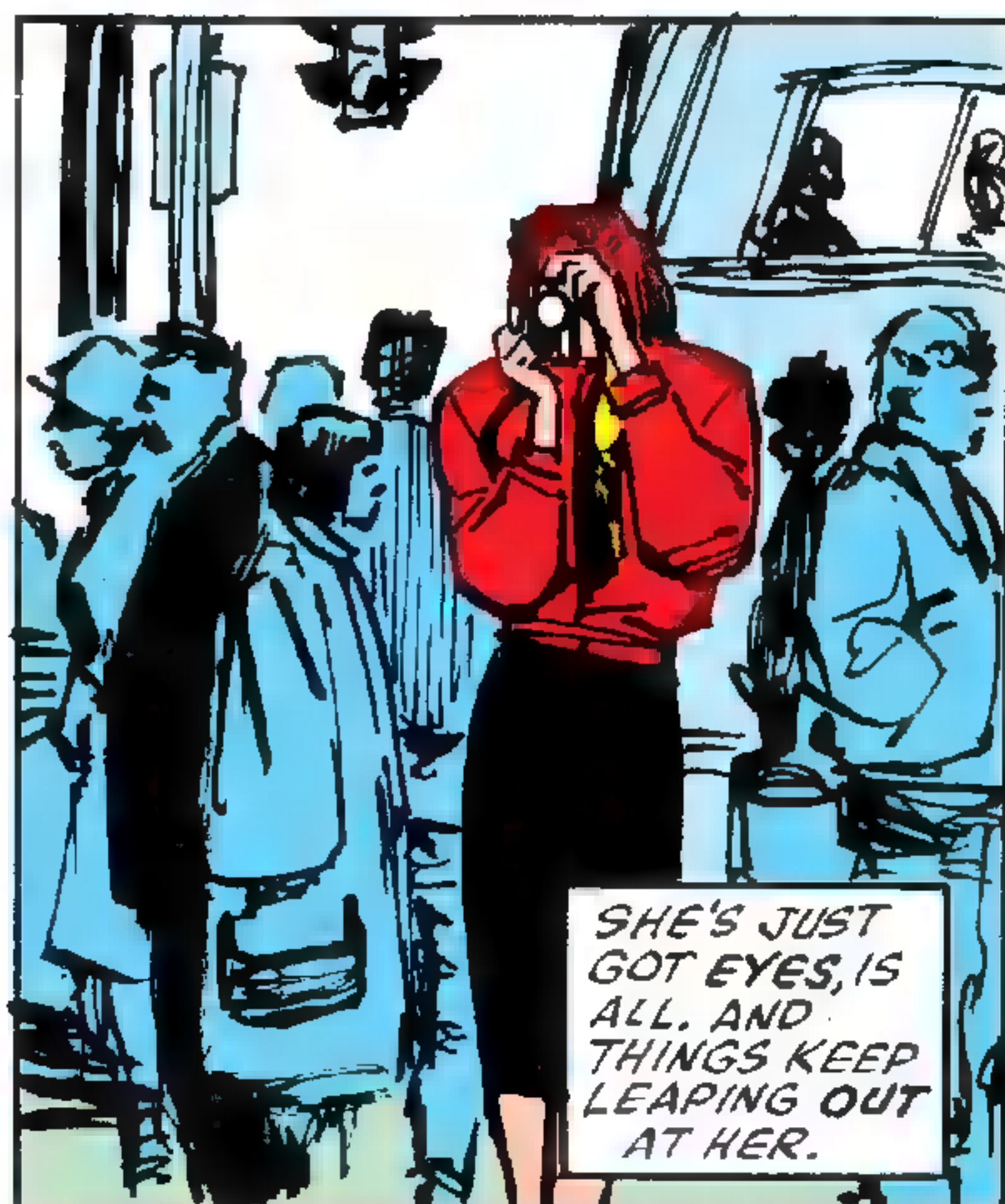








IT'S NOT LIKE SHE'S SOME FINE ART GALLERY FLIRT LOOKING TO COURT THE WINE AND CHEESE CROWD AND TALK ABOUT HER CHILDHOOD AS IF IT WERE WORTH THE TELLING.



LIKE THAT MAN THERE SO BIG AND TOUGH AND JUST THE SAME HOLDING ONTO THAT JACKHAMMER FOR DEAR LIFE--



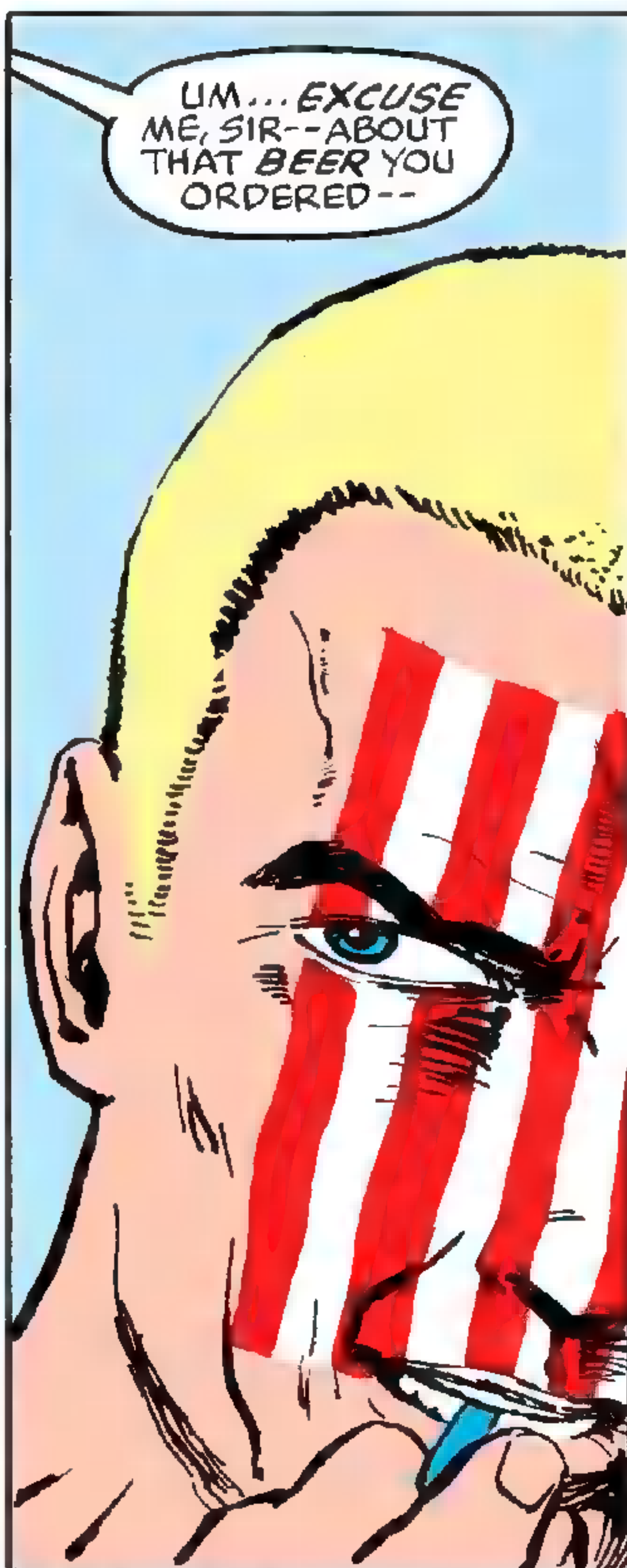
--JUST LEAPED OUT AND BEGGED TO BE TAKEN.



GIVE ME A BLUE.



UM... EXCUSE ME, SIR-- ABOUT THAT BEER YOU ORDERED--



--WE DON'T HAVE THE BRAND YOU ASKED FOR-- IT ISN'T MADE ANYMORE-- SO WE SUBSTITUTED--

AAAA--

THIS BRAND-- WHERE WAS IT BREWED?



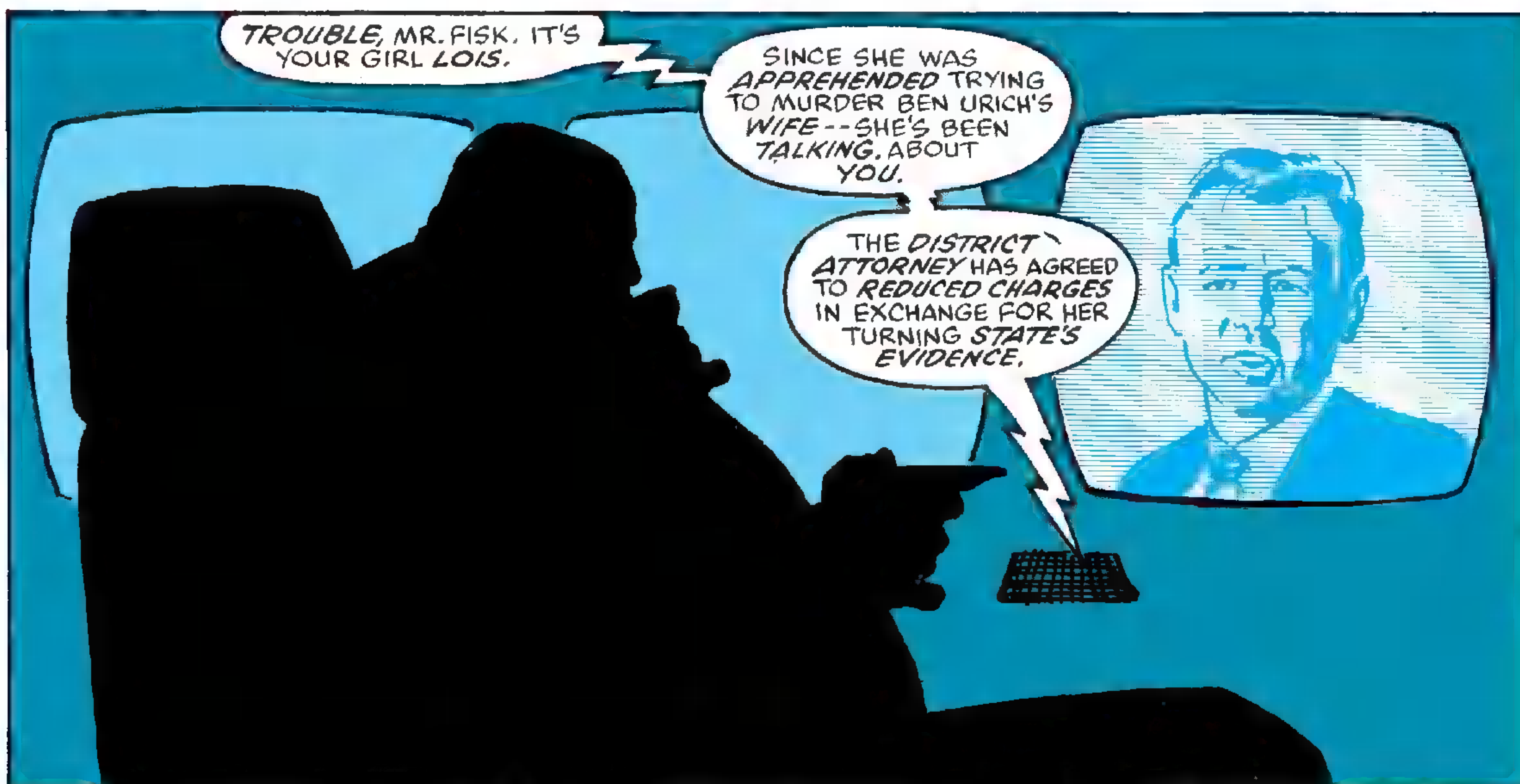
M--MILWAUKEE.

DON'T WORRY, BOY. IT'S AMERICAN.

ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT.







TROUBLE, MR. FISK. IT'S YOUR GIRL LOIS.

SINCE SHE WAS APPREHENDED TRYING TO MURDER BEN URICH'S WIFE--SHE'S BEEN TALKING ABOUT YOU.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HAS AGREED TO REDUCED CHARGES IN EXCHANGE FOR HER TURNING STATE'S EVIDENCE.



I'M AFRAID THAT'S NOT ALL. EVER SINCE URICH GOT ON YOUR CASE, HE'S BEEN COZY WITH THE D.A.--

--AND NOW HE'S LANDED AN INTERVIEW WITH LOIS.



COMMISSIONER...YOU WILL SEE TO IT THAT OFFICER COOGAN IS ON DUTY AT THE TIME OF THE INTERVIEW.

THAT IS ALL.

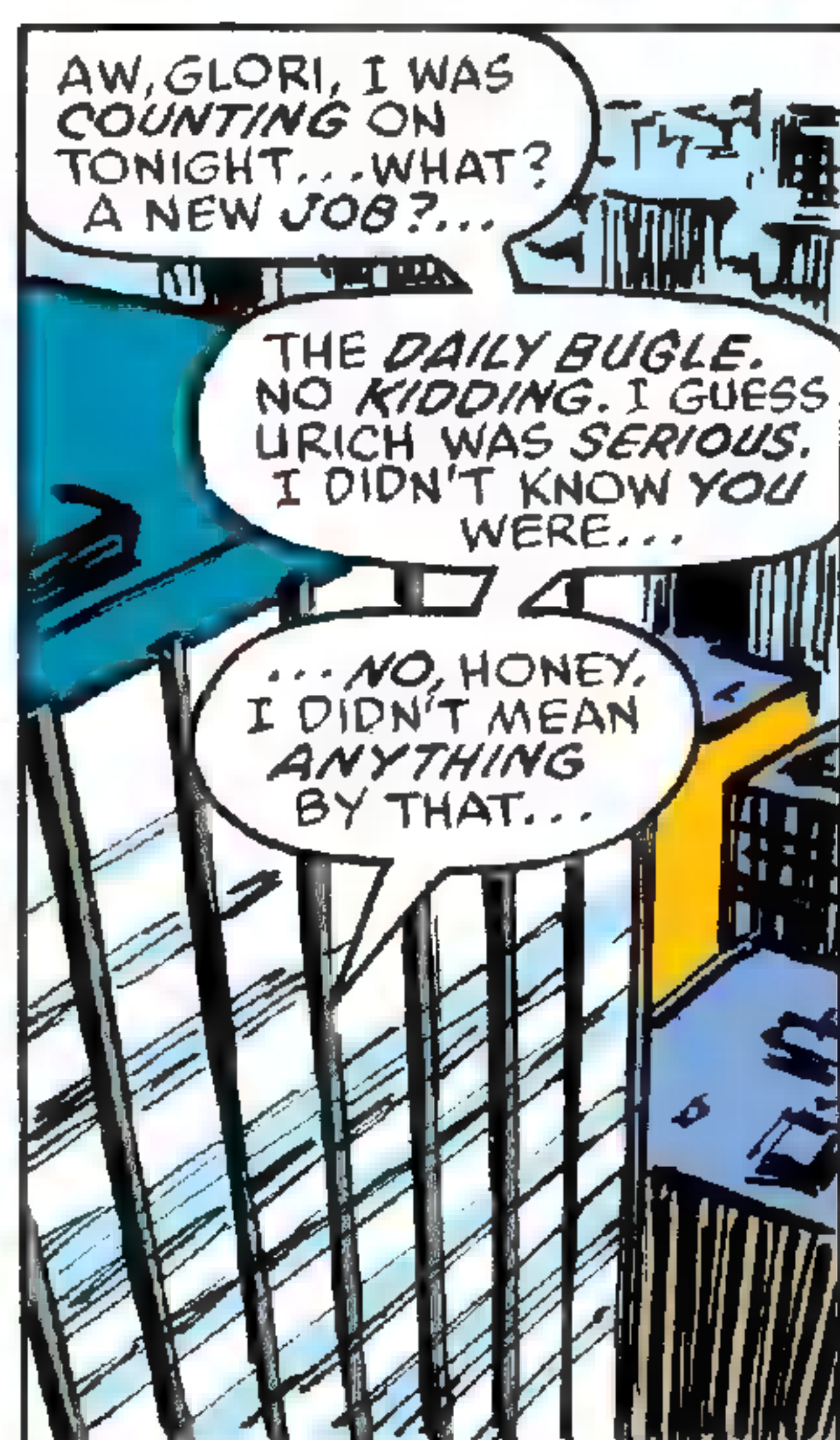
MR. FISK-- ABOUT THOSE PICTURES...



EMBARRASSING, AREN'T THEY, COMMISSIONER? SUCH AN ORDINARY COCKTAIL WAITRESS. YOUR WIFE WOULD BE INSULTED.

YOU NEED NOT WORRY, MY FRIEND. I WILL KEEP THE PHOTOS SAFE.

QUITE SAFE.



AW, GLORI, I WAS COUNTING ON TONIGHT...WHAT? A NEW JOB?...

THE DAILY BUGLE. NO KIDDING. I GUESS URICH WAS SERIOUS. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE...

...NO, HONEY. I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING BY THAT...



...IT'S JUST THAT YOUR PHOTOGRAPHY NEVER... I MEAN, YOU NEVER TALKED ABOUT IT...NO, NO-- MORE LIKE A HOBBY...

...YES, I GUESS I DO KNOW NOW... OF COURSE I'M HAPPY FOR YOU, HONEY...

...WELL, I JUST WANTED TO TALK TO YOU...IT'S THIS JOB. IT...



...OH, FOR CORPORATE WORK IT'S OKAY... AND THE PAY IS GREAT... BUT...

...BUT SOME OF THE WORK THEY DO HERE... I'M NOT SURE IT'S LEGITIMATE...



HE'D BEEN UP ALL NIGHT WITH HER.



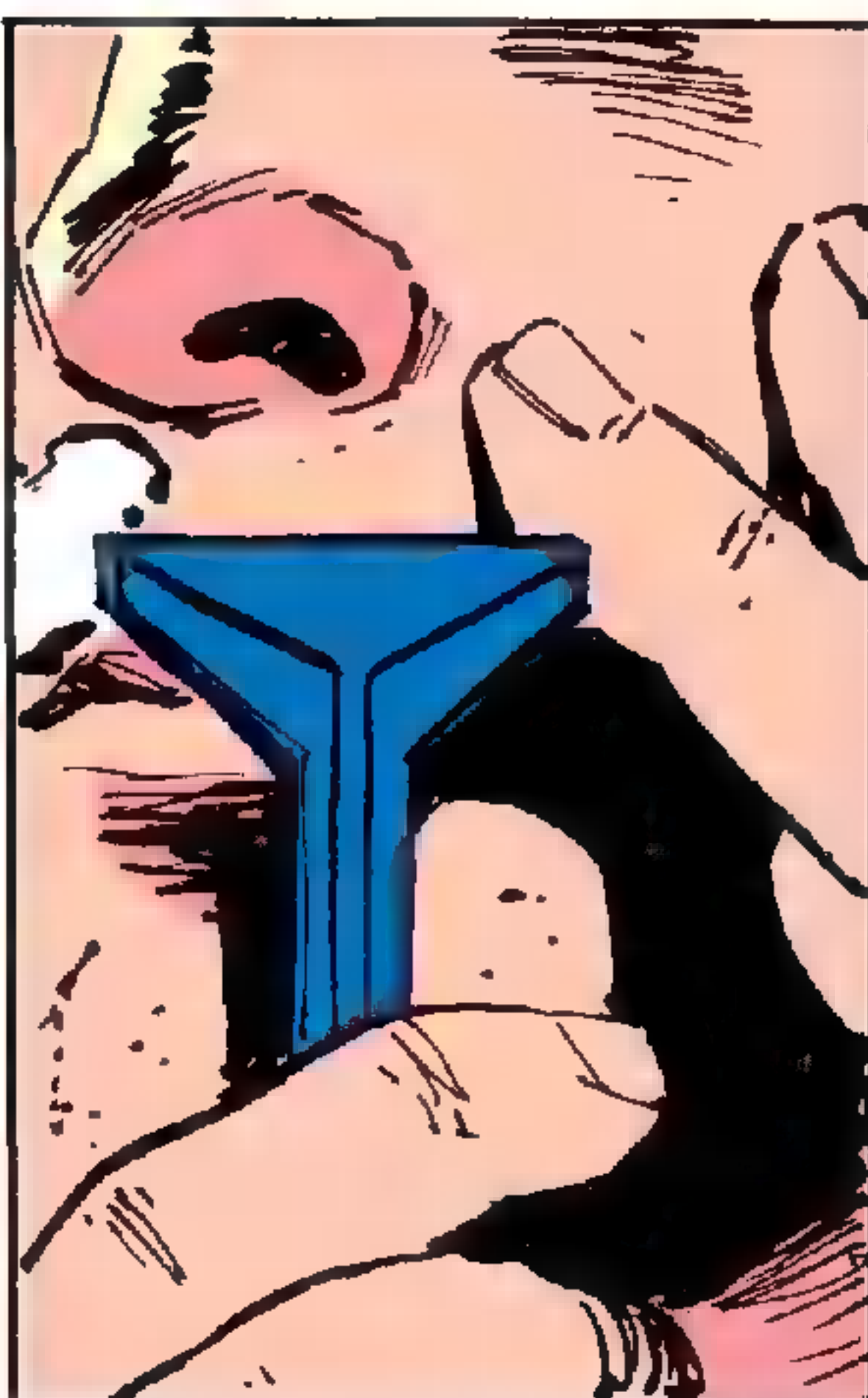
IT WAS EARLY IN THE MORNING AND HE BOUGHT A RAZOR AND WAS SHAVING. HE WAS ABOUT TO GO TO WORK--



-- HE ACTUALLY LIKES THAT JOB HE FOUND--



-- WHEN KAREN FELL ASLEEP.



SHE WOKE ALONE BUT THAT'S OKAY, NOW. THE WORST IS OVER. FOR ME IT'S OVER, SHE THINKS--

-- BUT MATT-- WHAT'S HE GOING THROUGH?

AND WHAT'S HE WAITING FOR?

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HE KEEPS TOUCHING THE COSTUME AND PACING AND FROWNING LIKE A LITTLE KID WHO HAS TO STAY AFTER CLASS. WHY DOESN'T HE JUST PUT THE THING ON AND DANCE ACROSS THE BUILDINGS-- HE'S LIKE A GOD WHEN HE DOES THAT-- HE'S ACHING FOR IT...

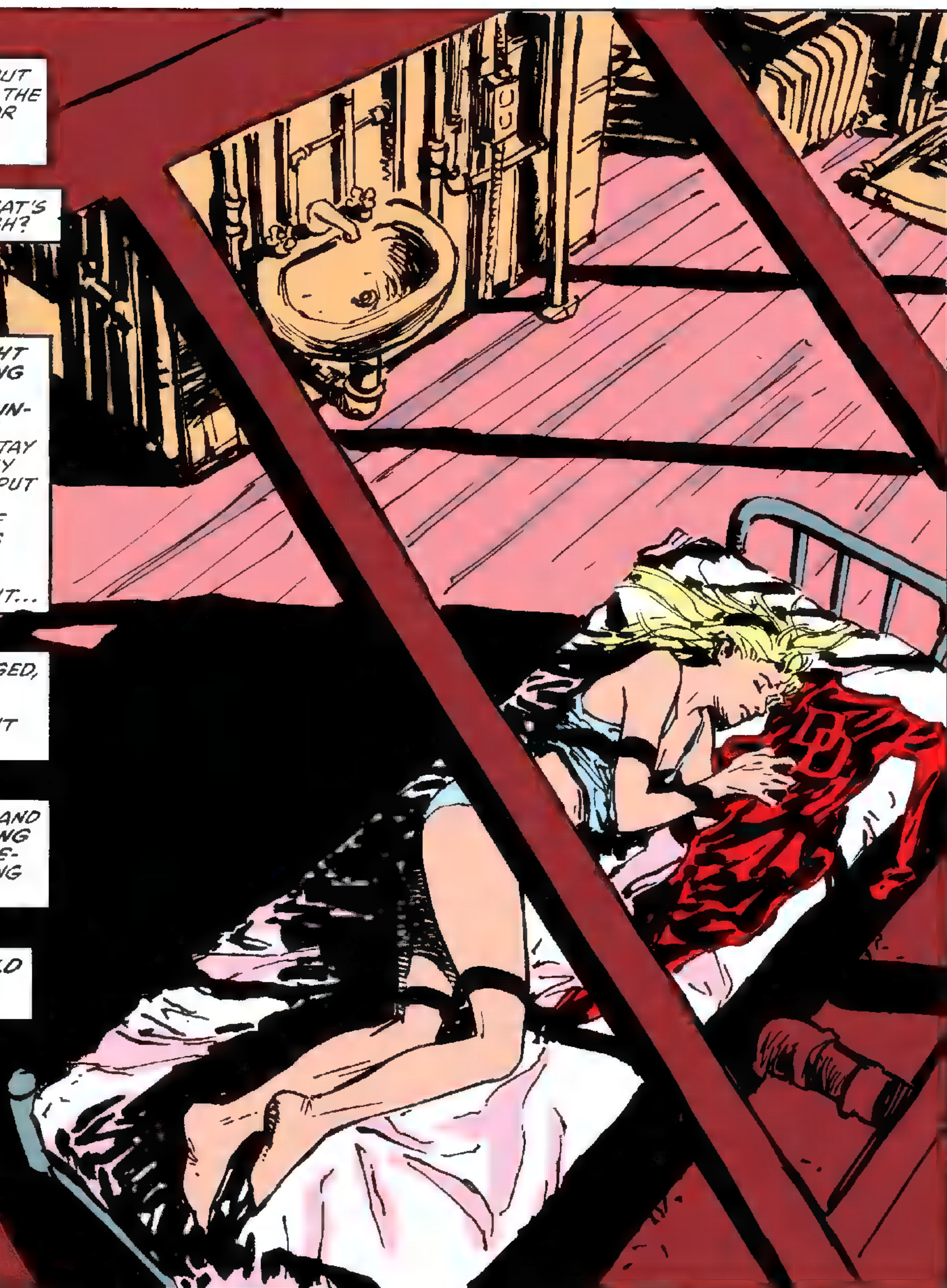
WE'VE BOTH CHANGED, MATT. I USED TO WORRY WHEN YOU DID PUT IT ON. BUT NOW...

... YOU'RE WARM AND SWEET AND STRONG BUT THERE'S SOMETHING... SOMETHING NEW...

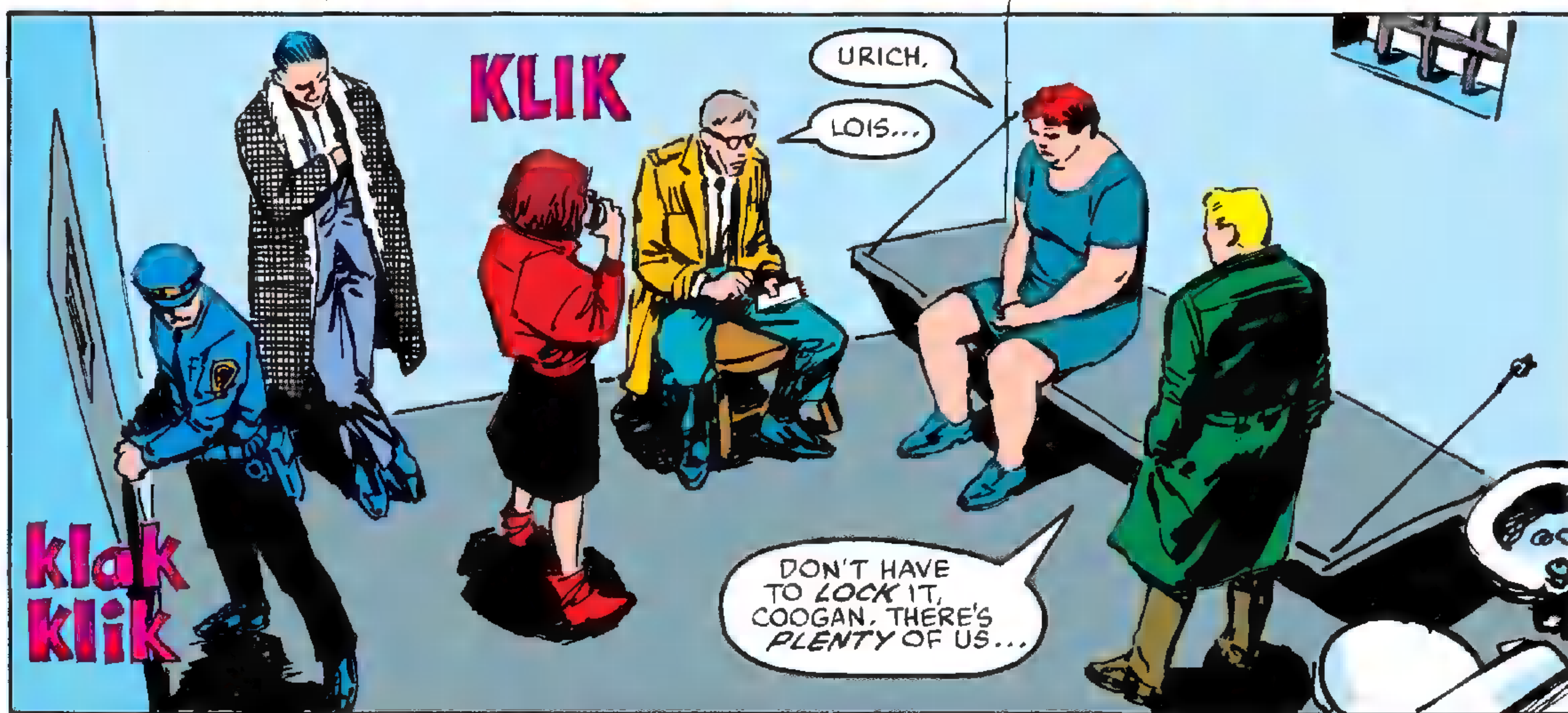
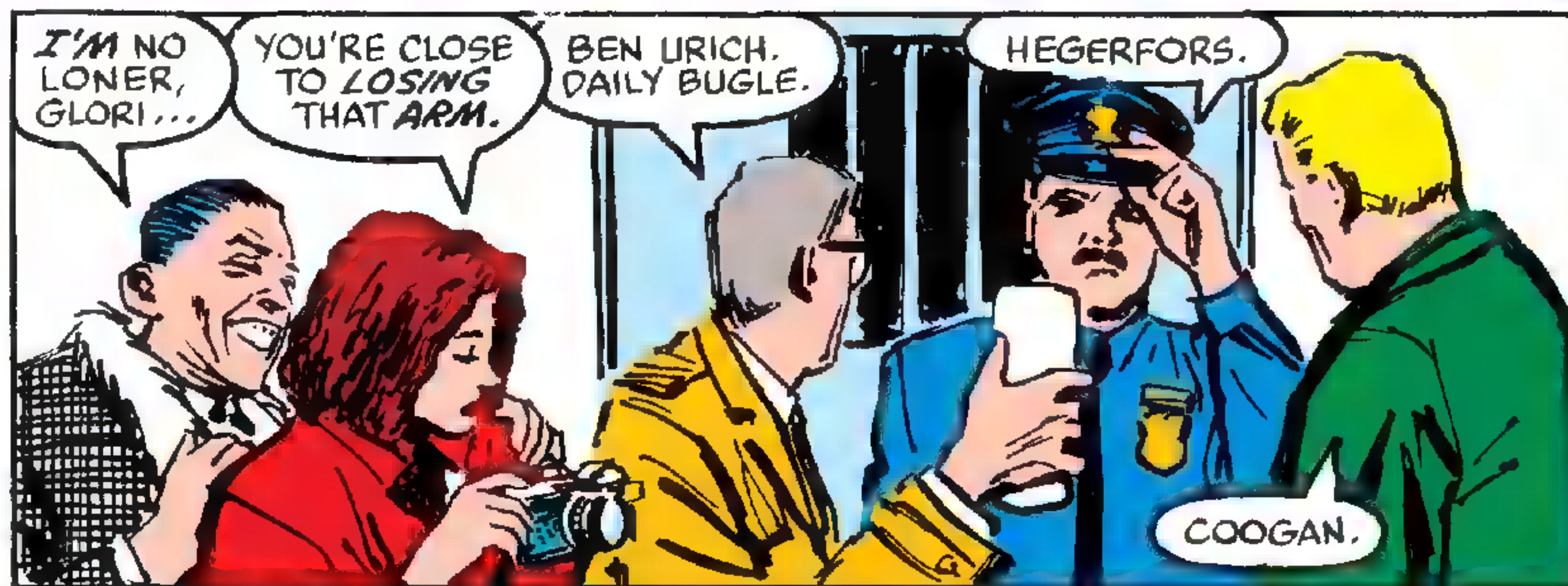
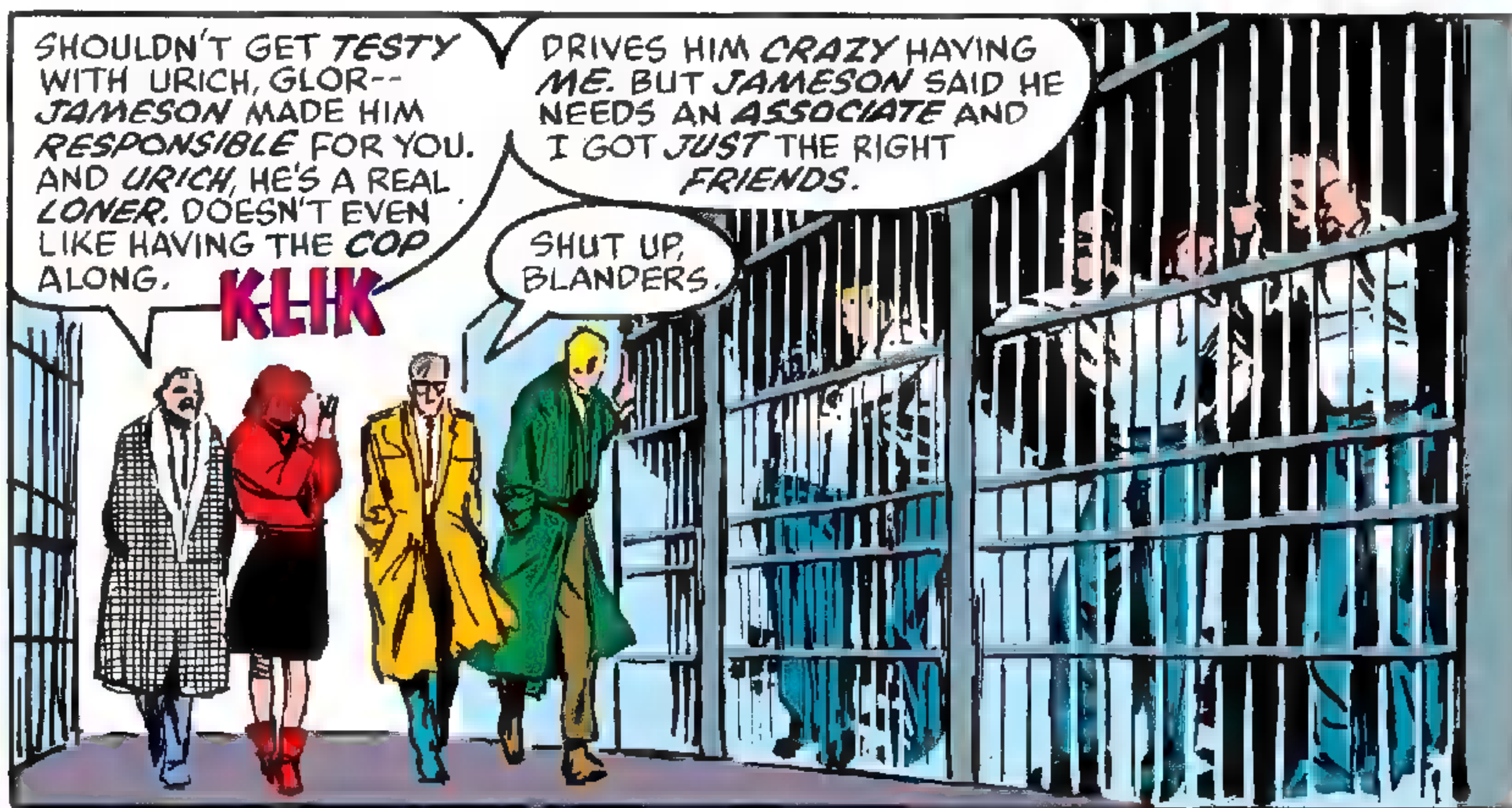
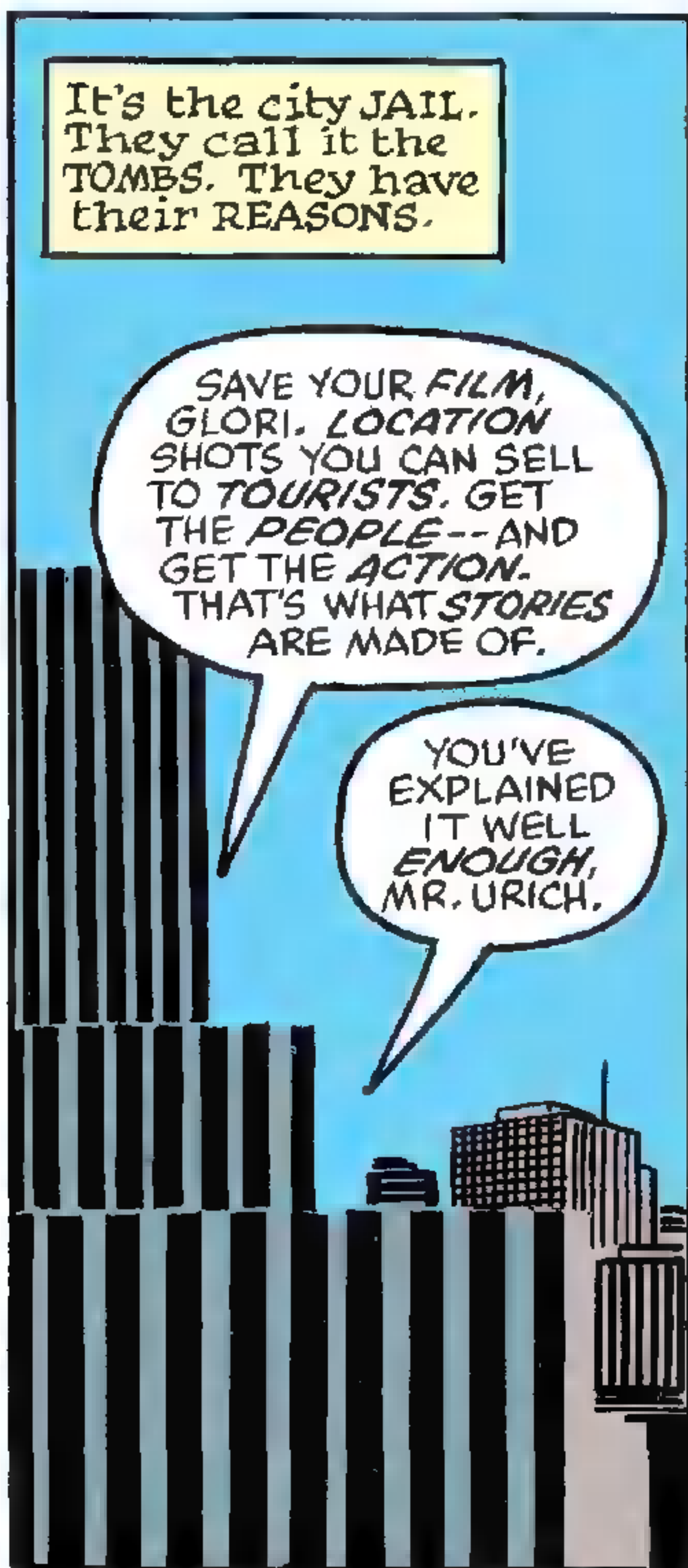
... SOMETHING COLD AND HARD. SOMETHING WAITING.

SOMETHING FRIGHTENING.

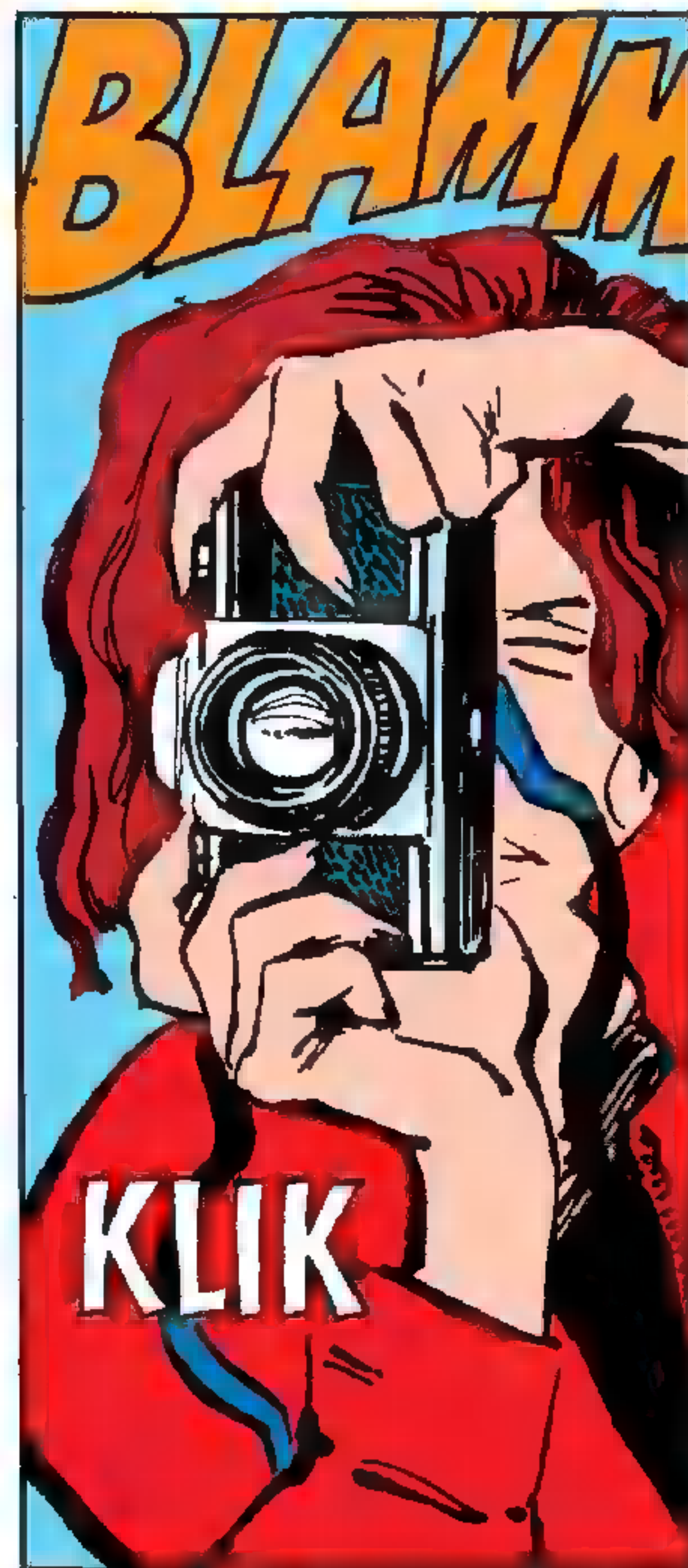
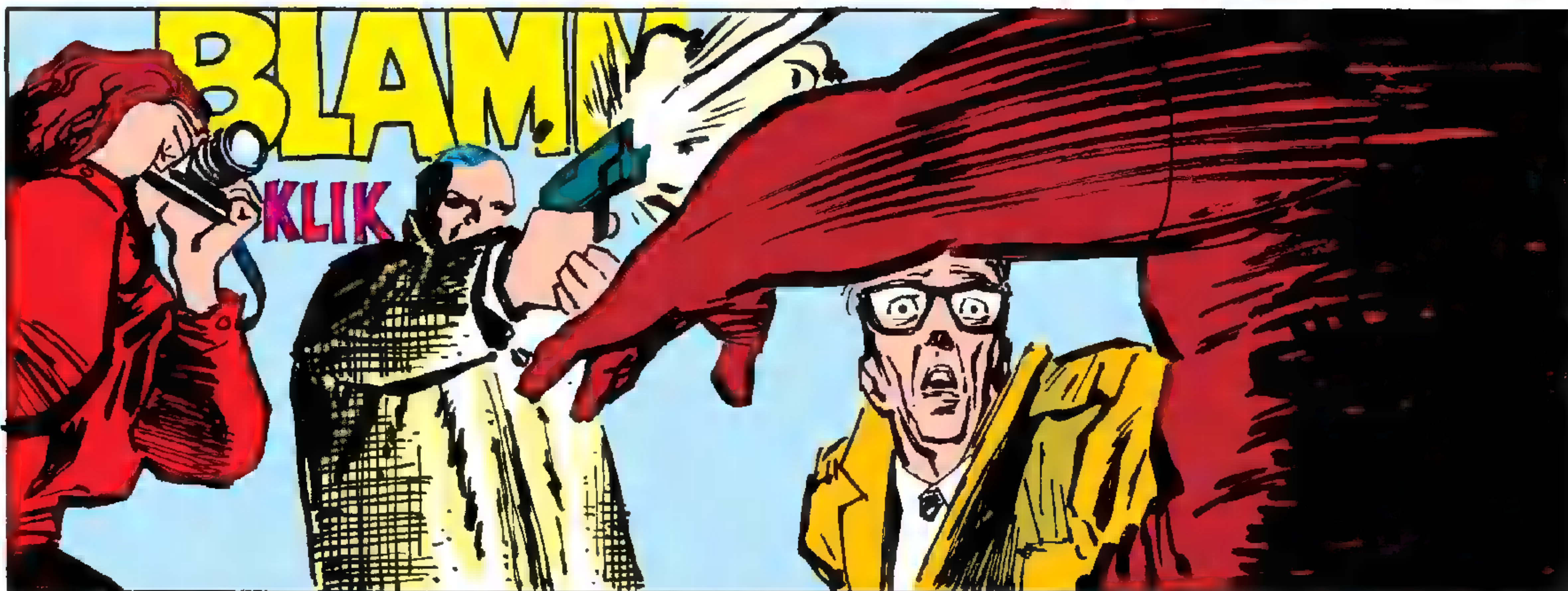
HE'S STILL MATT, SHE THINKS, AND SLEEPS.



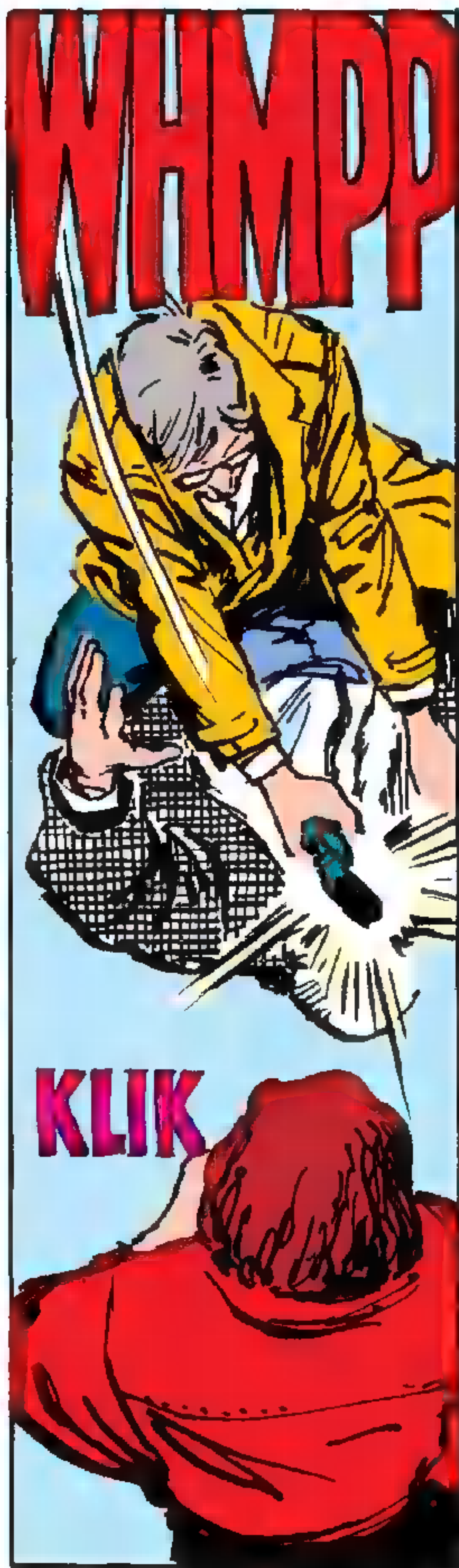
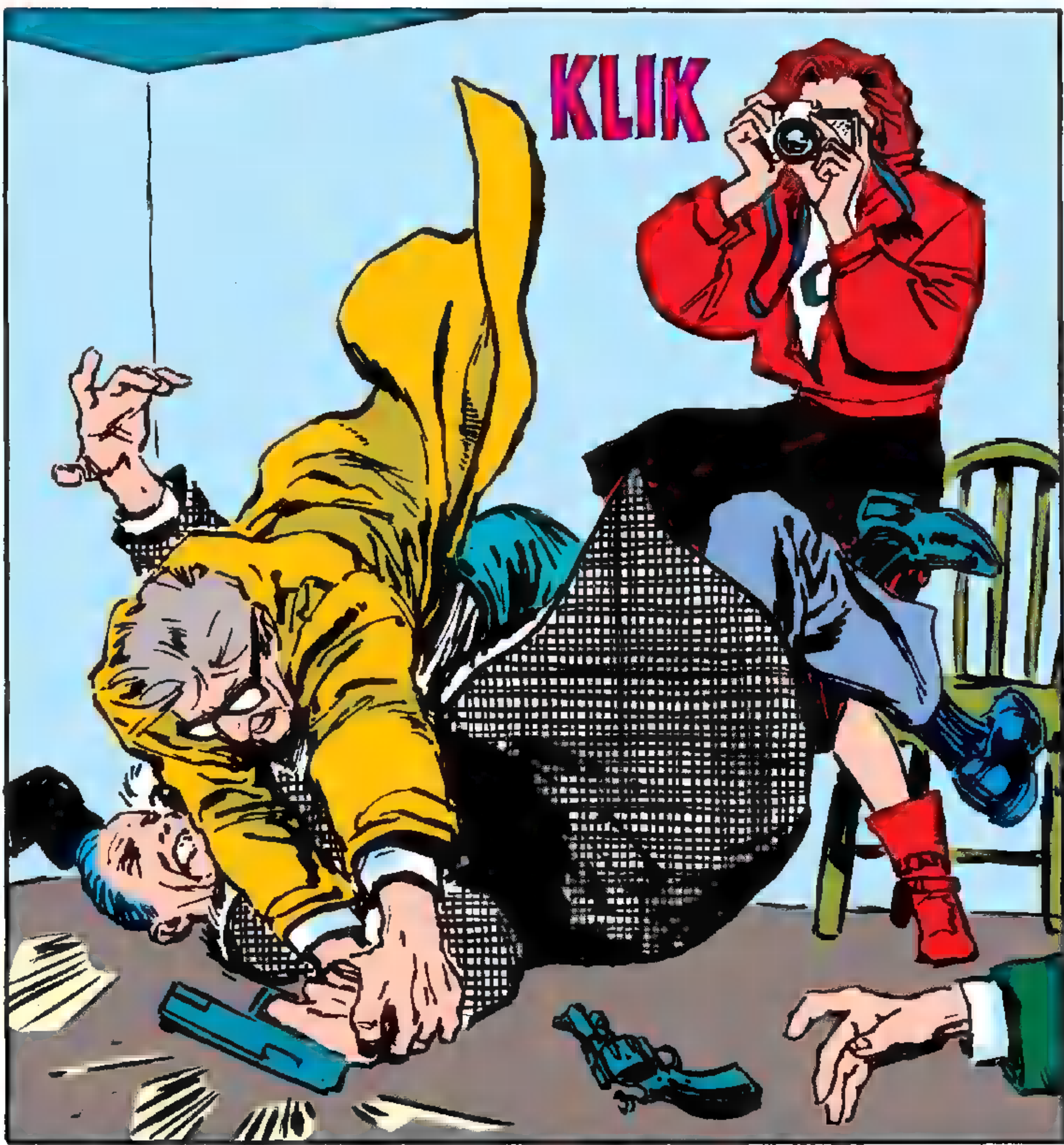




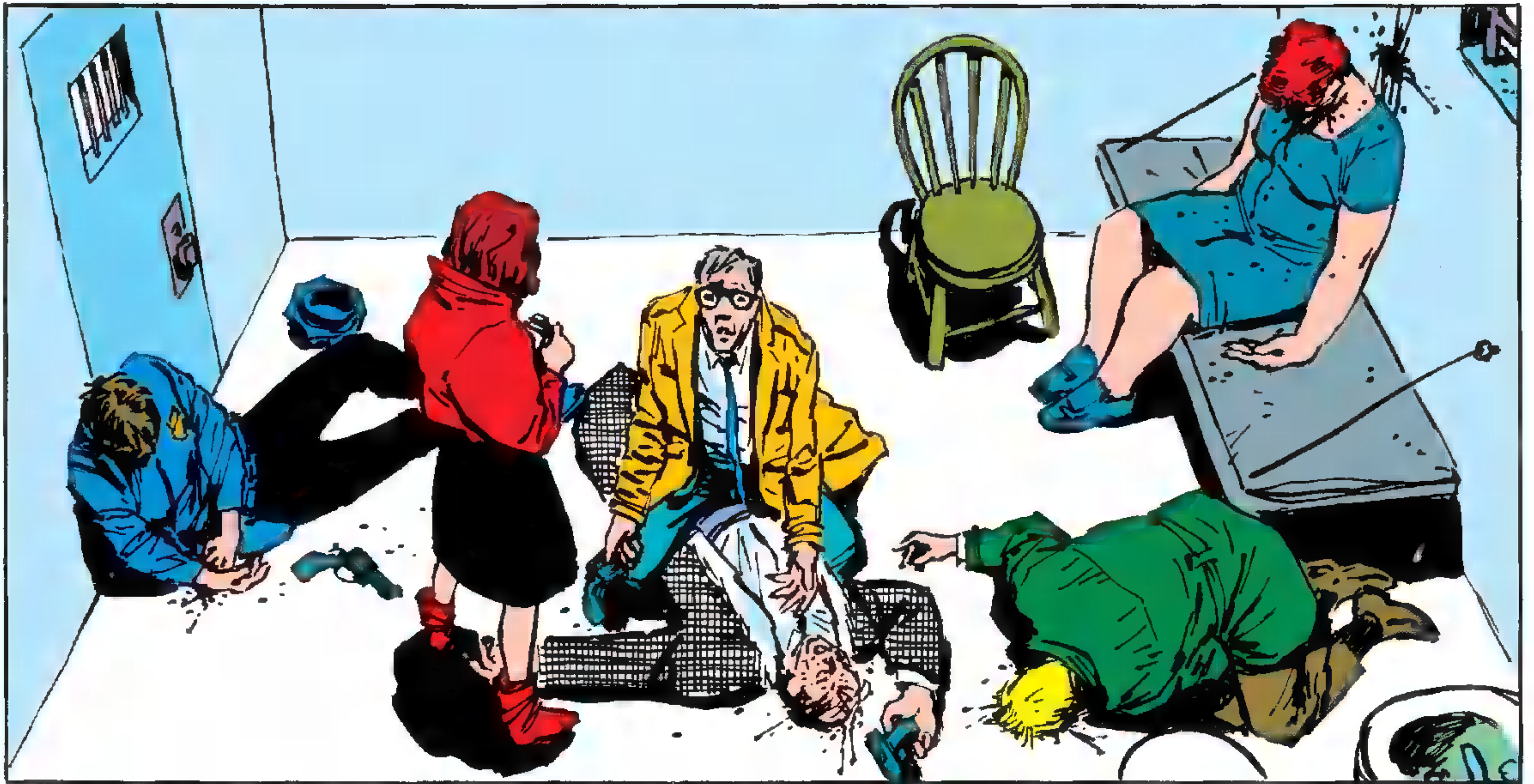
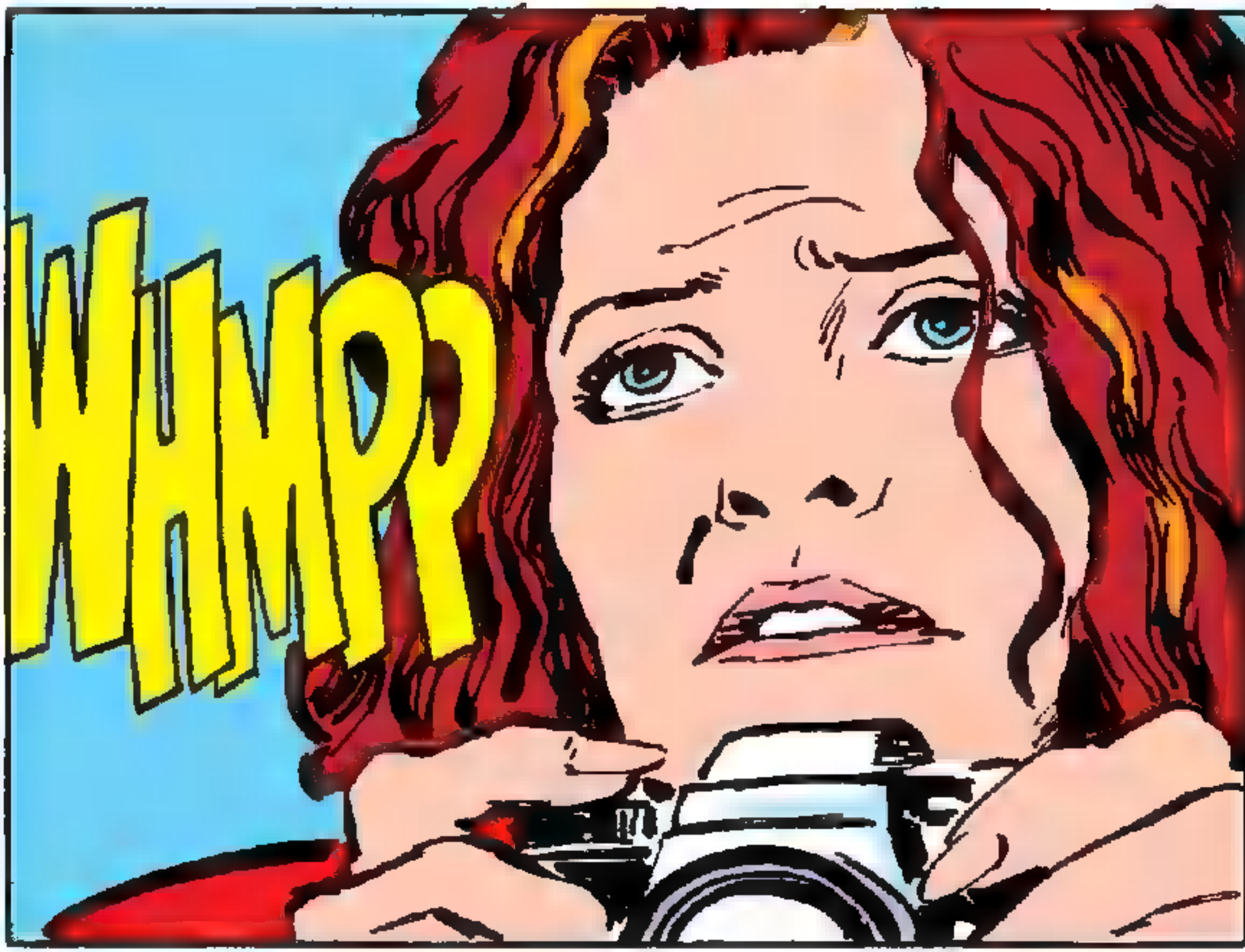








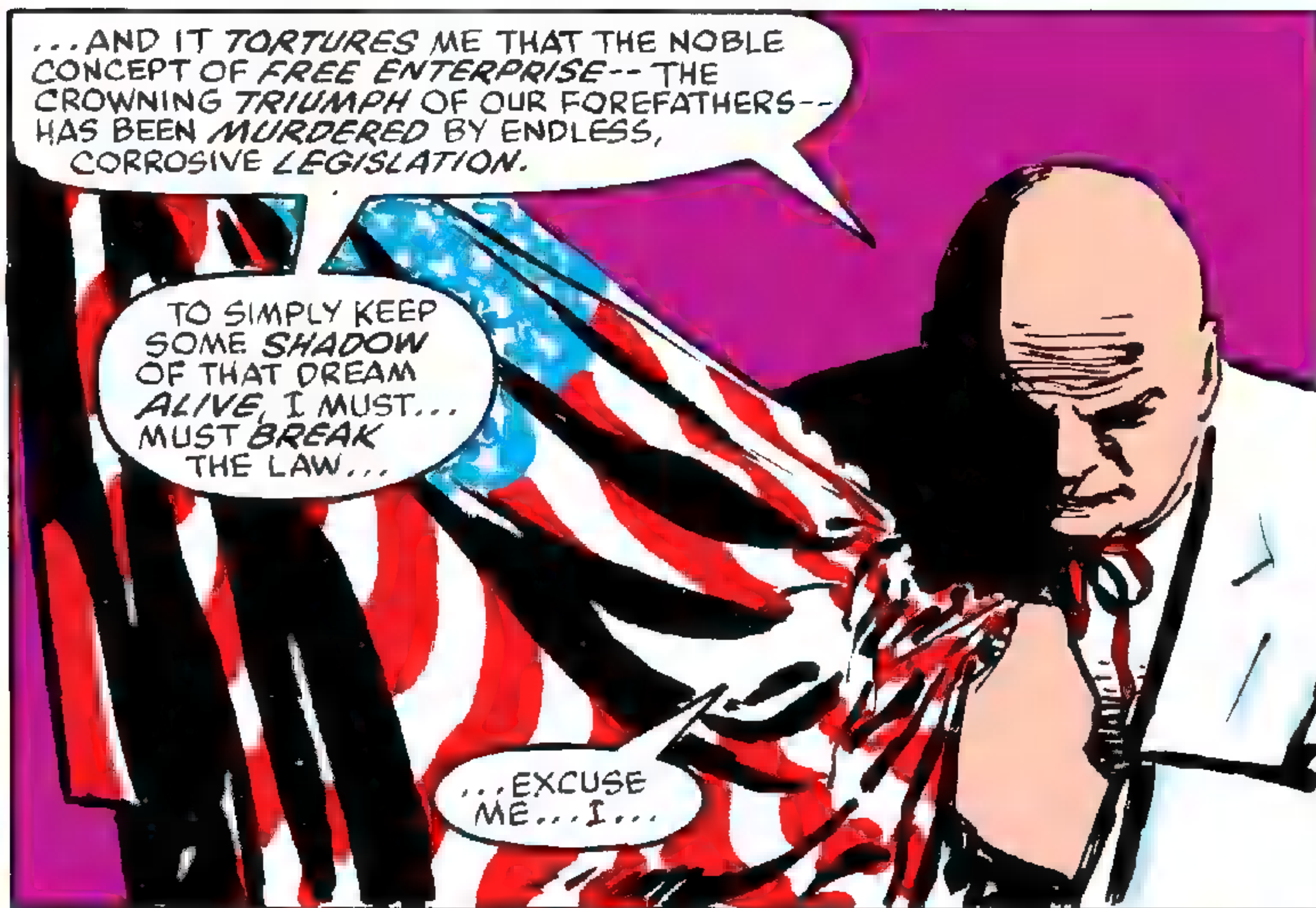








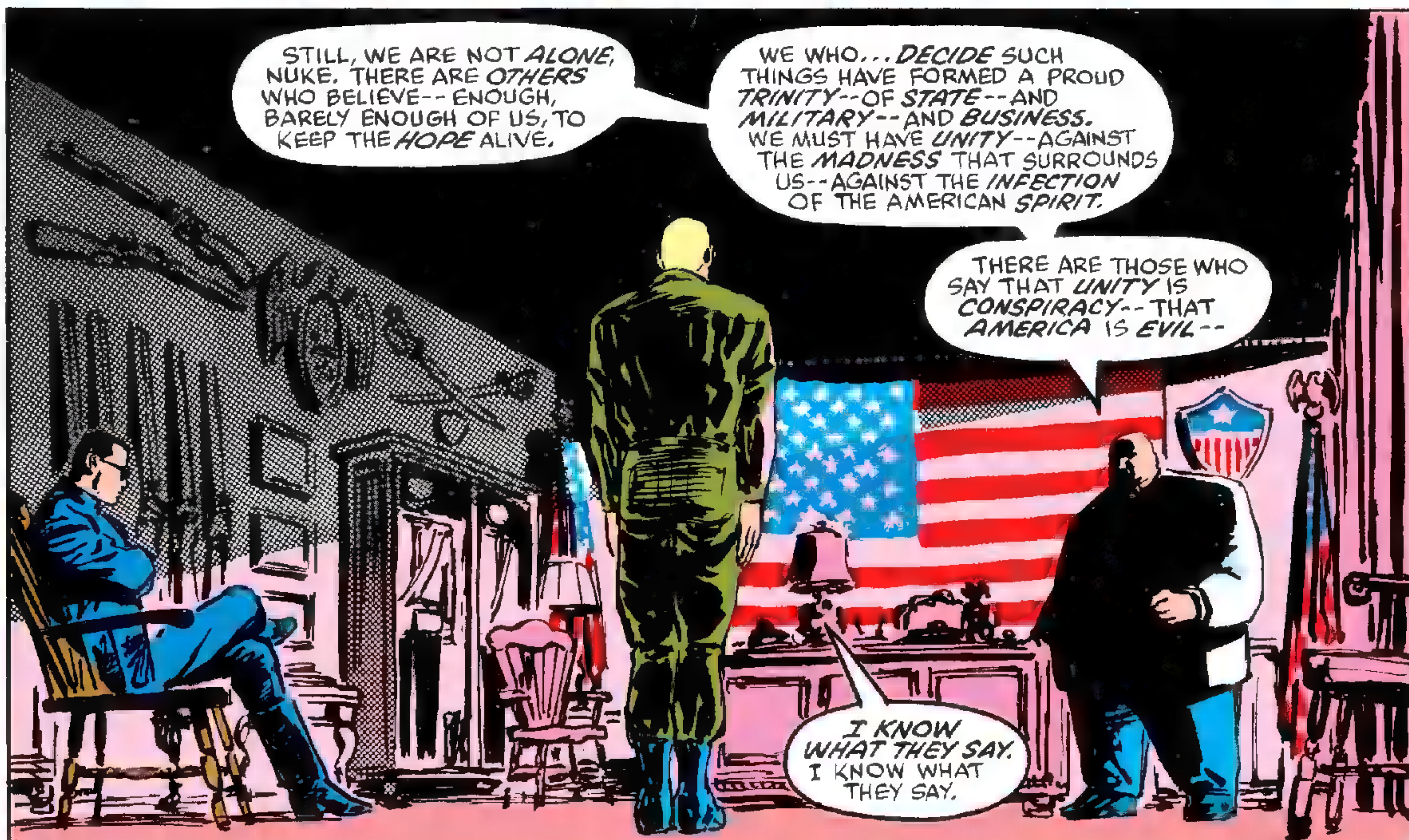
OUR BOYS...



...AND IT TORTURES ME THAT THE NOBLE CONCEPT OF FREE ENTERPRISE-- THE CROWNING TRIUMPH OF OUR FOREFATHERS-- HAS BEEN MURDERED BY ENDLESS, CORROSIVE LEGISLATION.

TO SIMPLY KEEP SOME SHADOW OF THAT DREAM ALIVE, I MUST... MUST BREAK THE LAW...

...EXCUSE ME... I...



STILL, WE ARE NOT ALONE, NUKE. THERE ARE OTHERS WHO BELIEVE-- ENOUGH, BARELY ENOUGH OF US, TO KEEP THE HOPE ALIVE.

WE WHO... DECIDE SUCH THINGS HAVE FORMED A PROUD TRINITY-- OF STATE-- AND MILITARY-- AND BUSINESS. WE MUST HAVE UNITY-- AGAINST THE MADNESS THAT SURROUNDS US-- AGAINST THE INFECTION OF THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO SAY THAT UNITY IS CONSPIRACY-- THAT AMERICA IS EVIL--

I KNOW WHAT THEY SAY. I KNOW WHAT THEY SAY.



--AND NOW A SINGLE MAN THREATENS TO DESTROY WHAT WE HAVE BUILT. HE MOVES AGAINST ME-- CALLS ME A VILLAIN.

I AM NOT A VILLAIN, MY SON. I AM A CORPORATION-- IN THE CONGLOMERATE THAT IS AMERICA. BUT HIS ALLIES IN THE PRESS--

THE PRESS...



WHERE IS HE?

HELL'S KITCHEN.



HELL'S KITCHEN  
IS ACHING  
MUSCLES AND  
GROWLING  
STOMACHS--  
CHILDREN'S FEET  
ON BROKEN  
GLASS-- HOPE-  
LESS LAUGHTER,  
ECHOING ACROSS  
AN EMPTY LOT.

HELL'S KITCHEN  
IS WHERE I WAS  
BORN-- AND  
BORN AGAIN.

THE BURGERS  
SIZZLE AND  
SNAP. THE  
BACON POPS  
ON THE GRIDDLE,  
NEARLY READY.  
THE EGGS--  
THEY'RE THE  
BEST PART--

--OVER EASY--  
HOT SECONDS  
TO GET THEM  
JUST SOLID  
ENOUGH-- THEN  
FLIP THEM--  
NEATLY, QUICKLY--

-- THEN GET  
THEM OFF  
WHILE THE  
YOLK IS STILL  
QUIVERING,  
BARELY  
CONTAINED...

...ANOTHER  
DAY PASSES.  
ANOTHER DAY  
OF WAITING.

QUITTING TIME, RED.  
SEE YOU IN THE MORNING.

GIVE THE  
BURGERS ABOUT  
TEN MORE SECONDS  
AND THEY'LL BE  
PERFECT.

GOOD CROWD  
TONIGHT--

-- THAT  
COUGH--

-- BEN...

...HE SOUNDS LIKE  
HE'S IN SHOCK...

... I COME HERE TO  
WRITE. FOOD'S TERRIBLE  
SO NOBODY'S EVER HERE.

LOOKS PRETTY  
CROWDED  
TO ME.

YOU LOOK  
THIN, RED. TAKE  
THIS HOME. YOU  
NEVER HAD SUCH  
COBBLER.

TERRIBLE  
NEIGHBORHOOD...

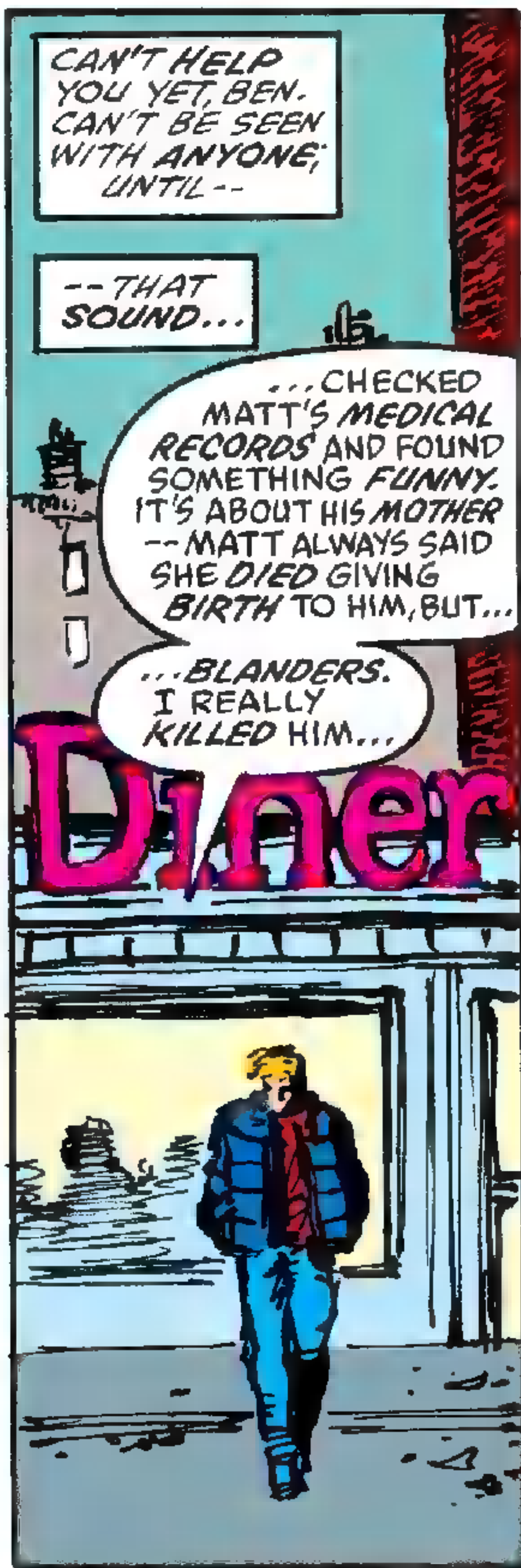
HELL'S KITCHEN, RIGHT.  
LOUSY NEIGHBORHOOD.  
DANGEROUS. BUT MATT  
WAS BORN HERE AND I--

--DID I--  
DID I REALLY  
KILL THAT  
MAN--

YOU SAVED  
OUR LIVES,  
BEN.

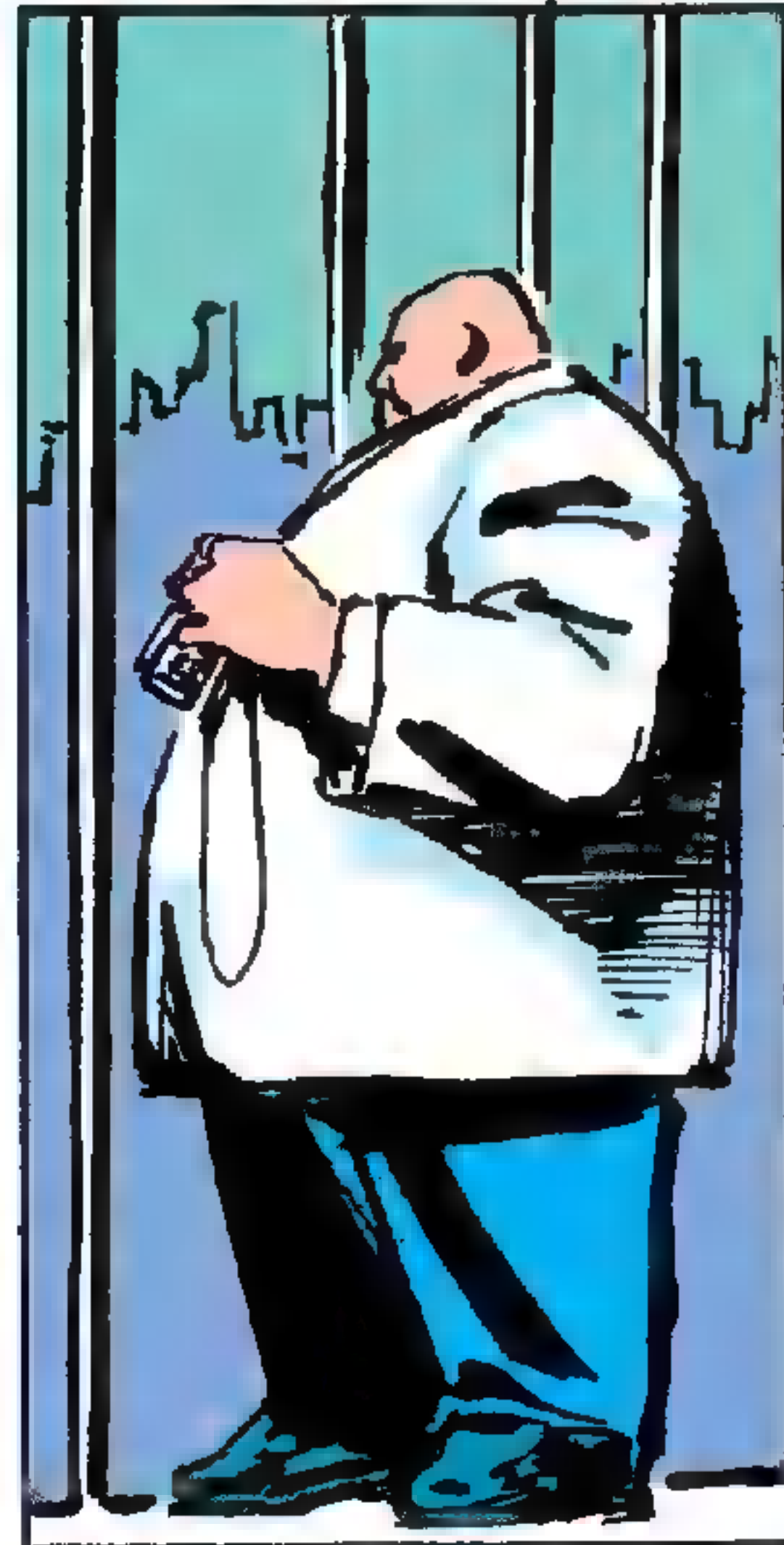
BEST  
BURGER  
I EVER HAD...



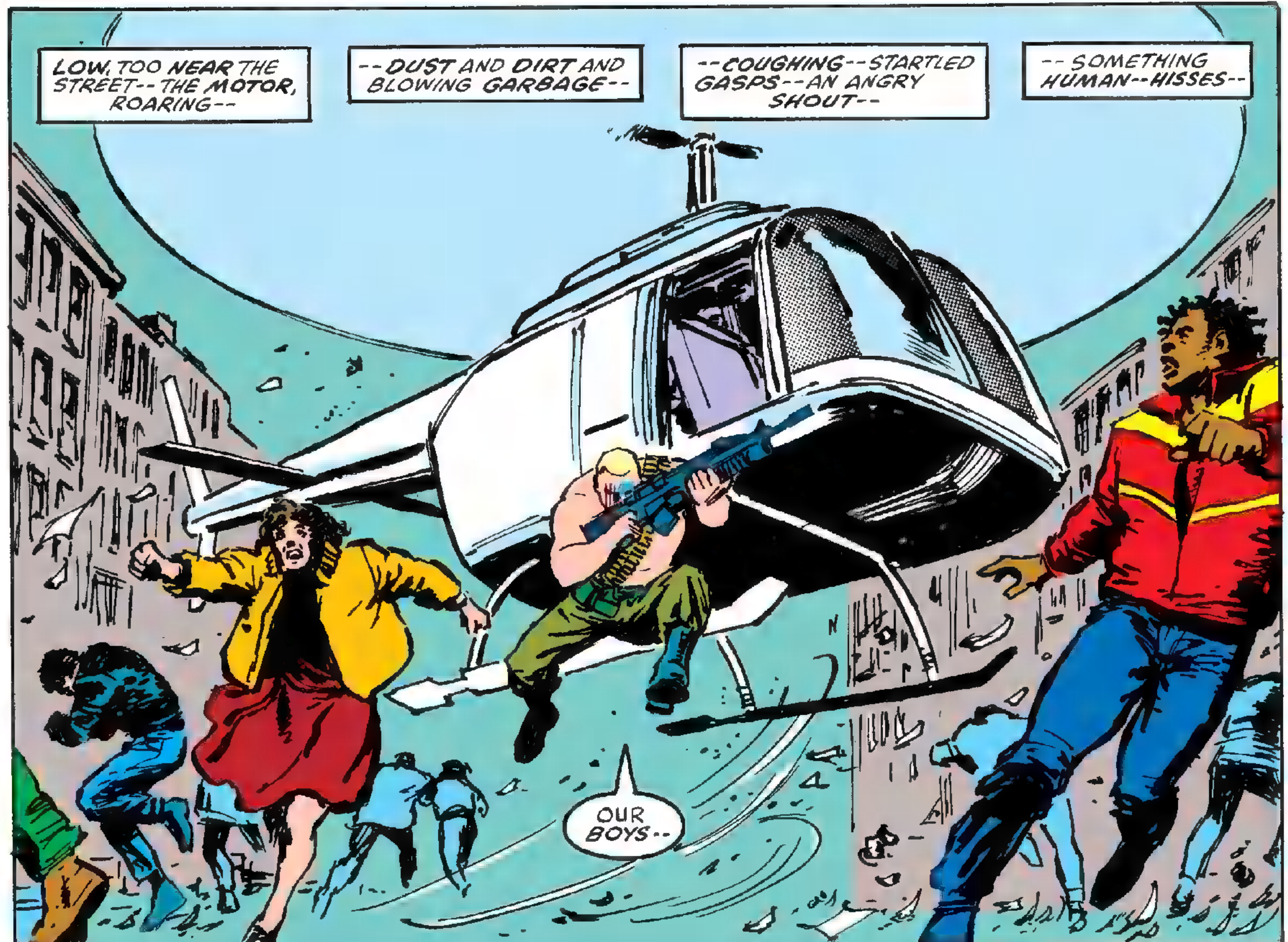


THE CLUE WAS SLIM INDEED --THE WORDS OF A THIRD-RATE THUG WHO CLAIMS HE HAD THE PLEASURE OF STABBING MURDOCK SOME DAYS PAST.

IT WOULD BE A LOGICAL HIDING PLACE. IT HOLDS MANY OF THE LOST AND NAMELESS. IT WAS HIS HOME, AS A BOY.



YES. MURDOCK WILL REVEAL HIMSELF-- WHEN HELL'S KITCHEN BURNS.







THREE--NO--  
IT'S FOUR  
BLOCKS AWAY--



--BULLETS  
CUT THROUGH  
FLESH AND  
BONE--

--A WOMAN  
HOLDS HER  
BABY CLOSE  
AND HEARS HIM  
GURGLE--

--A LUNG COLLAPSES--

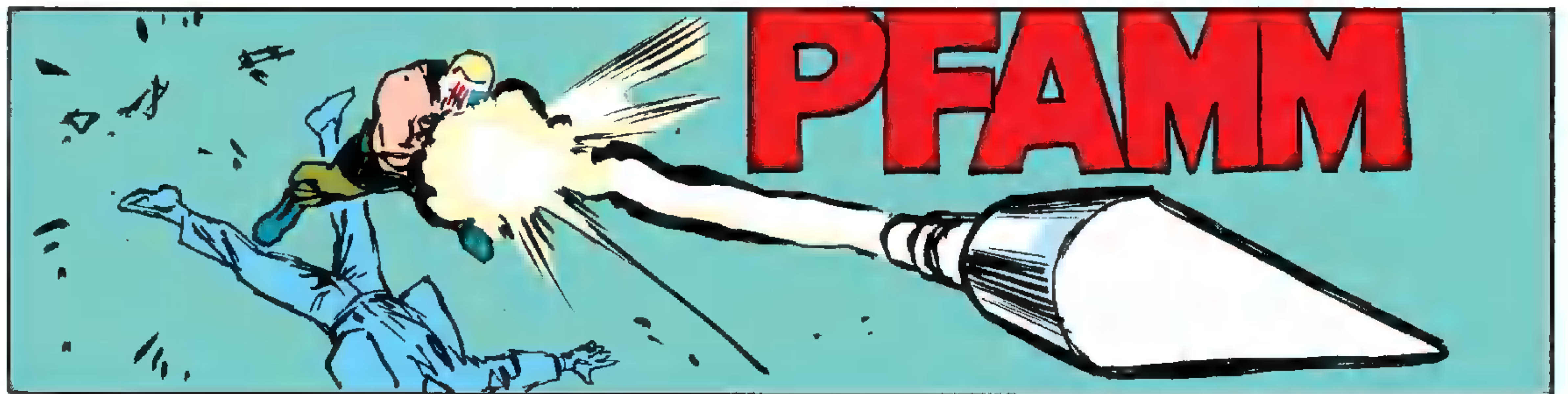
--THREE BLOCKS NOW-- A  
MAN CHOKES OUT HALF  
A NAME AND DIES--



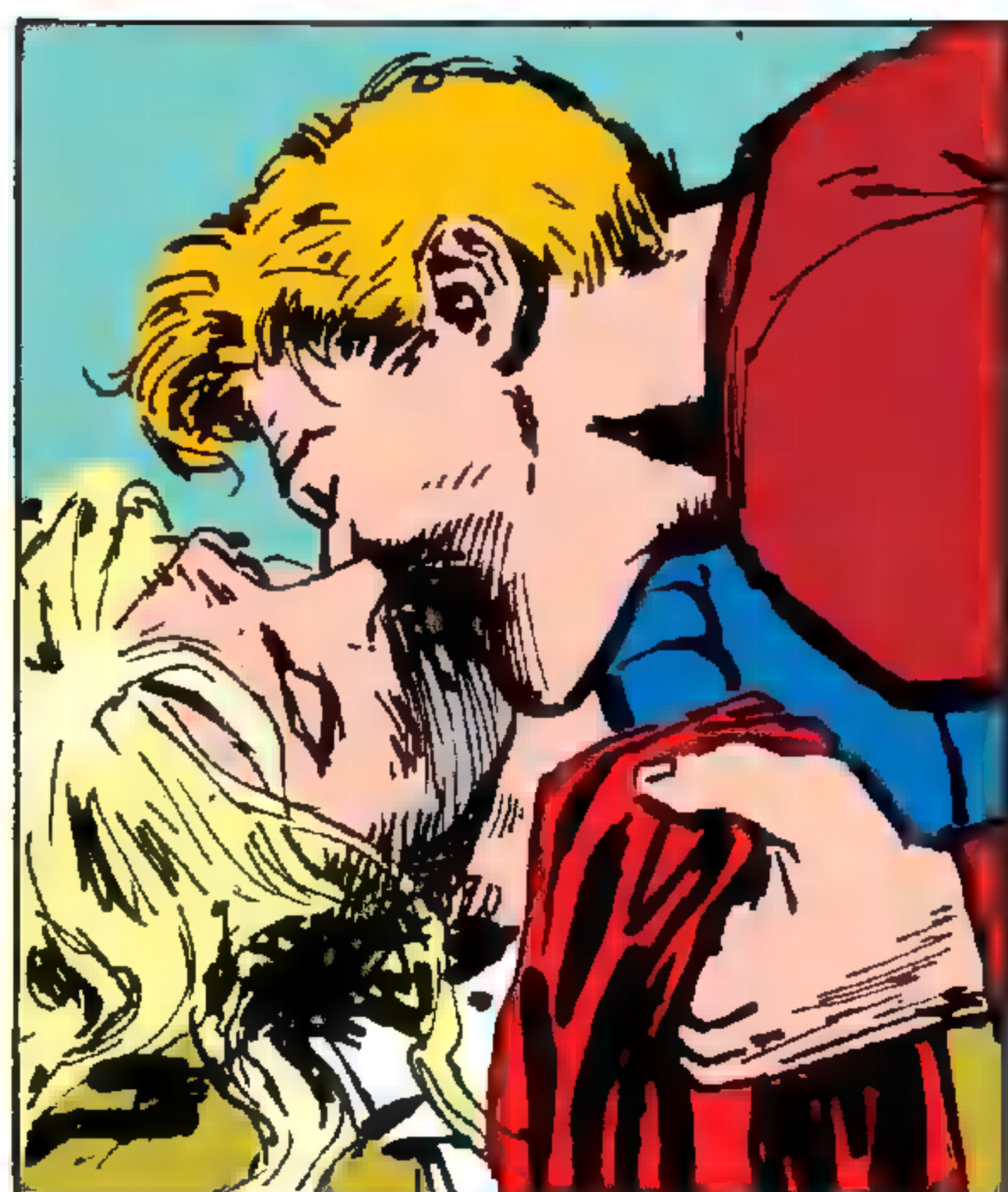
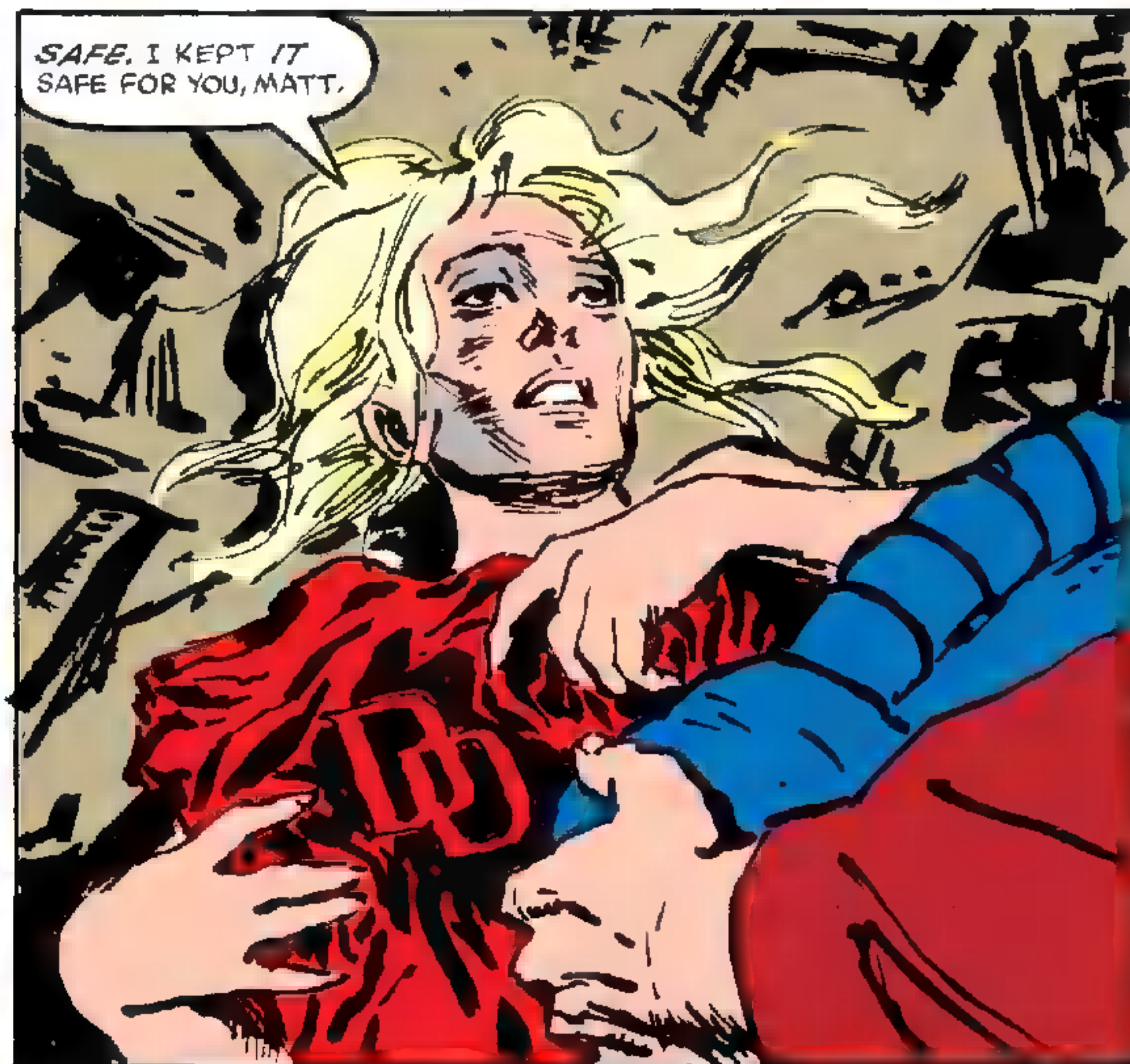
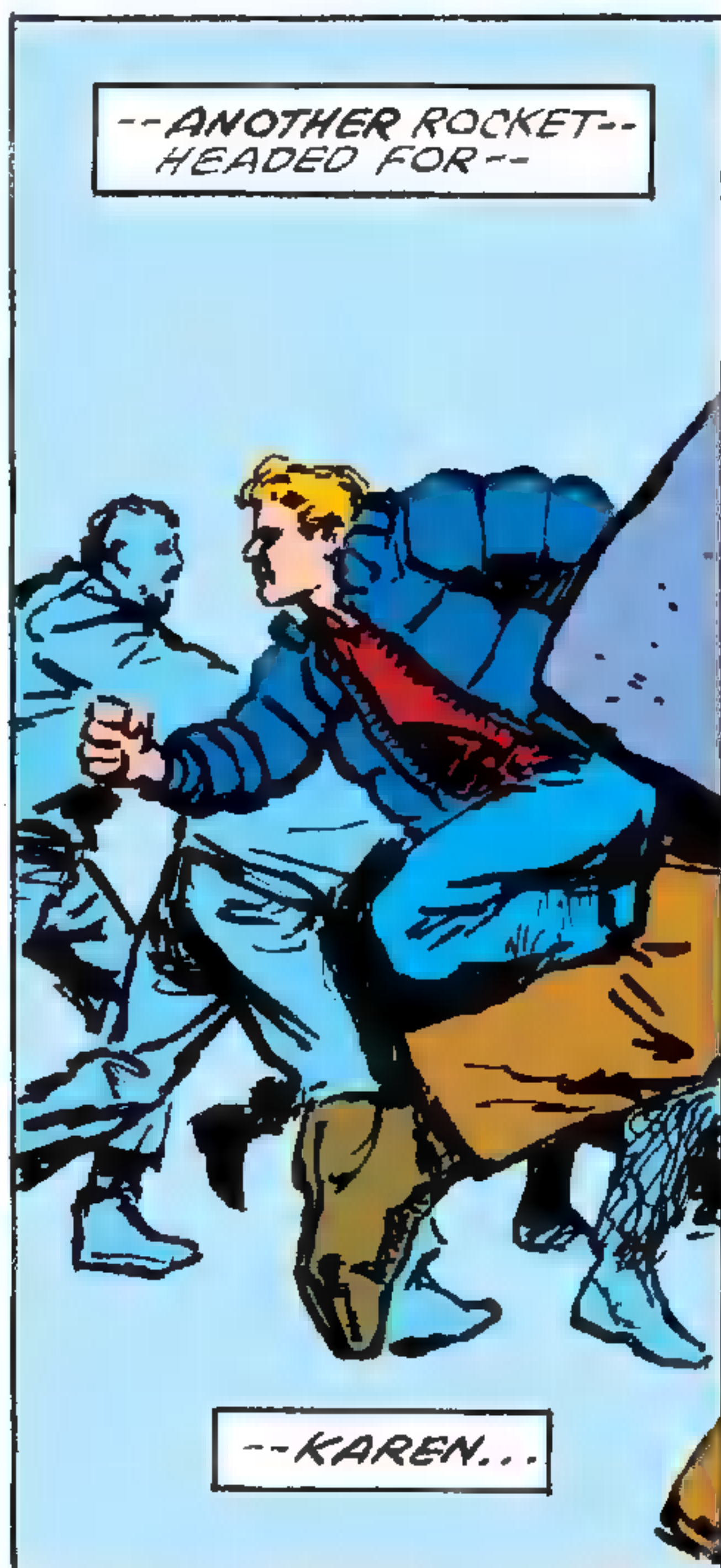
--FROM THE GUN--  
A ROCKET--



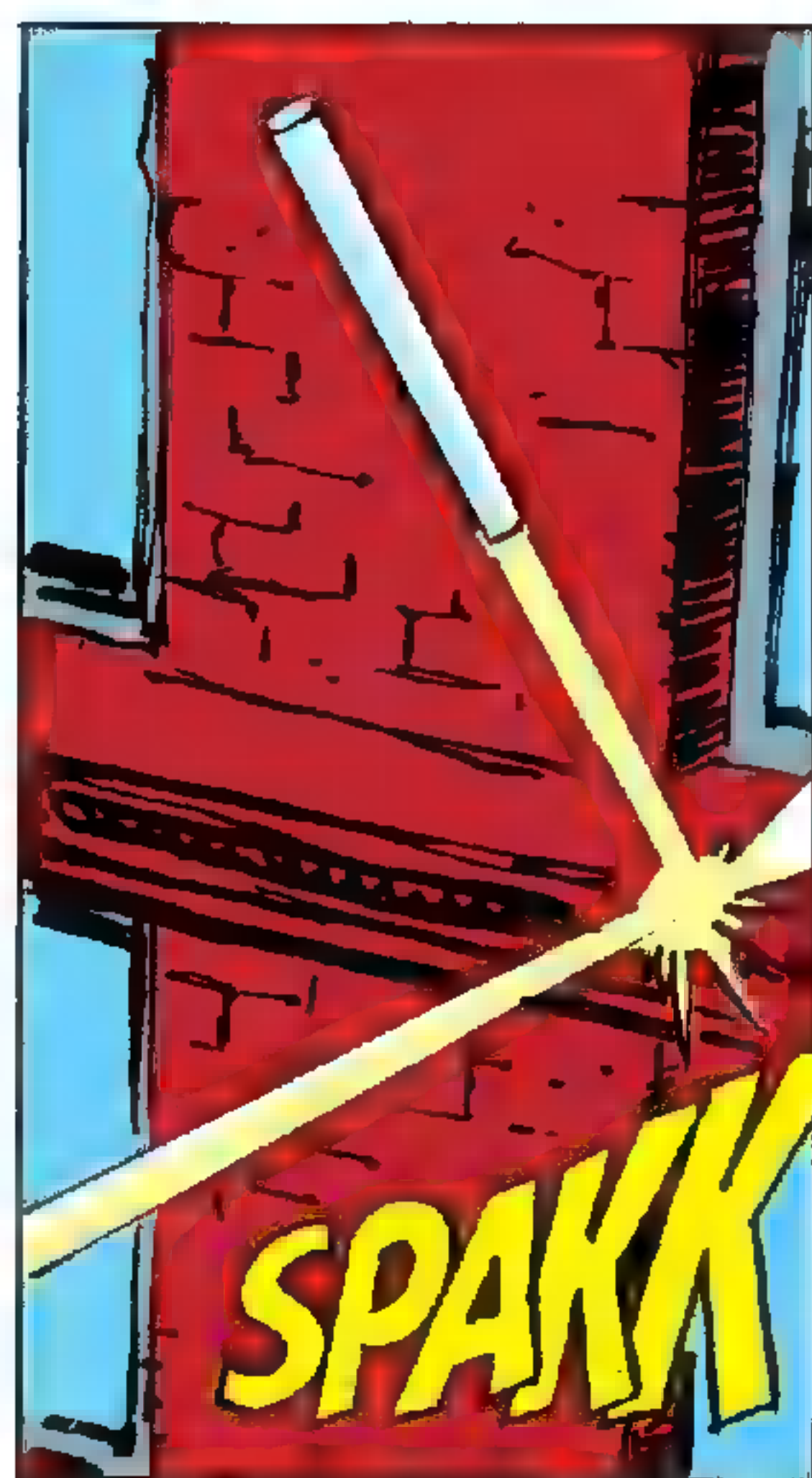
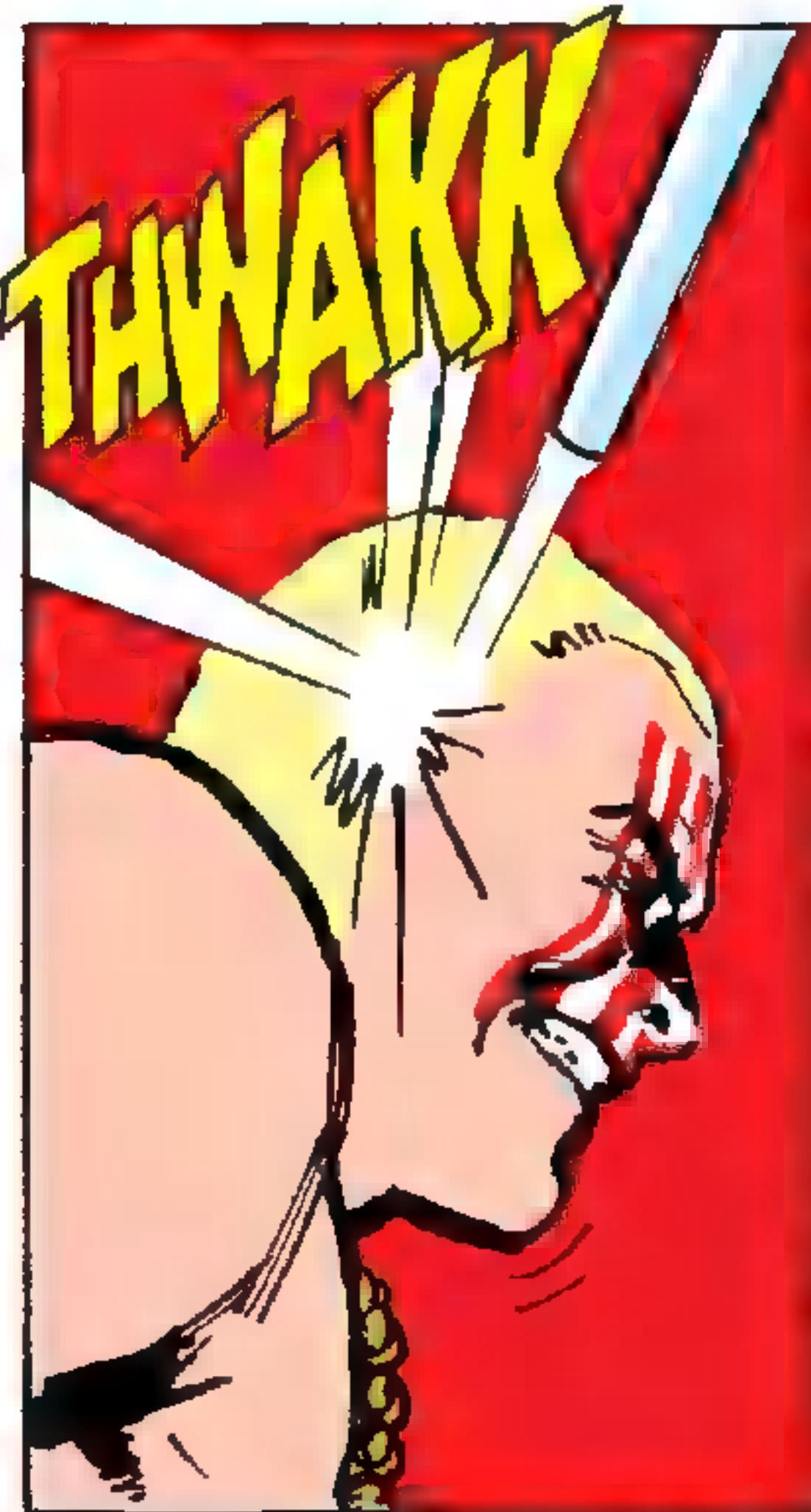
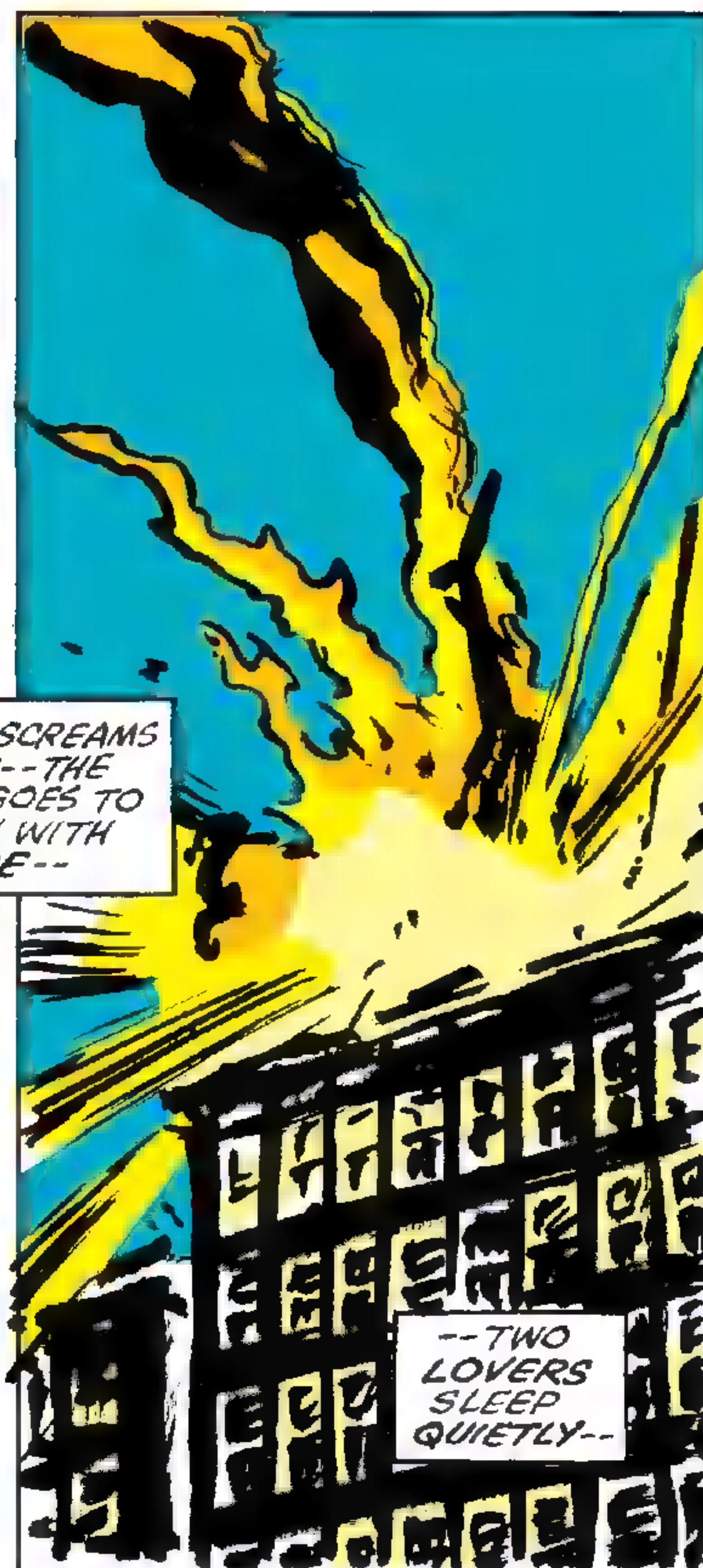
--A WINO CRIES TO GOD--















**NEXT: ARMAGEDDON**



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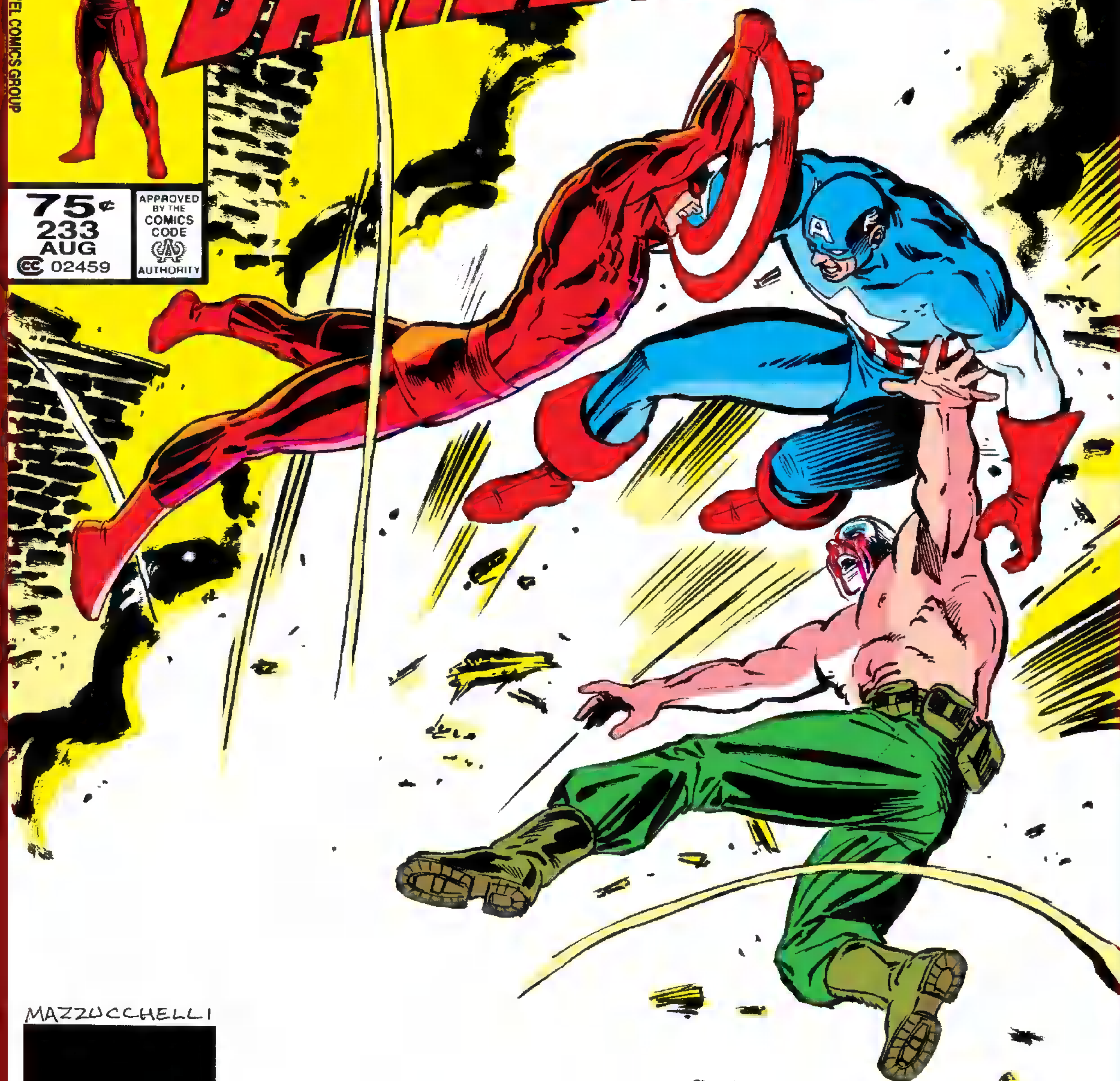


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# DAREDEVIL



MAZZUCHELLI

# ARMAGEDDON



STAN LEE PRESENTS

# ARMAGEDDON



by

FRANK MILLER & DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

MAX SCHEELE COLORS

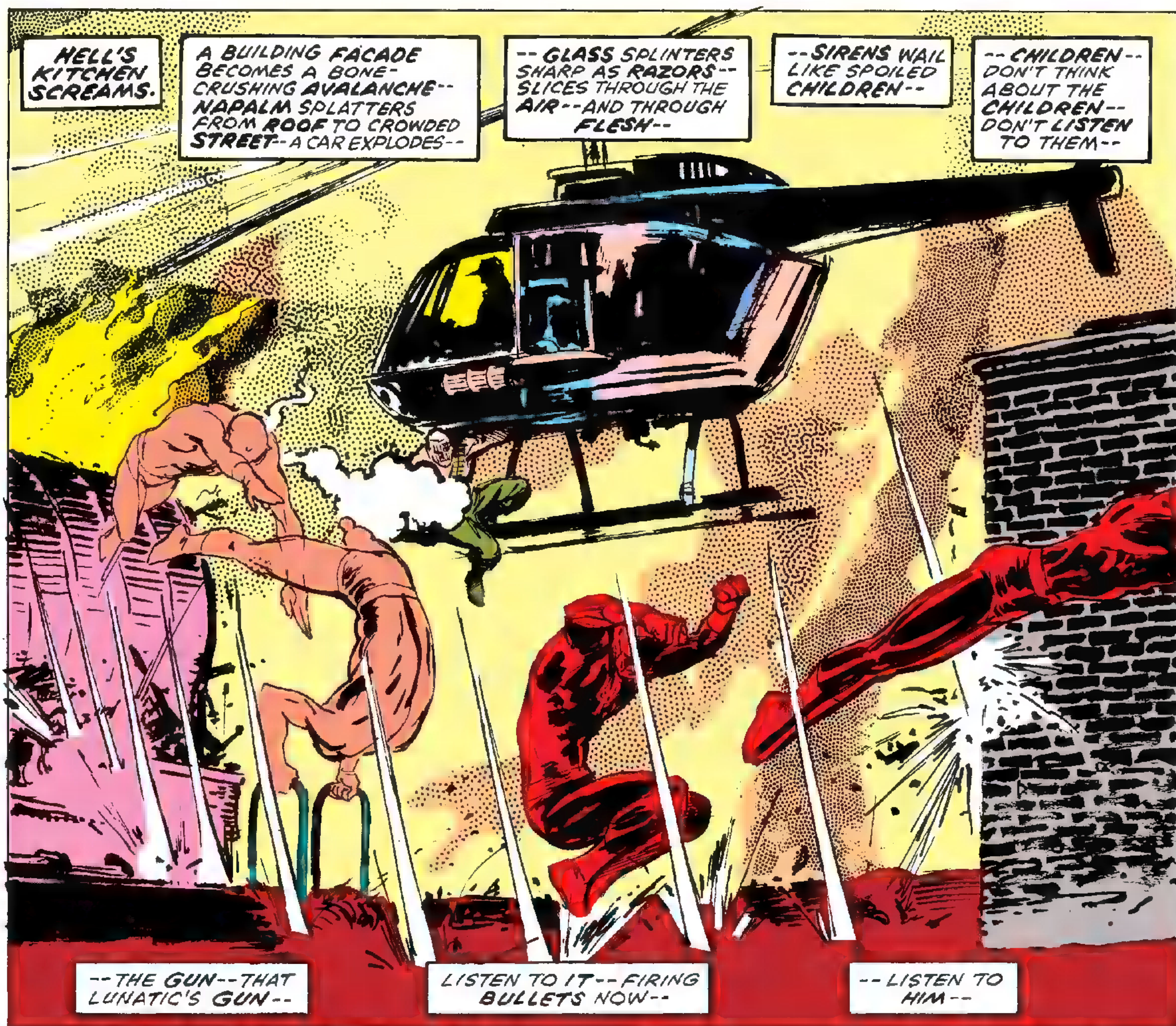
RALPH MACCHIO EDITOR

JOE ROSEN LETTERS

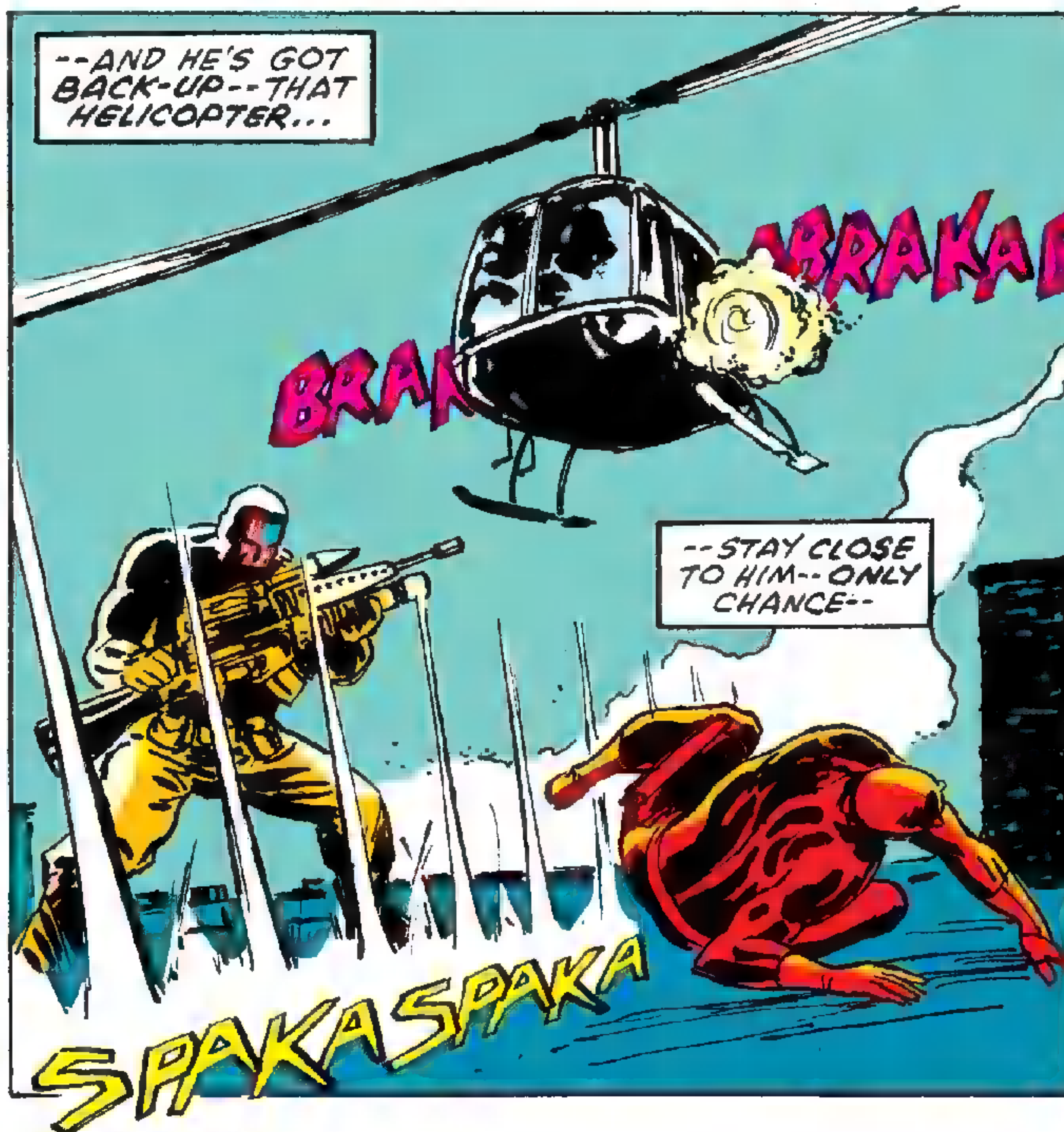
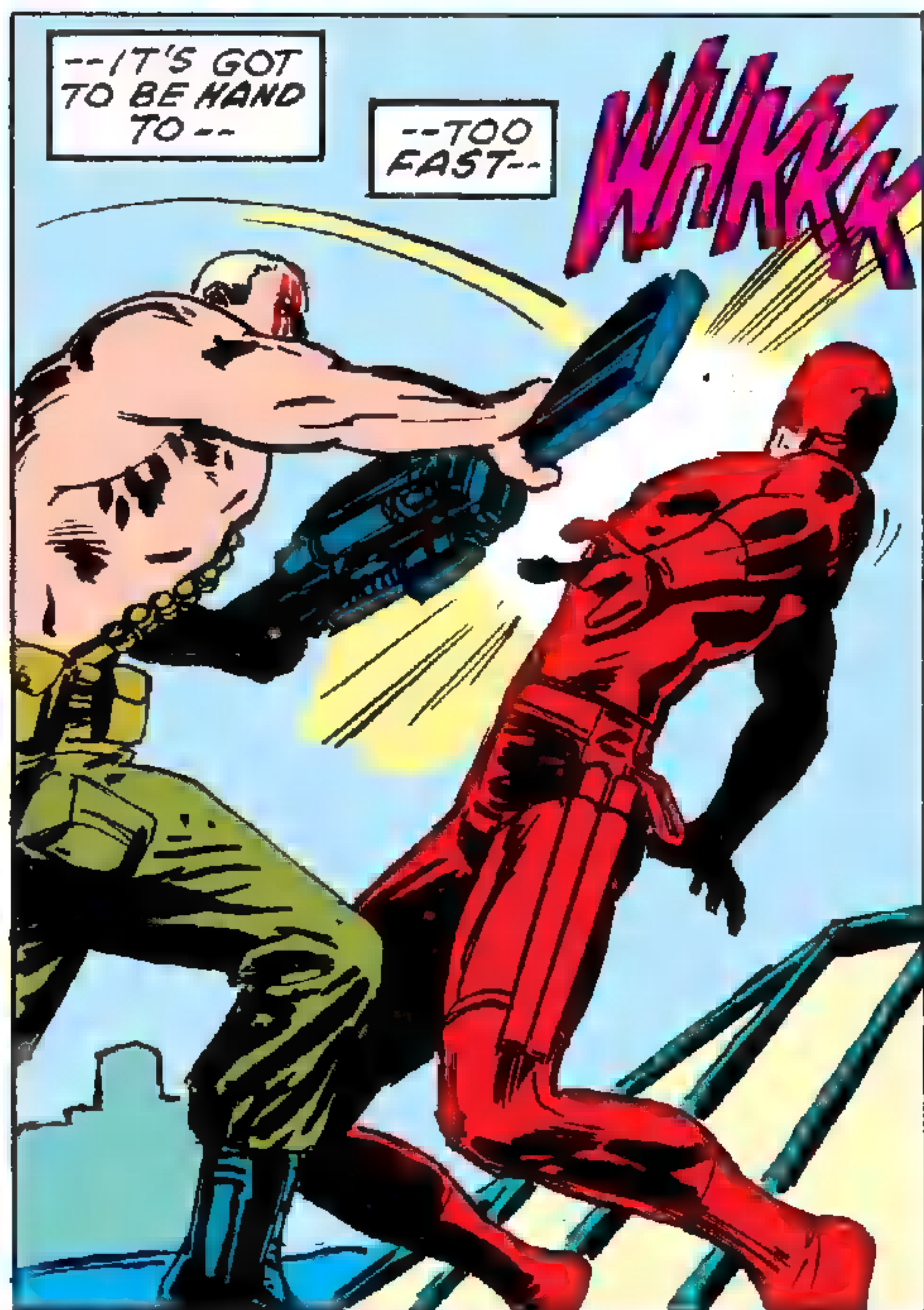
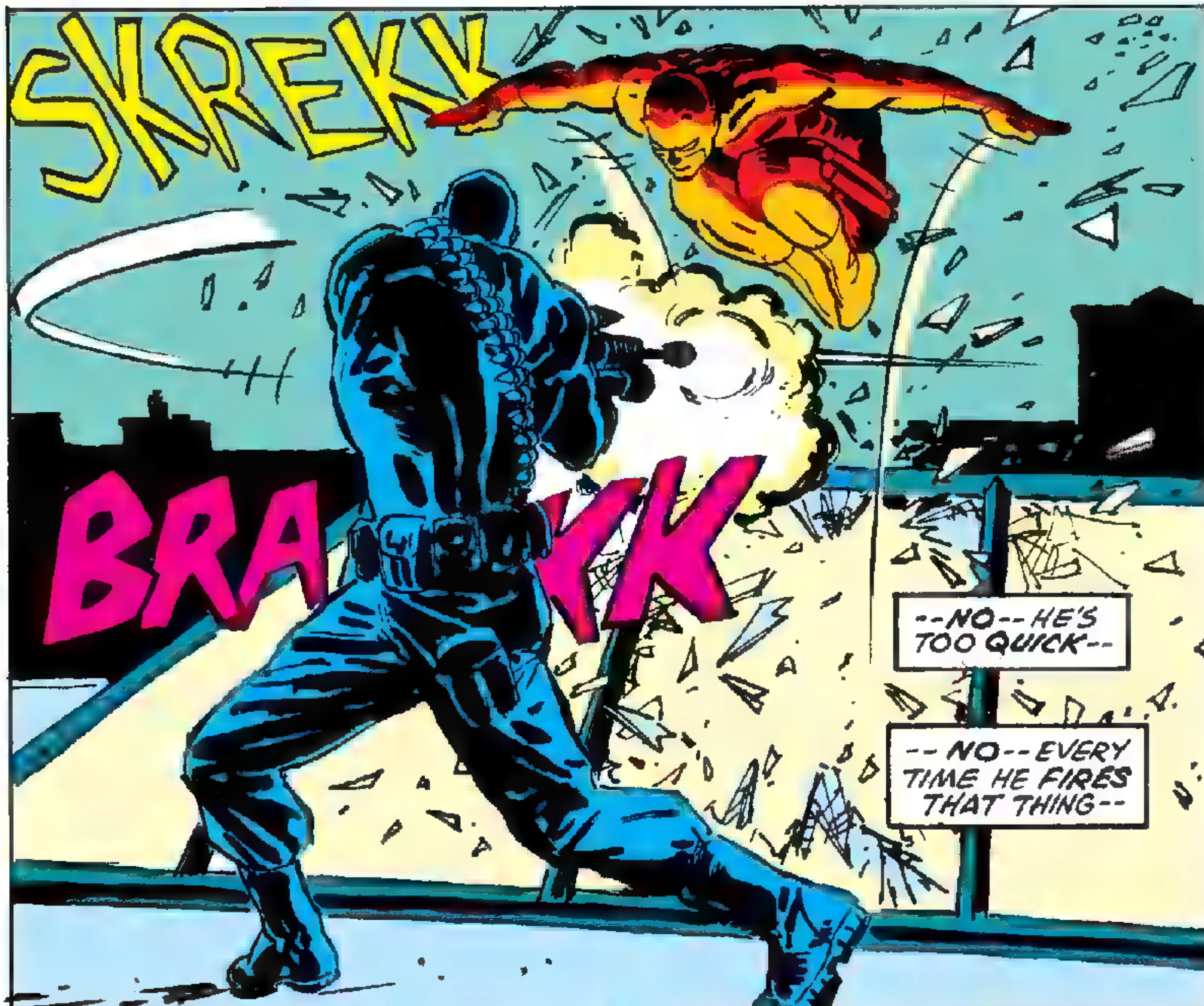
JIM SHOOTER ED.-IN-CHIEF

THIS ISSUE RESPECTFULLY  
DEDICATED TO  
JACK KIRBY

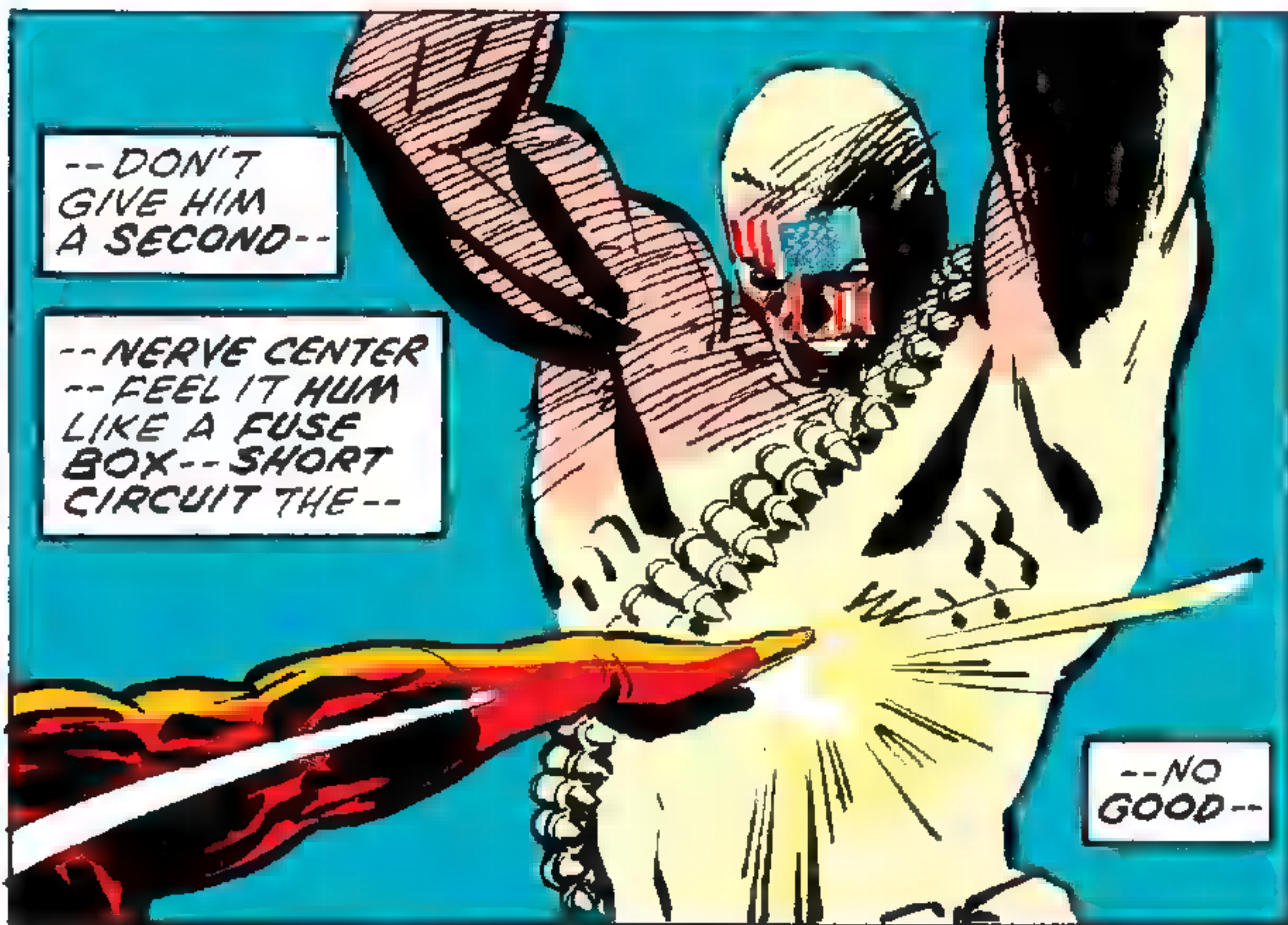












--DON'T  
GIVE HIM  
A SECOND--

--NERVE CENTER  
--FEEL IT HUM  
LIKE A FUSE  
BOX-- SHORT  
CIRCUIT THE--

--NO  
GOOD--



THIS IS SLAUGHTER,  
BOSS --THIS IS MASS  
MURDER--

THIS IS WAR. I HAVE  
DONE NO MORE THAN  
TRANSPORT IT--FROM  
A SOUTH AMERICAN  
JUNGLE--

--TO  
MANHATTAN--  
TO HELL'S  
KITCHEN--



-- DOESN'T FEEL PAIN--

--DON'T GO FOR PAIN--

--GO FOR EYES--



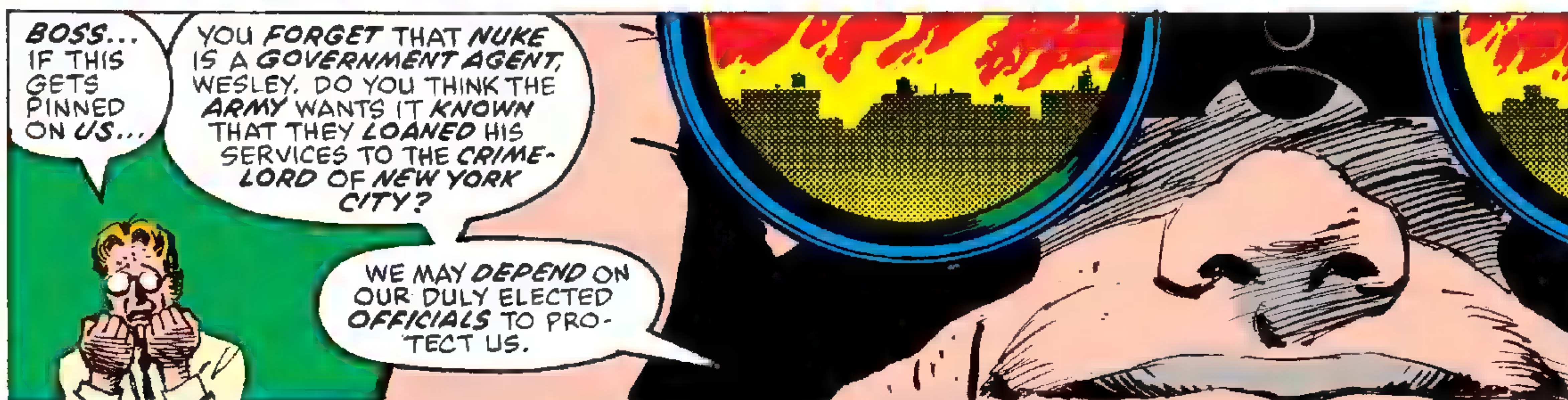
-- DOESN'T MATTER--  
HE'S BLIND AS I AM--



--TOO MANY VICTIMS--  
MAKE HIM DROP IT--

--MUSCLES  
CAN'T WORK IF  
THEY'RE SEVERED--

--NO--ALMOST  
BROKE MY FINGERS--

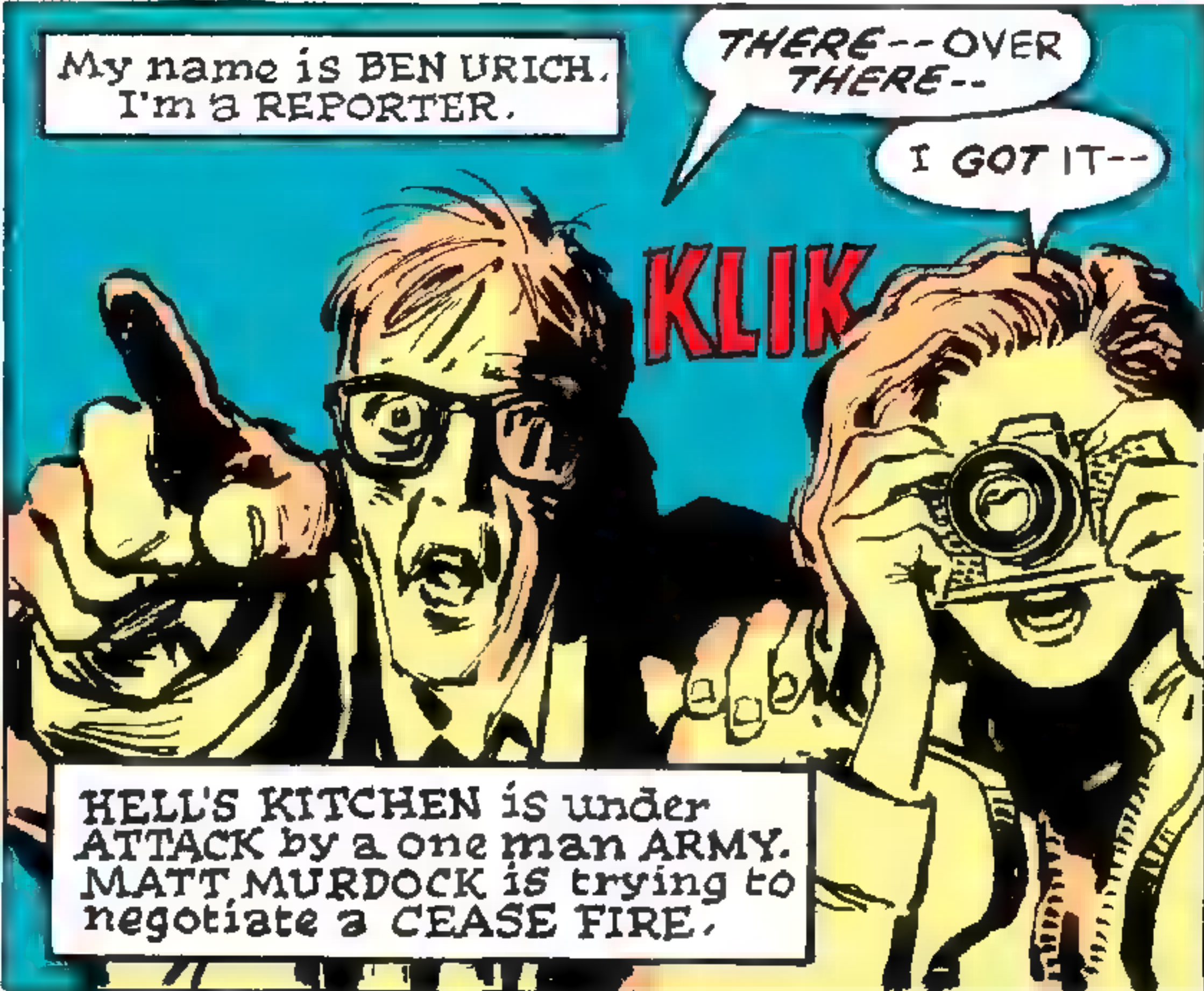


BOSS...  
IF THIS  
GETS  
PINNED  
ON US...

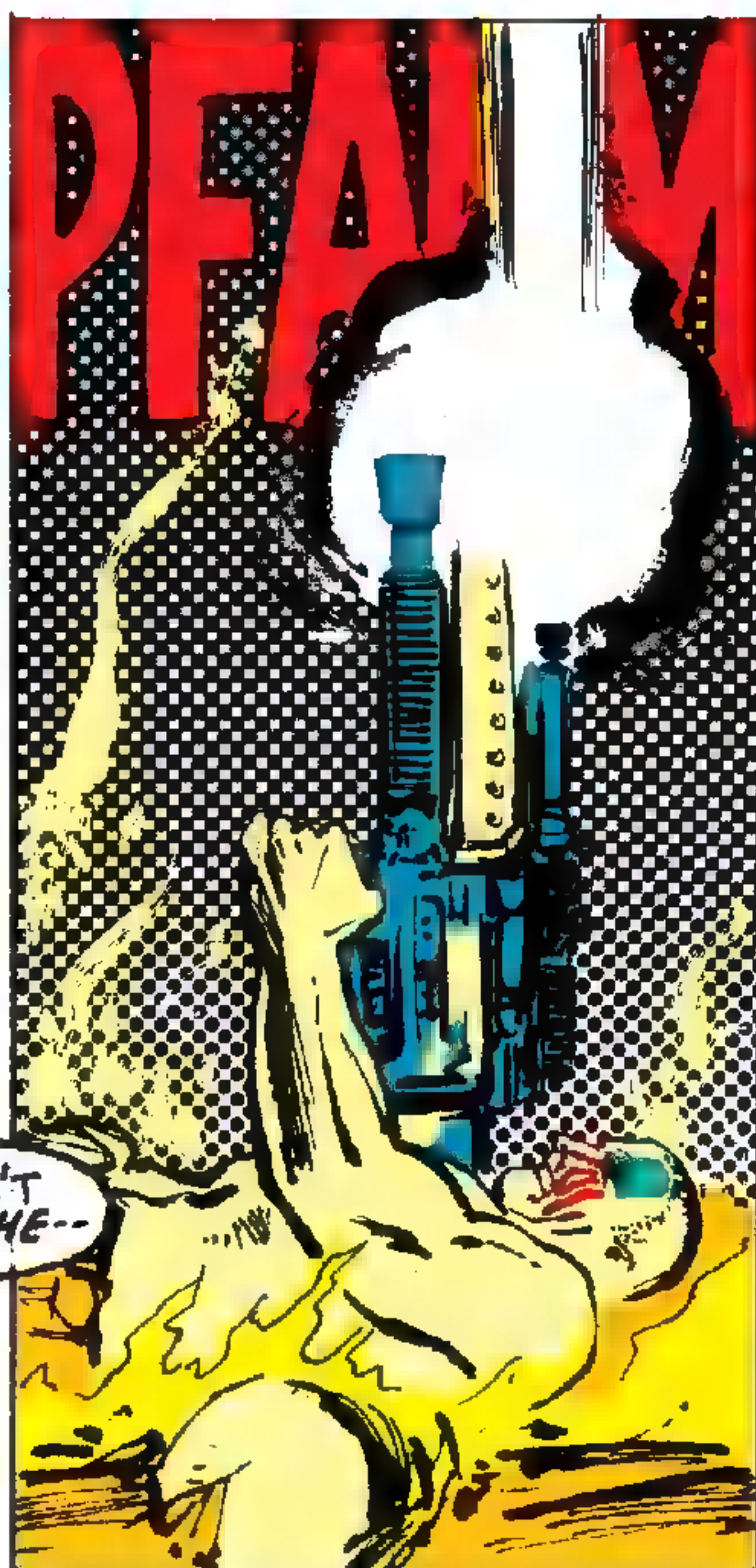
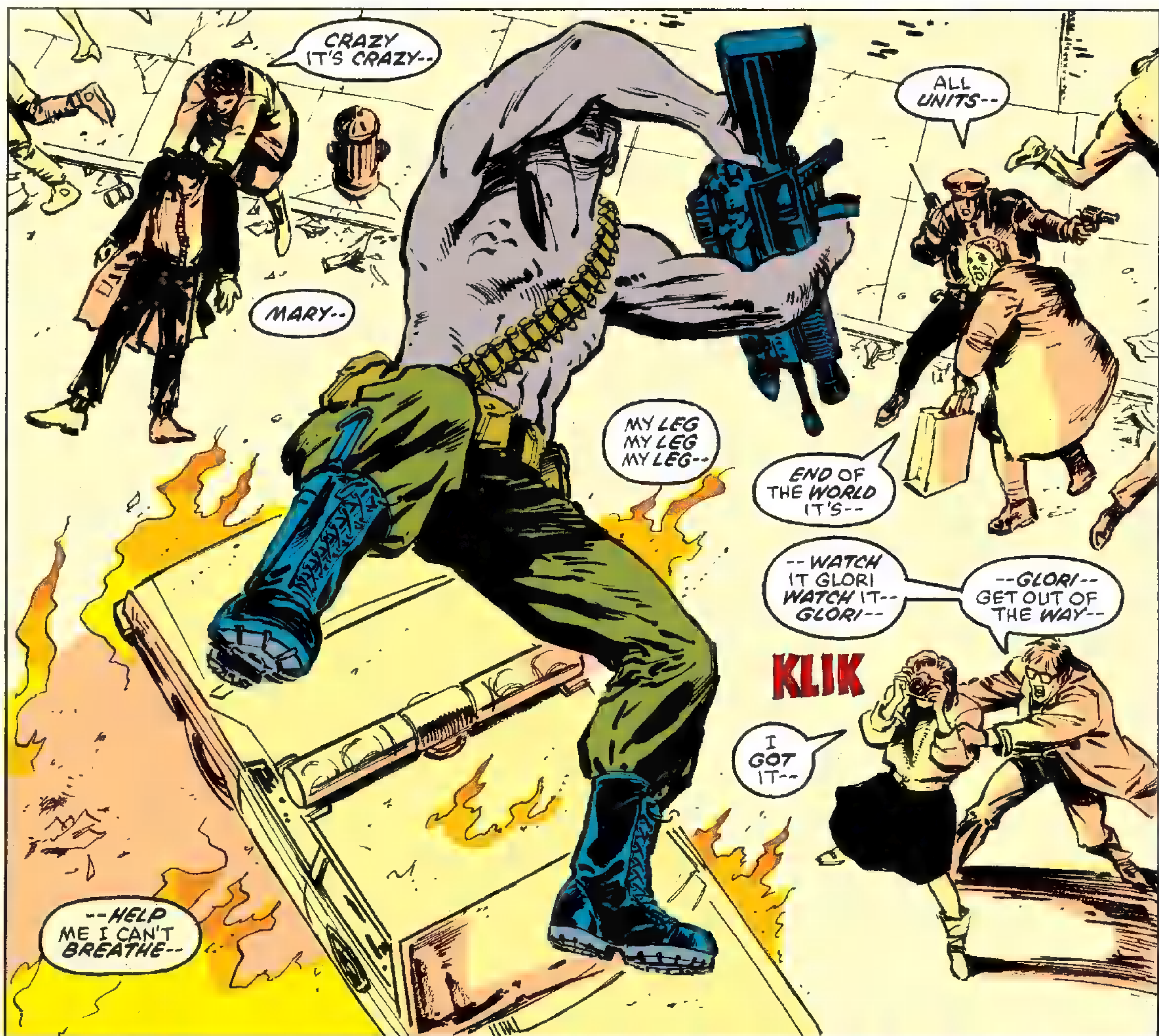
YOU FORGET THAT NUKE  
IS A GOVERNMENT AGENT,  
WESLEY. DO YOU THINK THE  
ARMY WANTS IT KNOWN  
THAT THEY LOANED HIS  
SERVICES TO THE CRIME-  
LORD OF NEW YORK  
CITY?

WE MAY DEPEND ON  
OUR DULY ELECTED  
OFFICIALS TO PRO-  
TECT US.

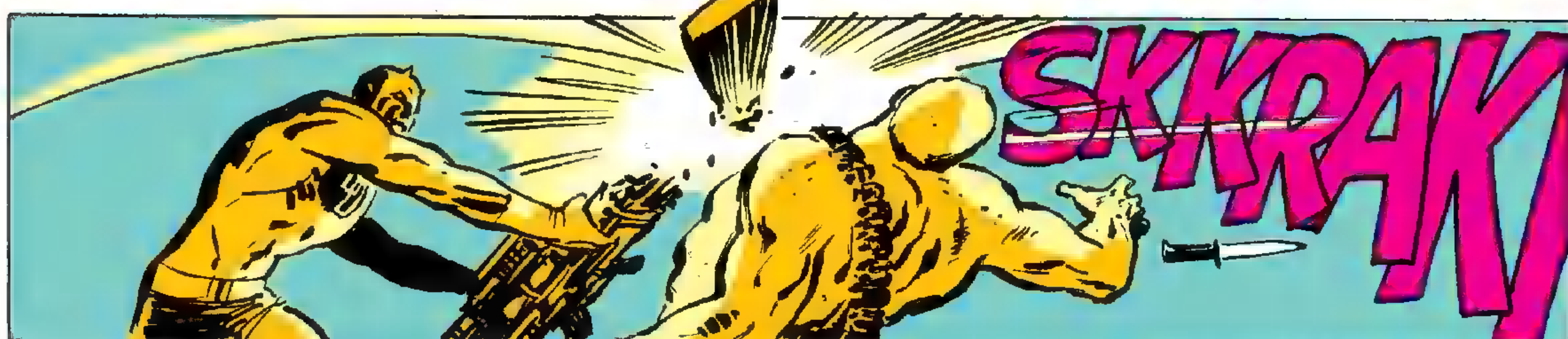




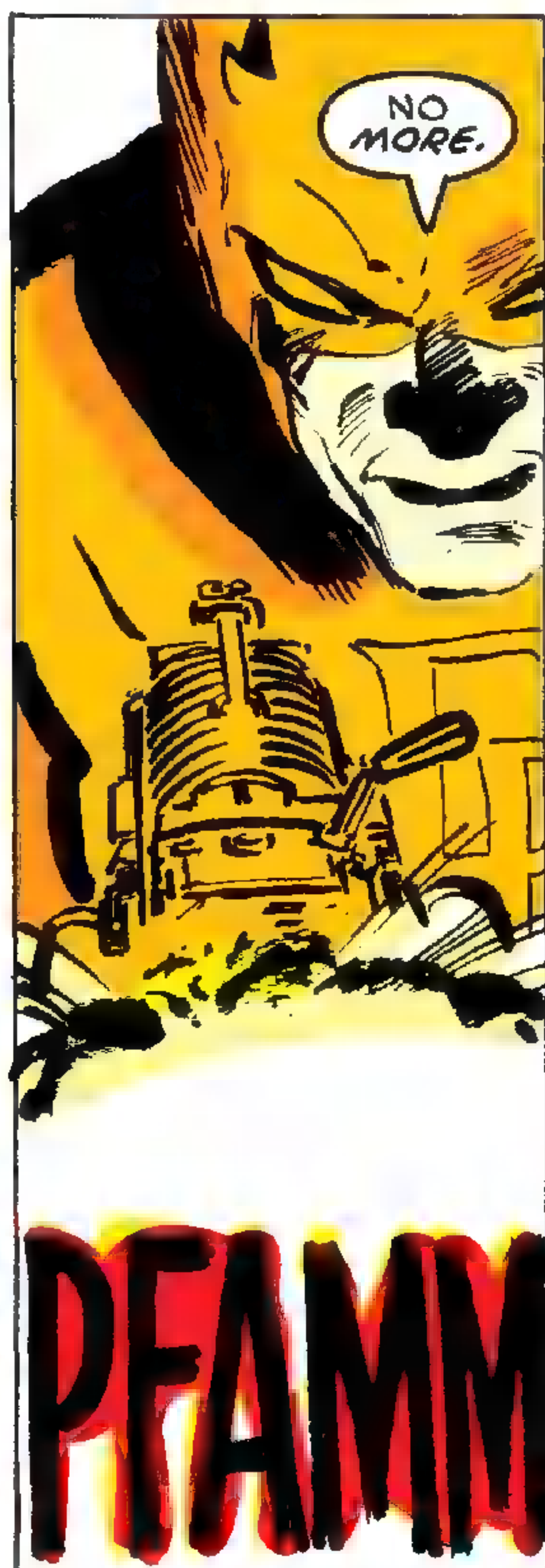
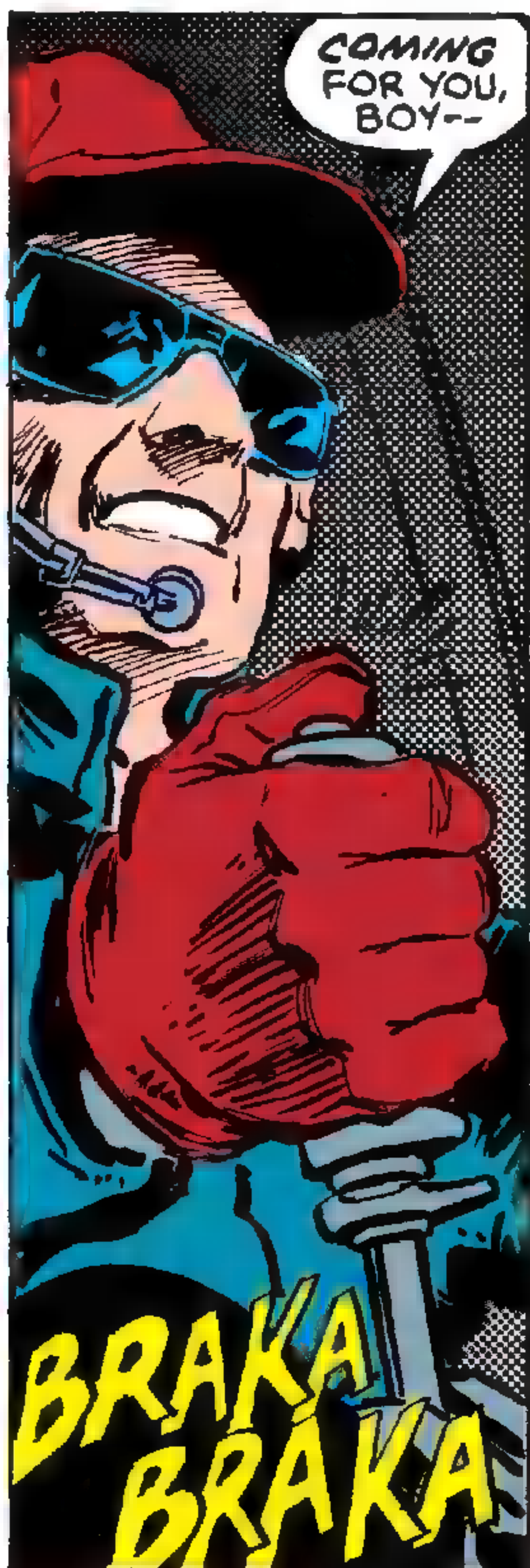




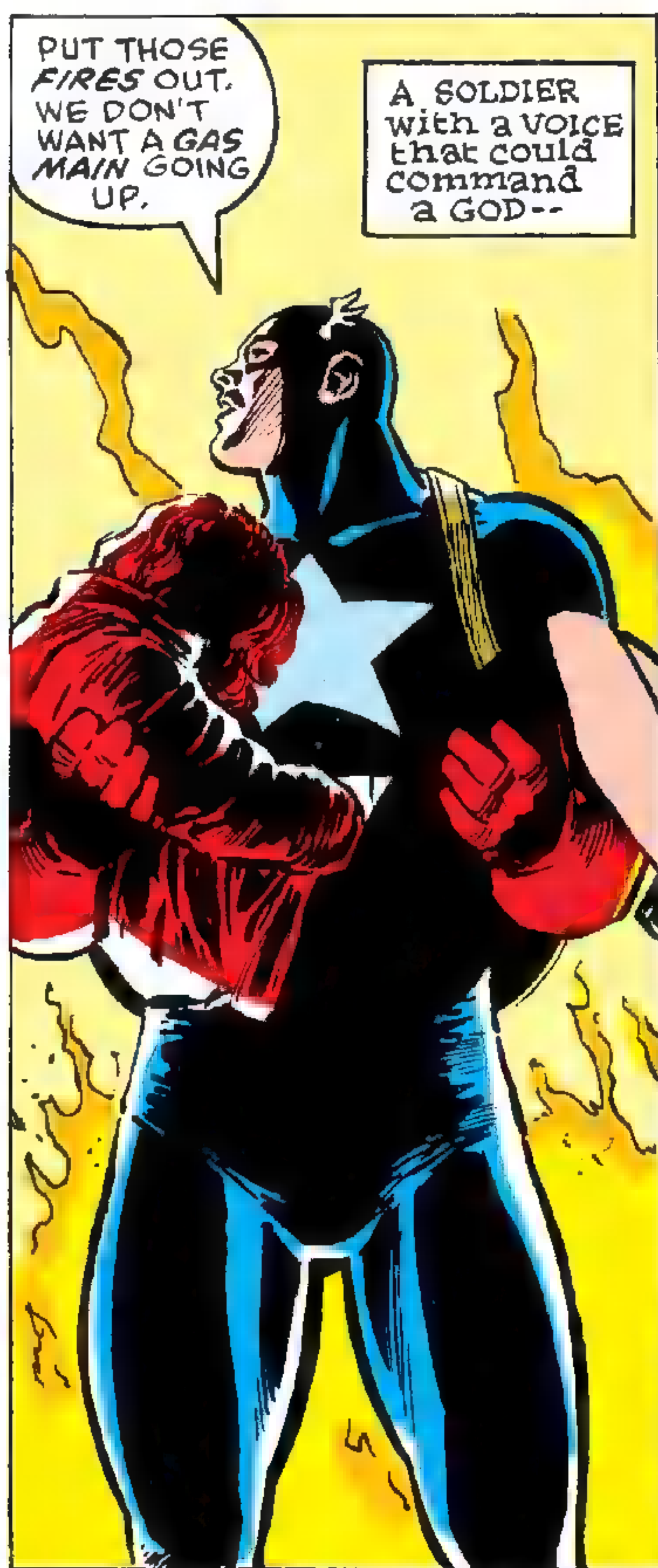
















YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS.

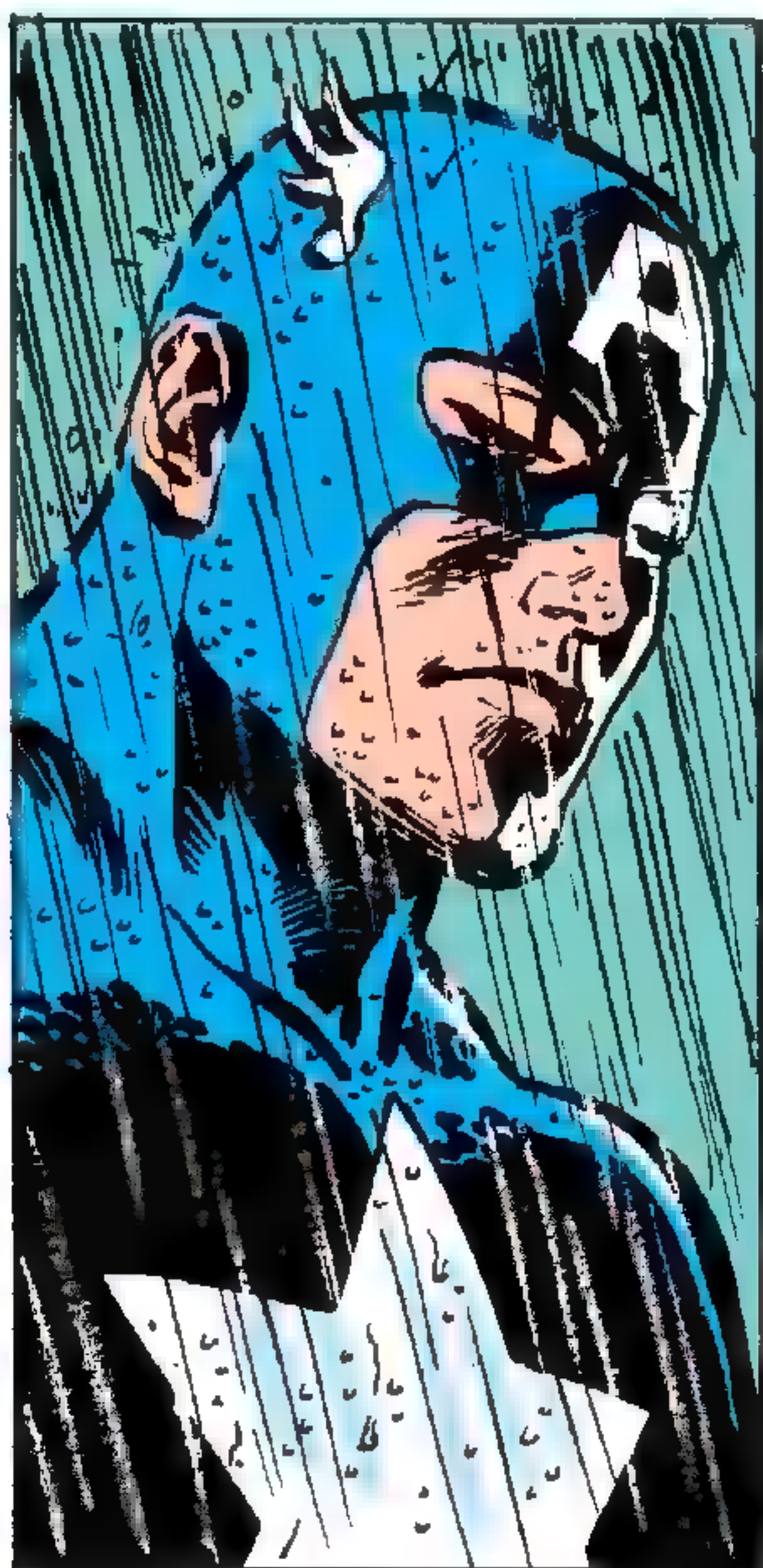
There's a soft HUM as computer CIRCUITRY generates enough POWER to level a BUILDING-- and HOLDS it, waiting.



Not being STUPID. Matt backs AWAY.

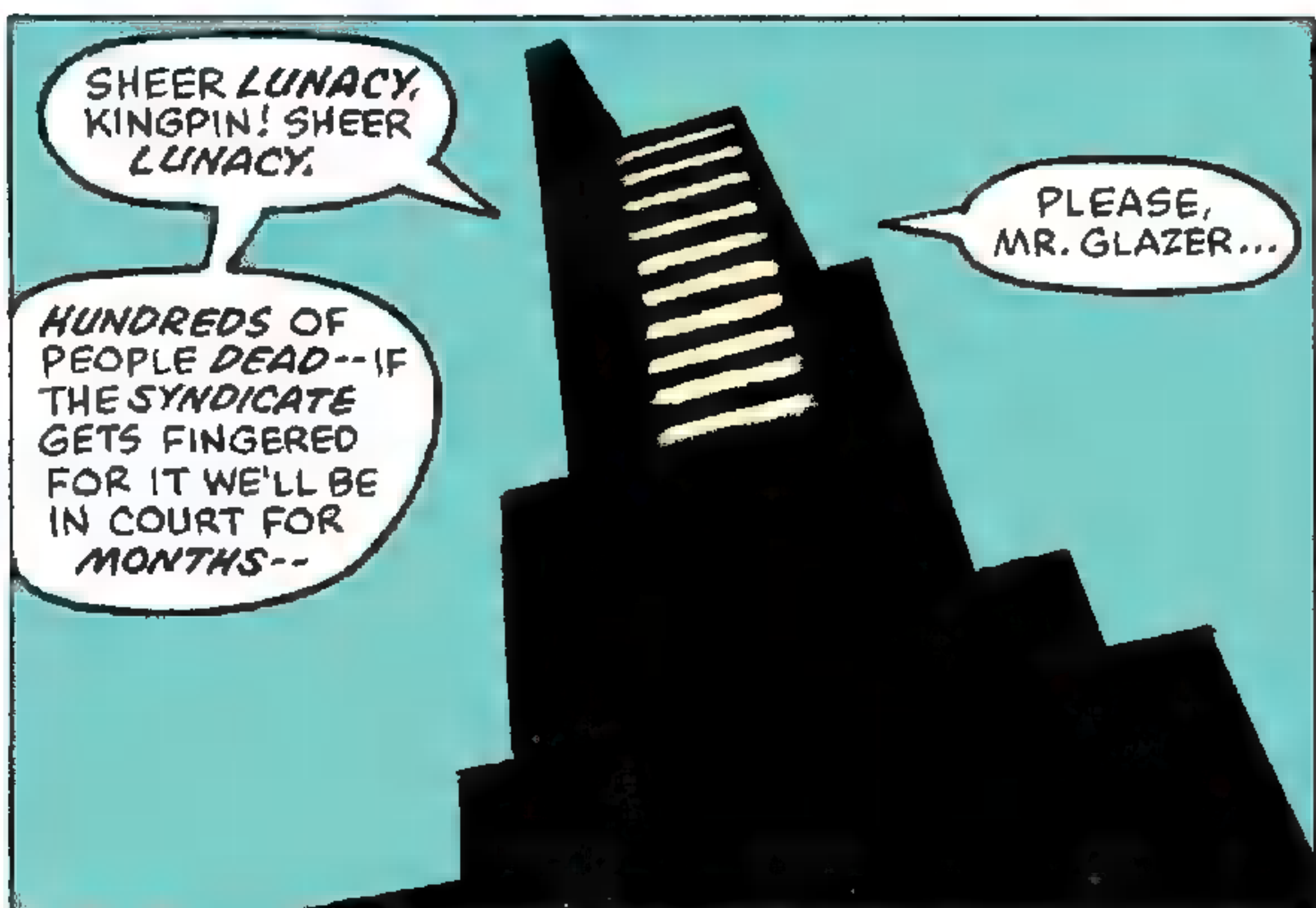


GIVE ME-- A WHITE--



It's a LONG night.

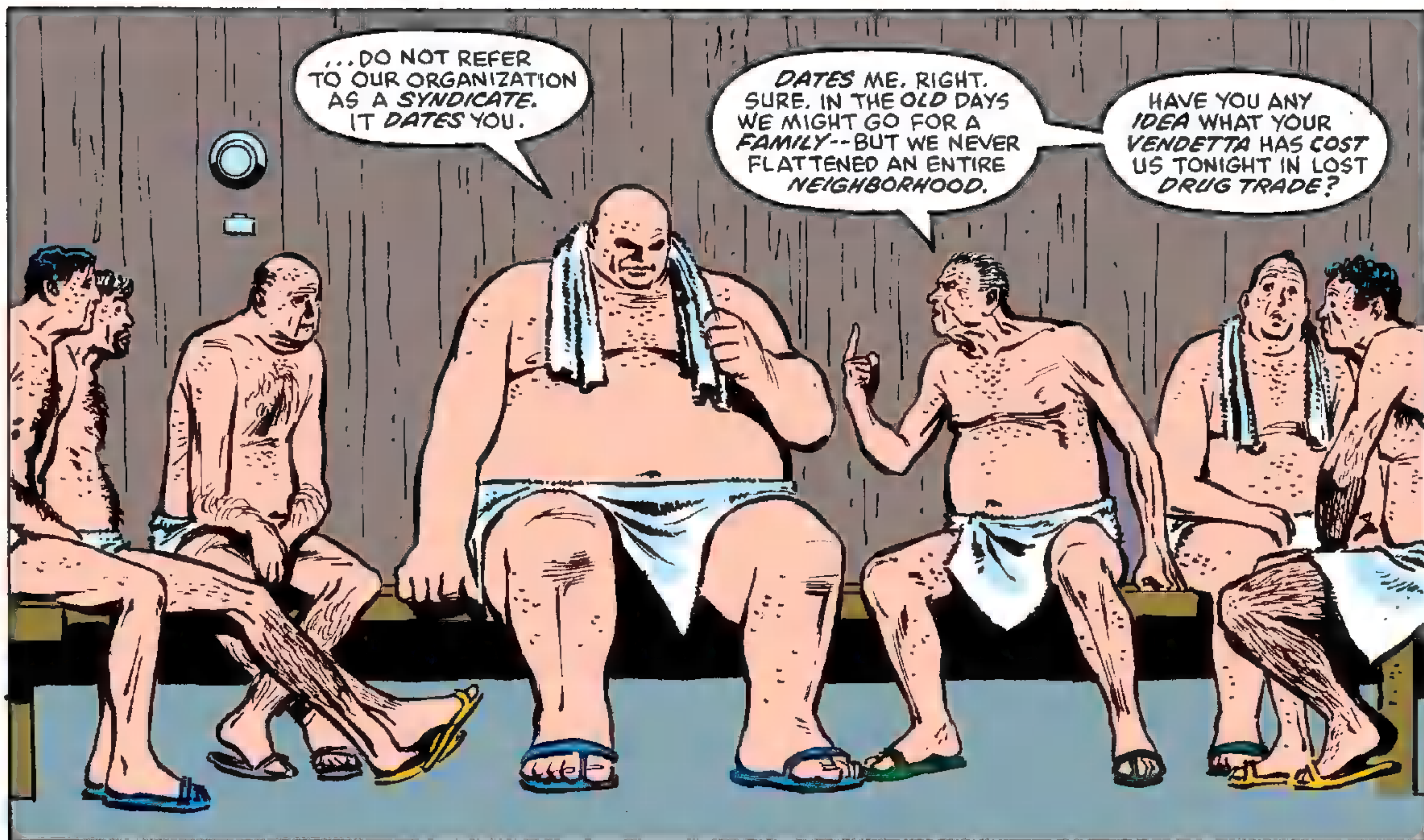
It's a HORRIBLE night.



SHEER LUNACY, KINGPIN! SHEER LUNACY.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE DEAD-- IF THE SYNDICATE GETS FINGERED FOR IT WE'LL BE IN COURT FOR MONTHS--

PLEASE, MR. GLAZER...

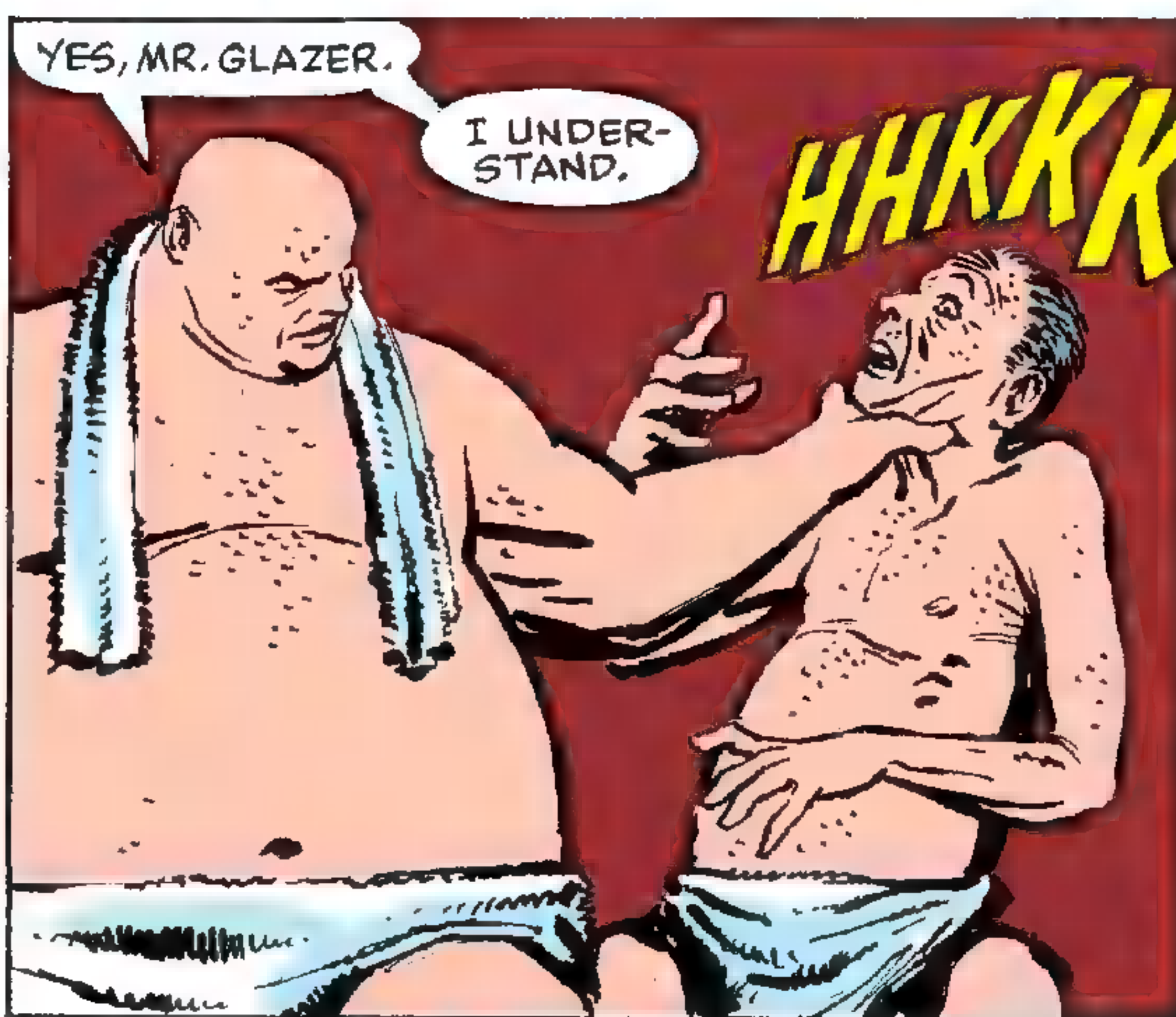


...DO NOT REFER TO OUR ORGANIZATION AS A SYNDICATE. IT DATES YOU.

DATES ME, RIGHT. SURE. IN THE OLD DAYS WE MIGHT GO FOR A FAMILY-- BUT WE NEVER FLATTENED AN ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD.

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT YOUR VENDETTA HAS COST US TONIGHT IN LOST DRUG TRADE?









DAWN BREAKS, MERCIFULLY.

EXCUSE ME--  
SORRY--

FOGGY. HE WAS MY PARTNER. IN AN-  
OTHER LIFE.

GOOD THING HE DIDN'T NOTICE ME.



GLORI--  
OH,  
GLORI...



OUR FATHER  
WHO ART IN  
HEAVEN...

CAN'T YOU  
GIVE ME  
SOMETHING  
FOR THIS--

HURTS  
JUST KEEPS  
HURTING--

YOU'RE FROM  
IRELAND? I  
HAVEN'T SEEN  
IT SINCE I WAS  
A CHILD.

OH, HONEY--  
I WAS SO  
SCARED...

I THINK WE  
ALL SAW IT LAST  
NIGHT, SISTER.  
THE BAD PART,  
ANYWAY.

FOGGY!  
YOU CAME!

DON'T MOVE  
ME JUST GIVE  
ME SOMETHING  
FOR IT--

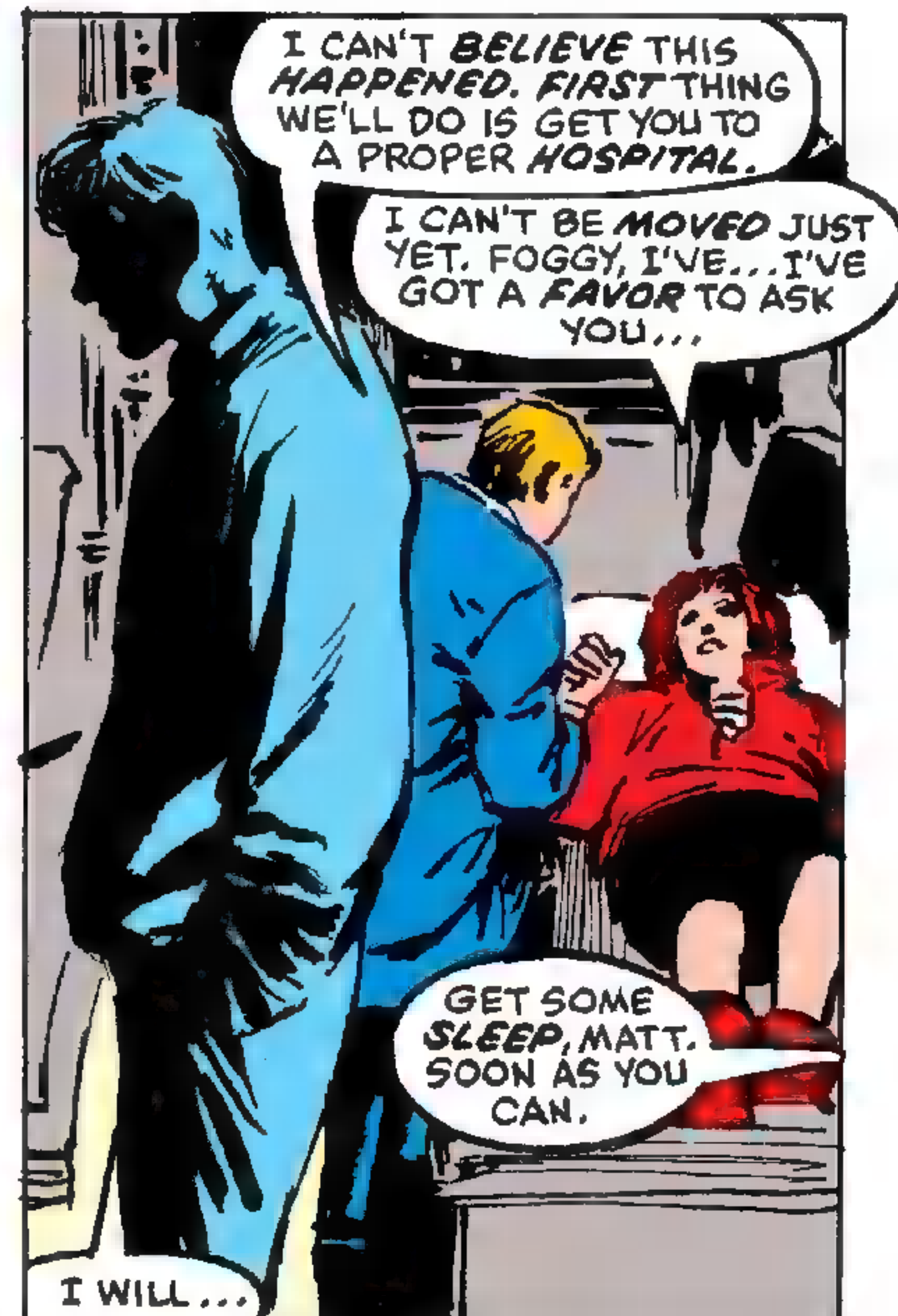


YOU NEED  
TO SLEEP.

I'M ALL RIGHT, MAGGIE.  
REALLY I AM.

OF COURSE I CAME,  
GLORI. I'M SO GLAD  
YOU'RE OKAY... YOU  
ARE OKAY?...

BULLET PASSED RIGHT  
THROUGH, FOGGY. THOUGH  
IT DID TAKE A CHUNK OF  
ME WITH IT.



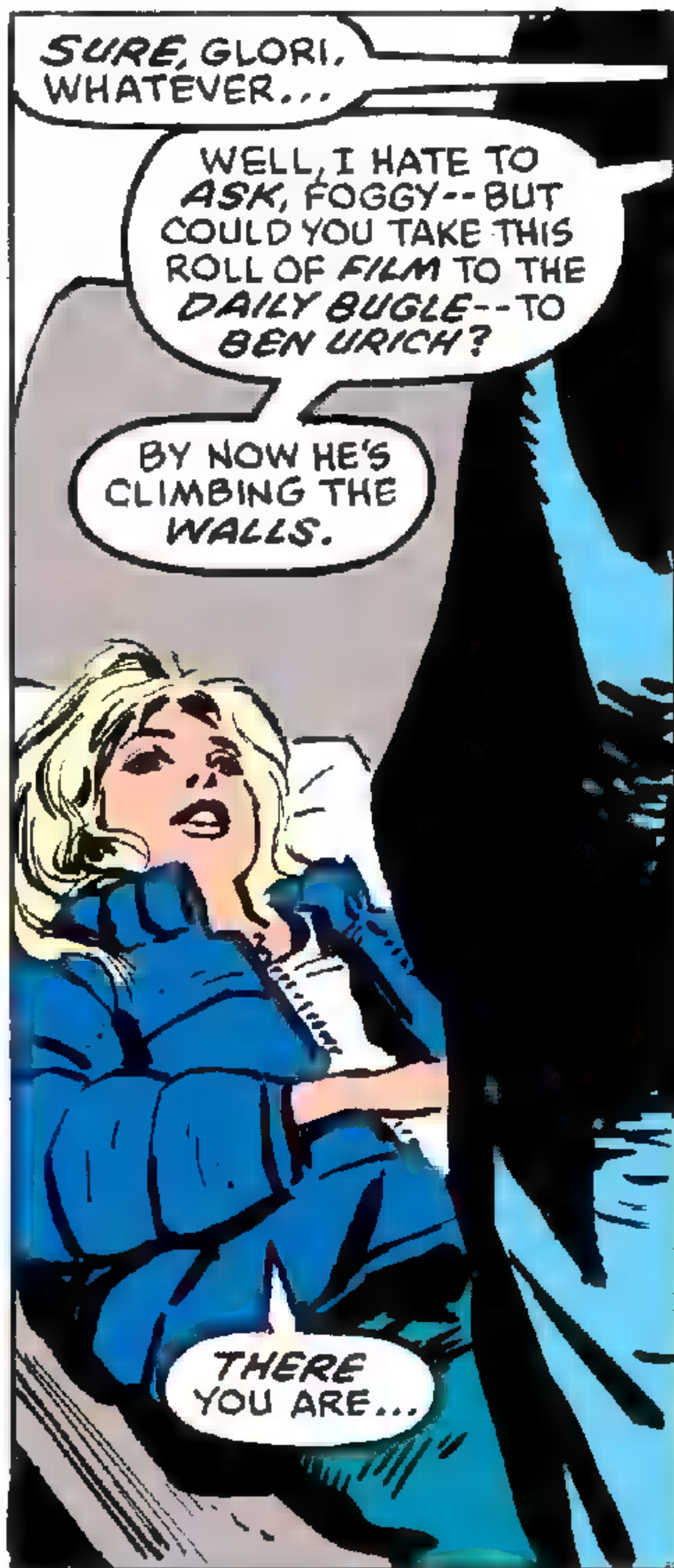
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS  
HAPPENED. FIRST THING  
WE'LL DO IS GET YOU TO  
A PROPER HOSPITAL.

I CAN'T BE MOVED JUST  
YET. FOGGY, I'VE... I'VE  
GOT A FAVOR TO ASK  
YOU...

GET SOME  
SLEEP, MATT.  
SOON AS YOU  
CAN.

I WILL...



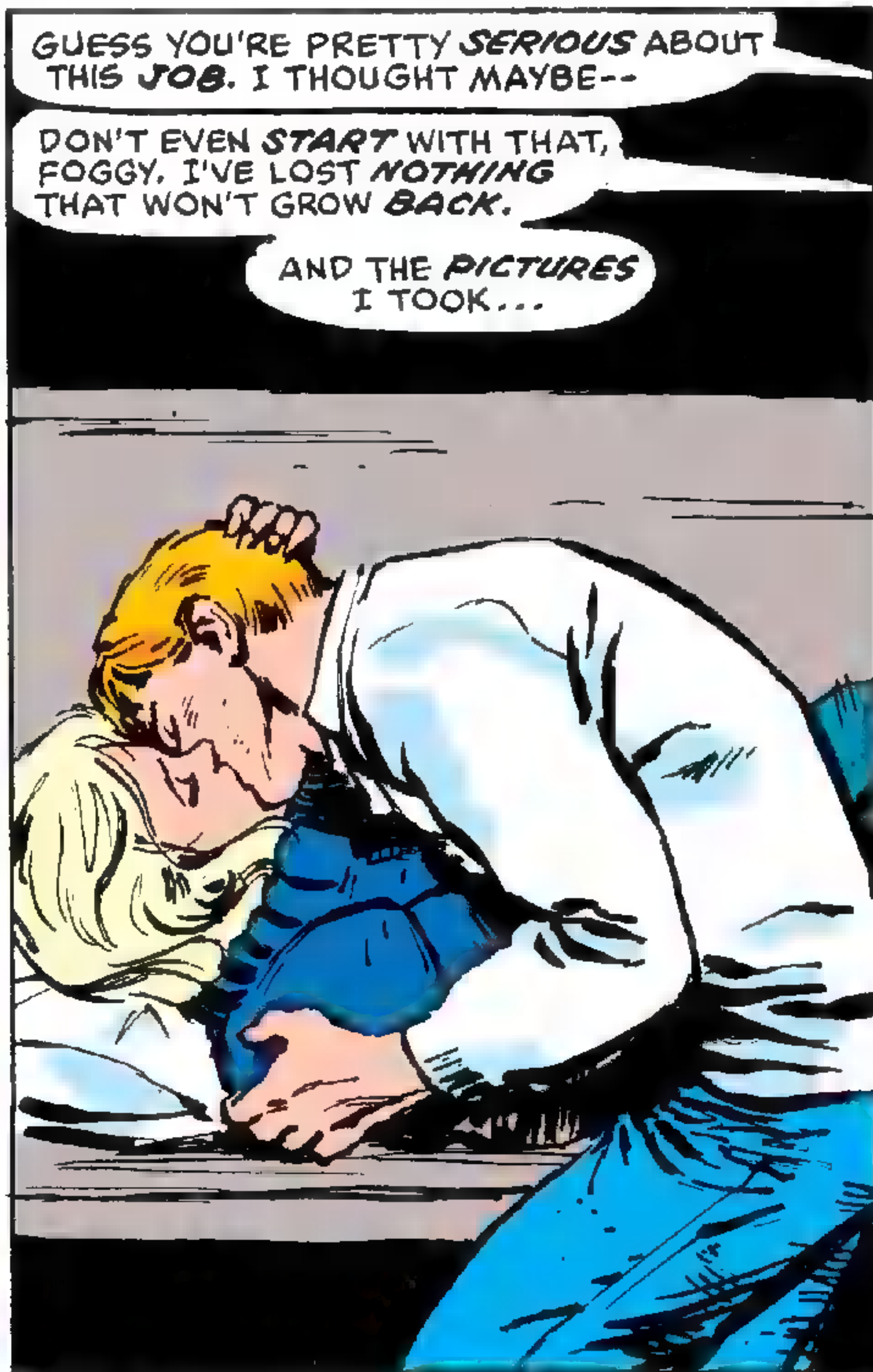


SURE, GLORI,  
WHATEVER...

WELL, I HATE TO  
ASK, FOGGY-- BUT  
COULD YOU TAKE THIS  
ROLL OF FILM TO THE  
DAILY BUGLE-- TO  
BEN URICH?

BY NOW HE'S  
CLIMBING THE  
WALLS.

THERE  
YOU ARE...



GUESS YOU'RE PRETTY *SERIOUS* ABOUT  
THIS *JOB*. I THOUGHT MAYBE--

DON'T EVEN *START* WITH THAT,  
FOGGY. I'VE LOST *NOTHING*  
THAT WON'T GROW *BACK*.

AND THE *PICTURES*  
I TOOK...

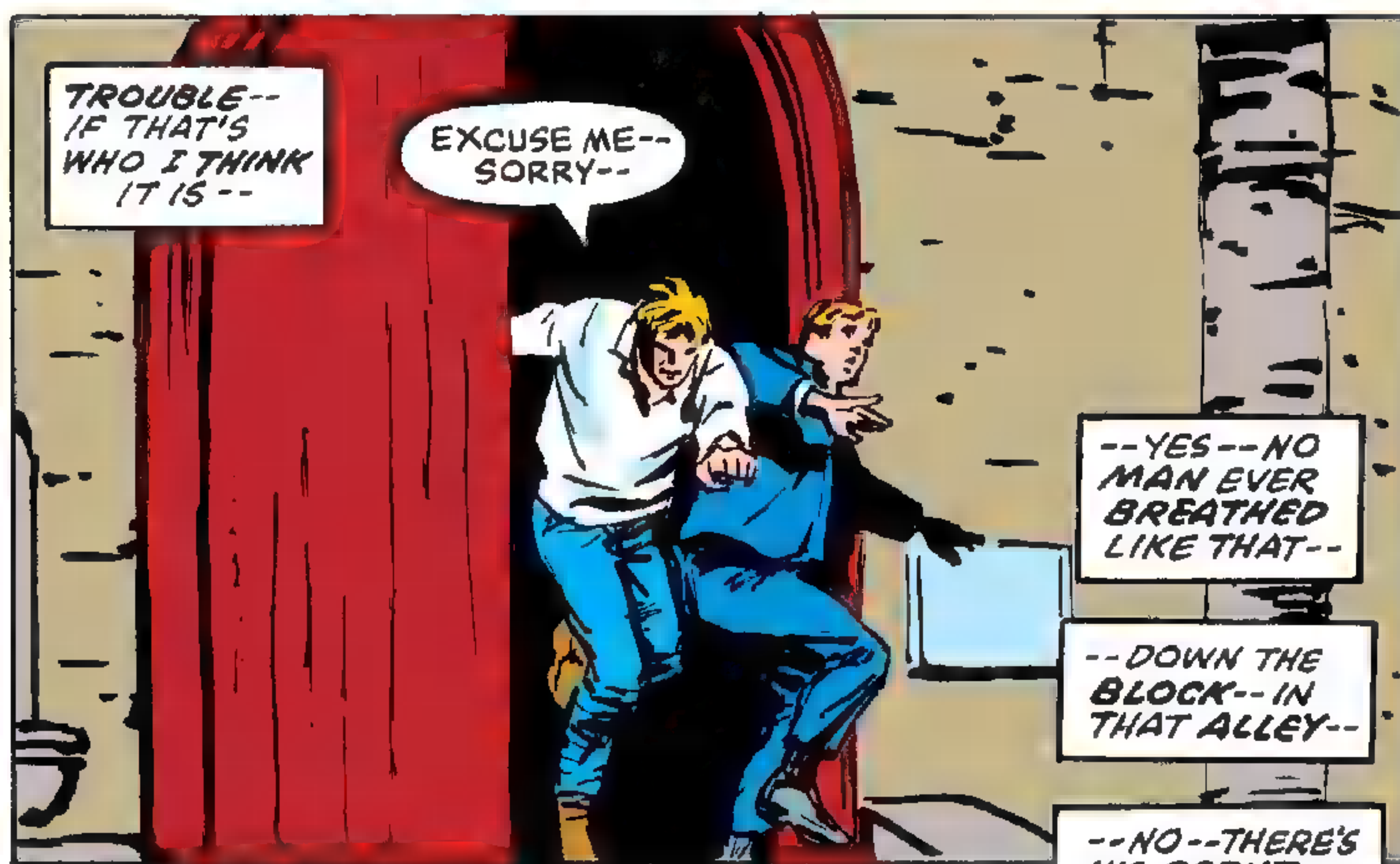


YEAH. WELL... I'LL BE  
*SEEING* YOU, SWEETIE...

SURE, FOGGY.  
I'LL *CALL* YOU...

WHAT  
IS IT,  
MATT?

I'M IN *TROUBLE*,  
KAREN. I HAVE  
TO GO.



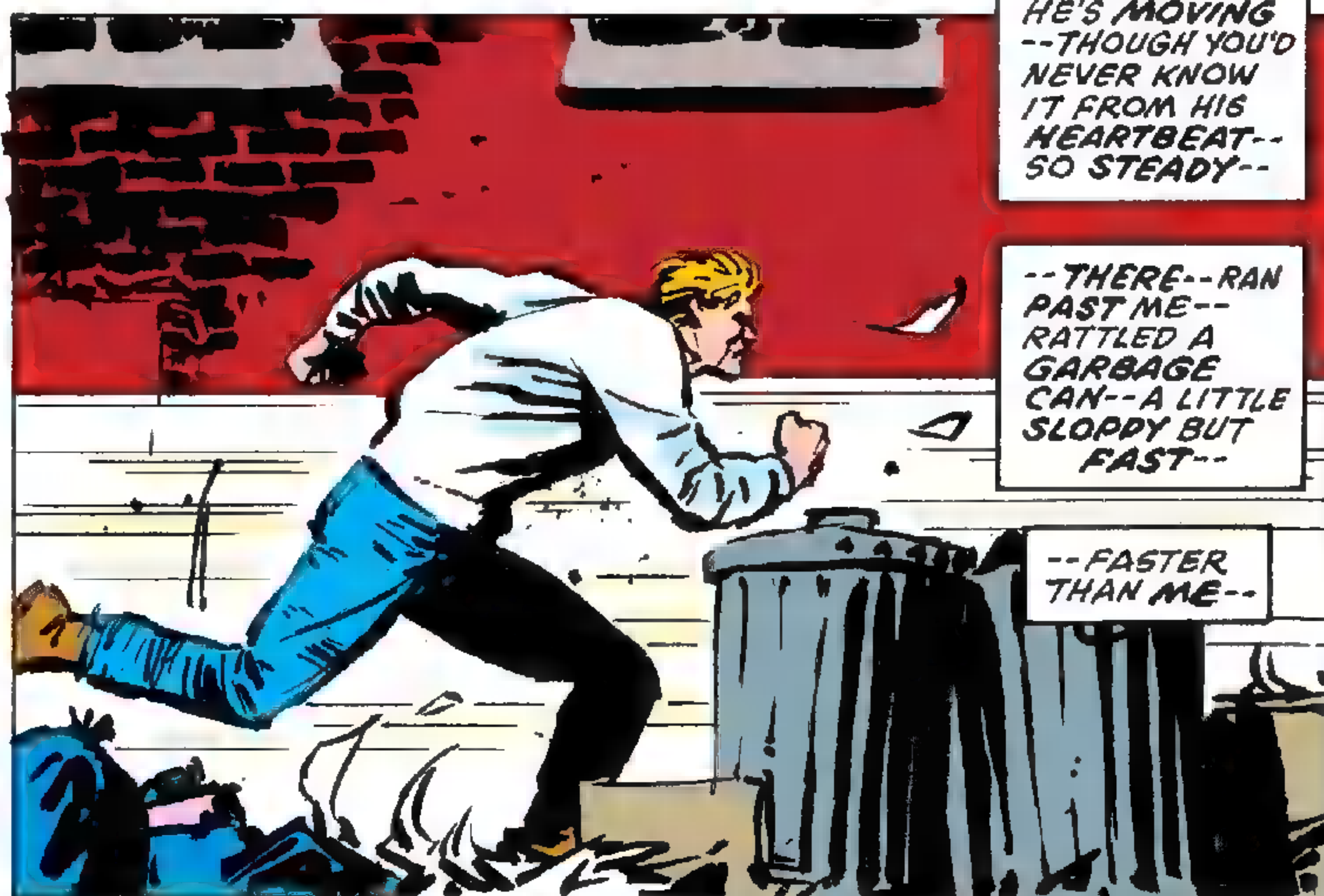
TROUBLE--  
IF THAT'S  
WHO I THINK  
IT IS--

EXCUSE ME--  
SORRY--

--YES-- NO  
MAN EVER  
BREATHED  
LIKE THAT--

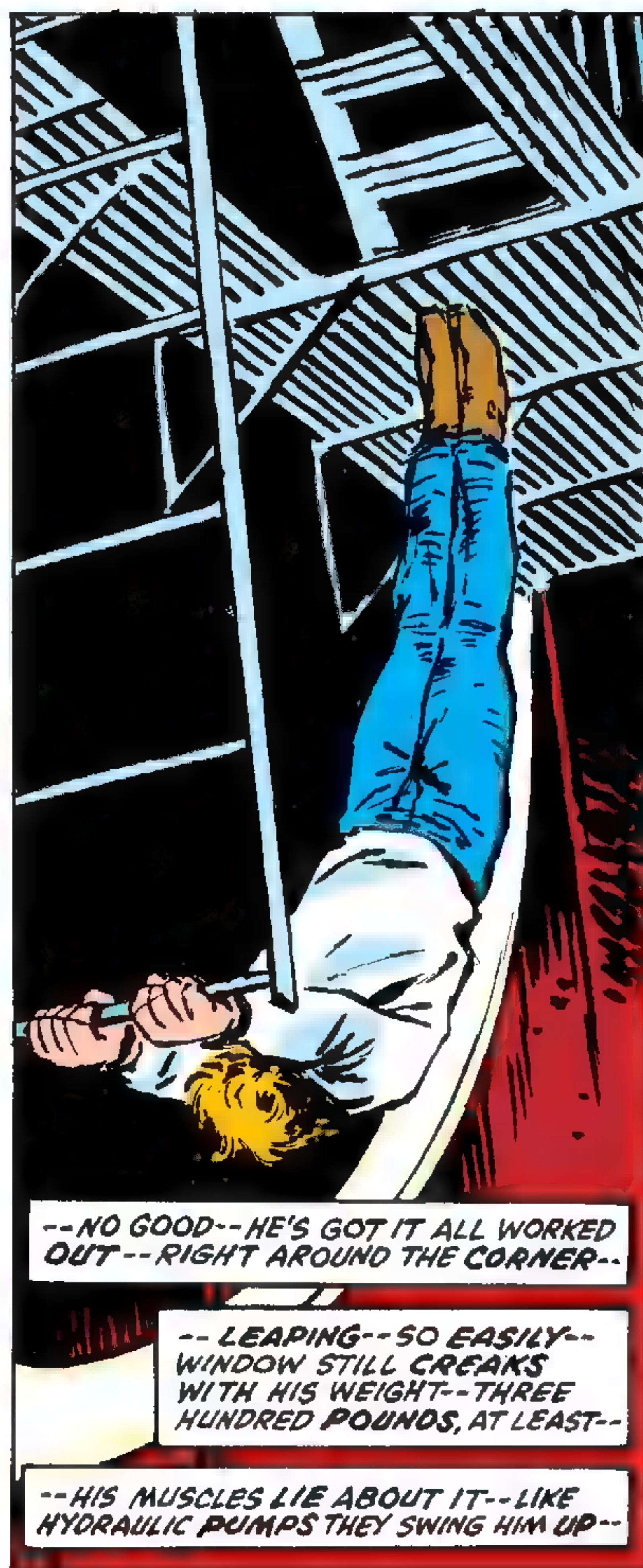
--DOWN THE  
BLOCK-- IN  
THAT ALLEY--

--NO-- THERE'S  
HIS SCENT--  
HE'S MOVING  
--THOUGH YOU'D  
NEVER KNOW  
IT FROM HIS  
HEARTBEAT--  
SO STEADY--



--THERE-- RAN  
PAST ME--  
RATTLED A  
GARBAGE  
CAN-- A LITTLE  
SLOPPY BUT  
FAST--

--FASTER  
THAN ME--



--NO GOOD-- HE'S GOT IT ALL WORKED  
OUT-- RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER--

--LEAPING-- SO EASILY--  
WINDOW STILL CREAKS  
WITH HIS WEIGHT-- THREE  
HUNDRED POUNDS, AT LEAST--

--HIS MUSCLES LIE ABOUT IT-- LIKE  
HYDRAULIC PUMPS THEY SWING HIM UP--





-- ALL WORKED OUT--  
HE TRACKED ME--  
SINCE LAST NIGHT--

DAREDEVIL--  
I MEAN YOU  
NO HARM.

WHAT  
DO YOU  
WANT?



THAT MAN--  
LAST NIGHT--  
WHO IS HE?

YOU DIDN'T  
ASK?

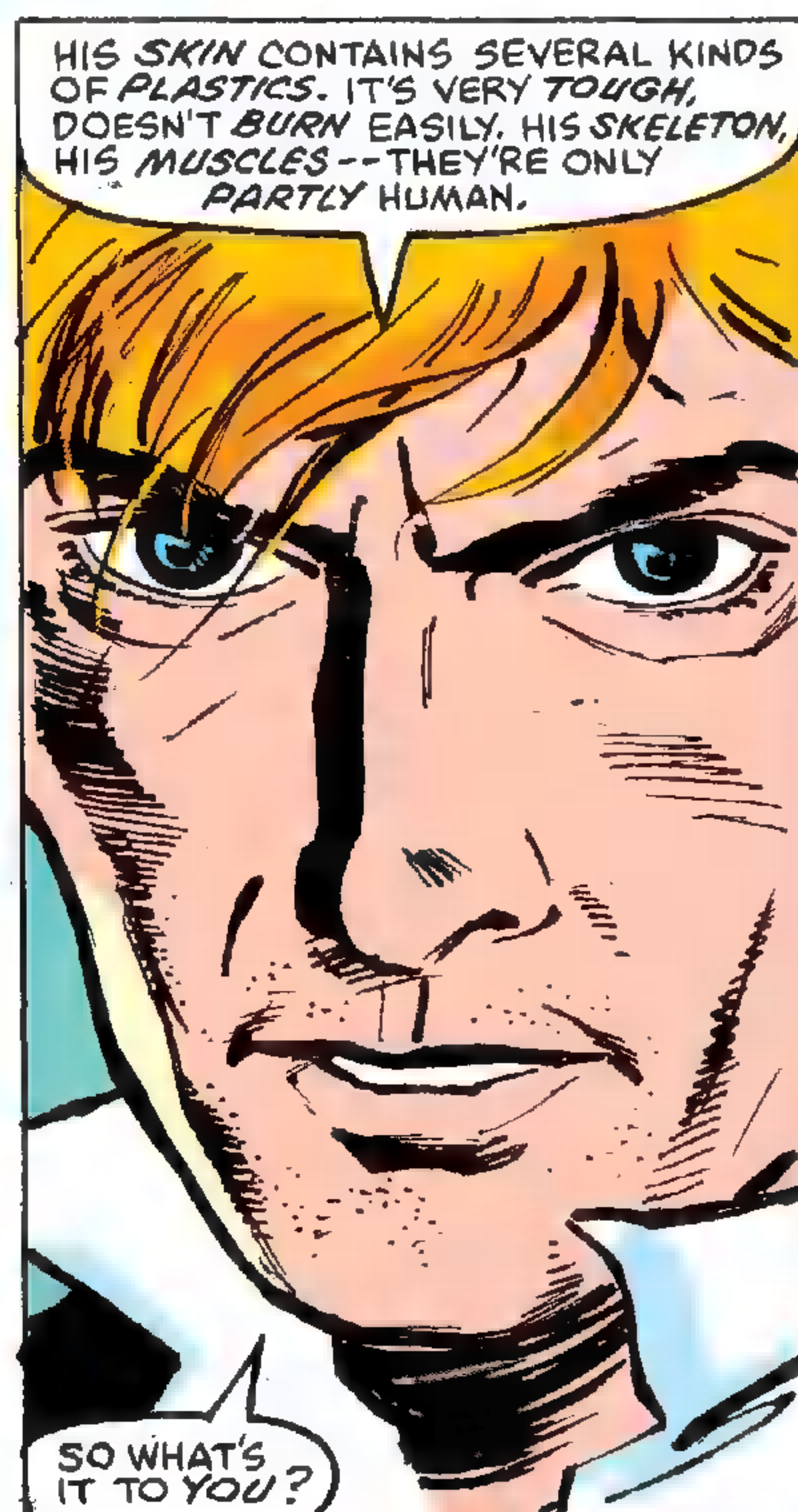
YOUR  
EMPLOYERS,  
I MEAN.



THEY AREN'T MY  
EMPLOYERS.

THEY SAID  
HE'S A  
TERRORIST.

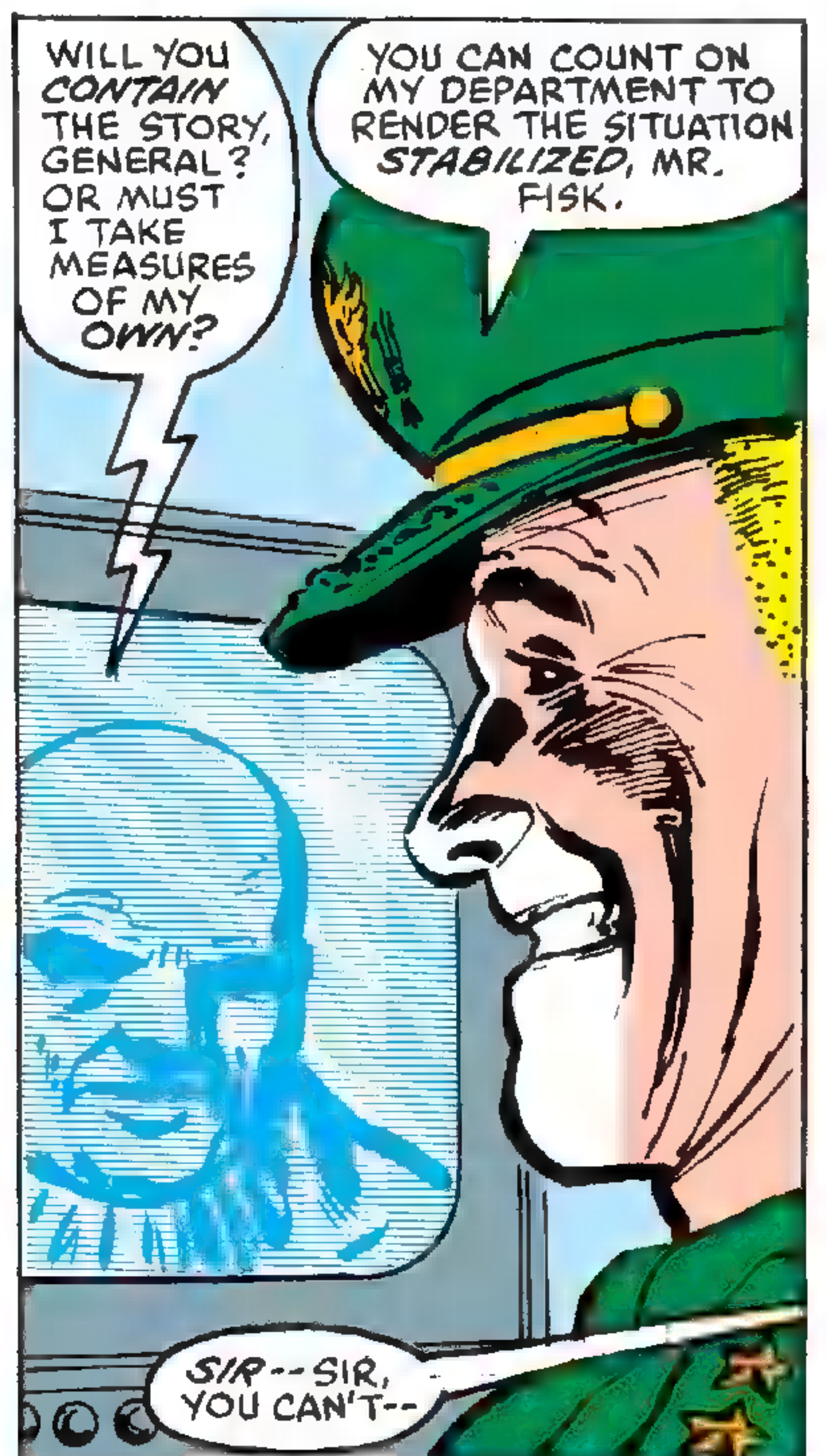
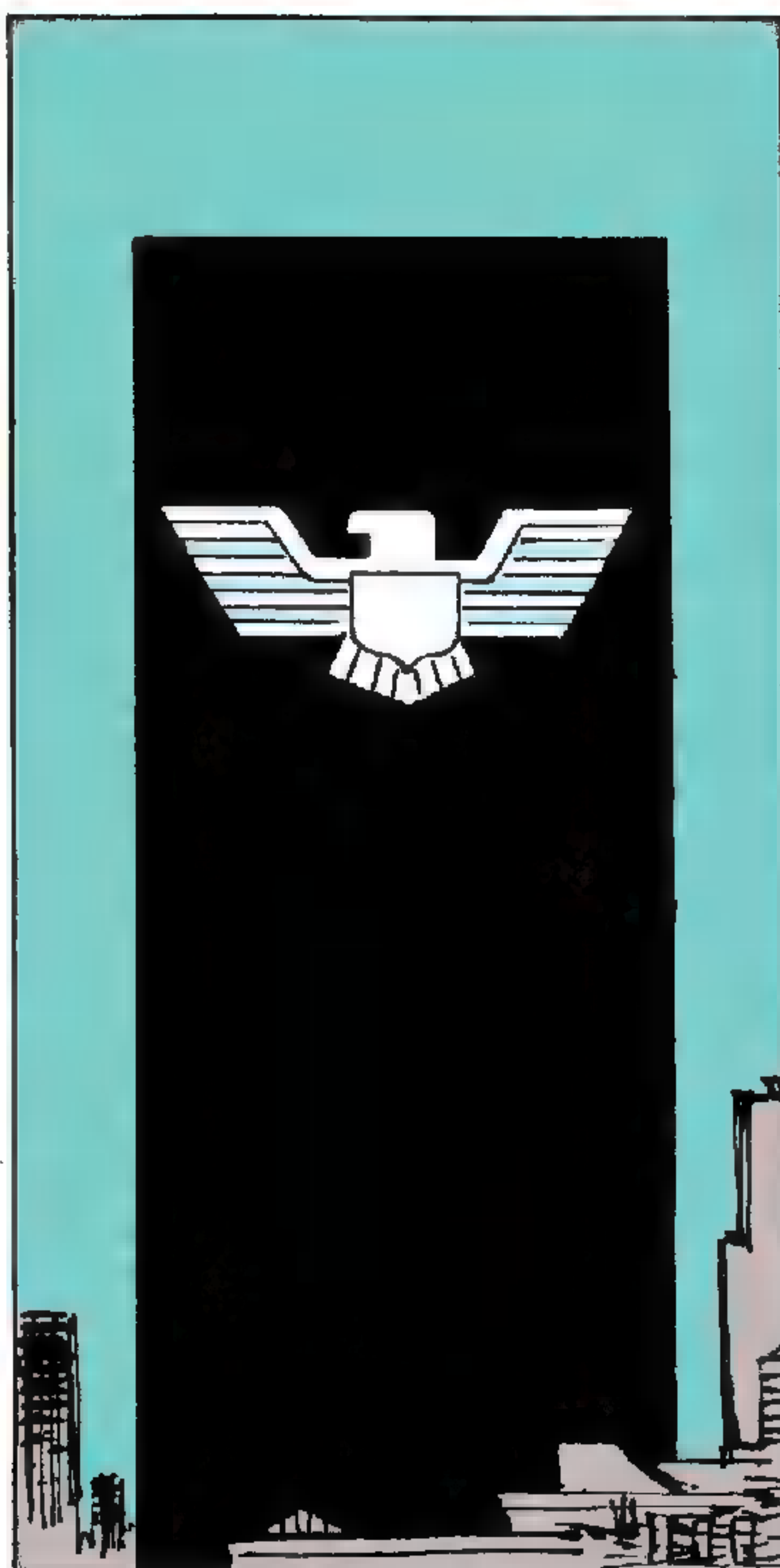
NO ORDINARY TERRORIST,  
IF THAT'S EVEN WHAT HE IS.  
NO. HE'S TOO GOOD AT  
IT. AND TOO WELL MADE.



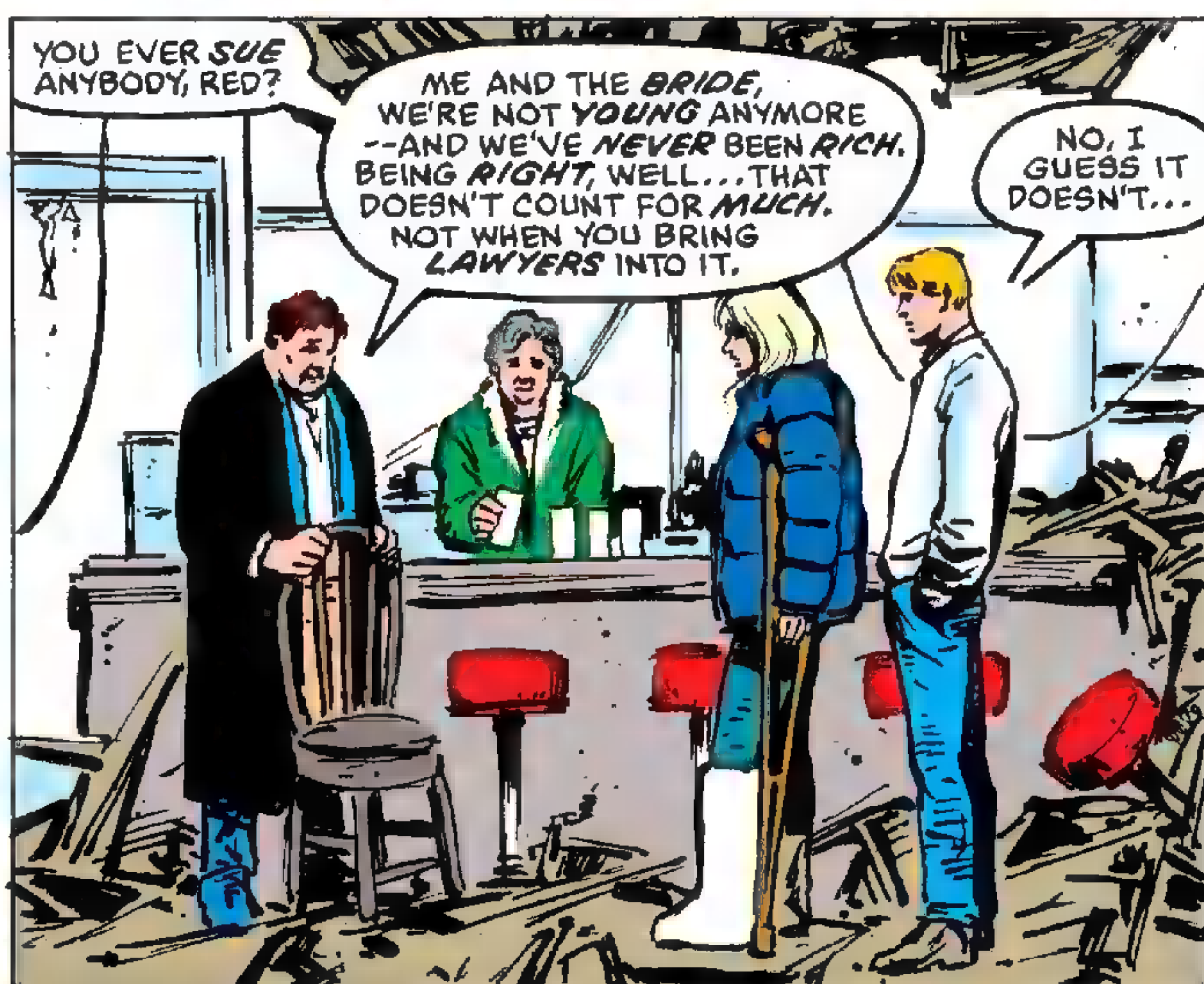
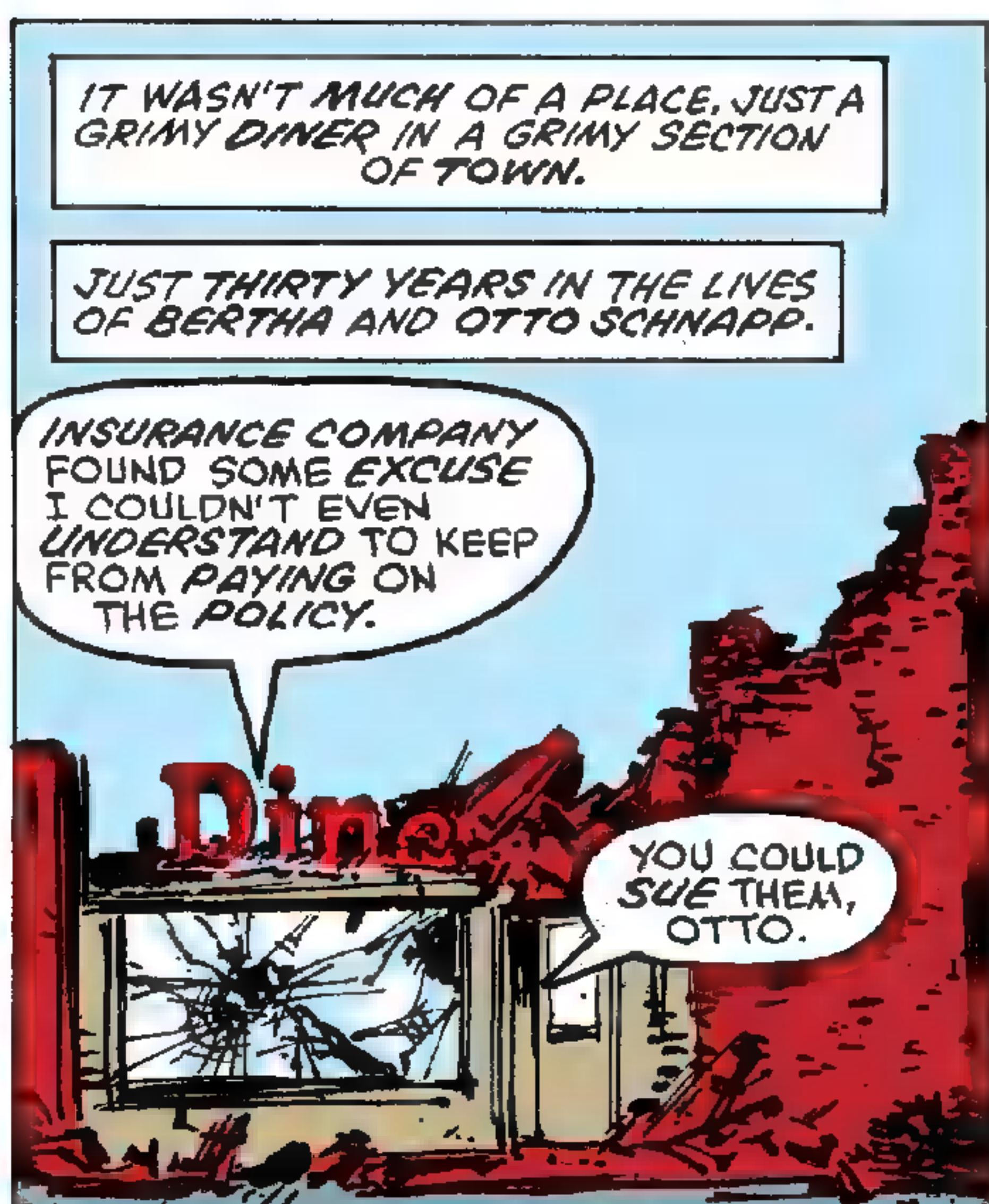
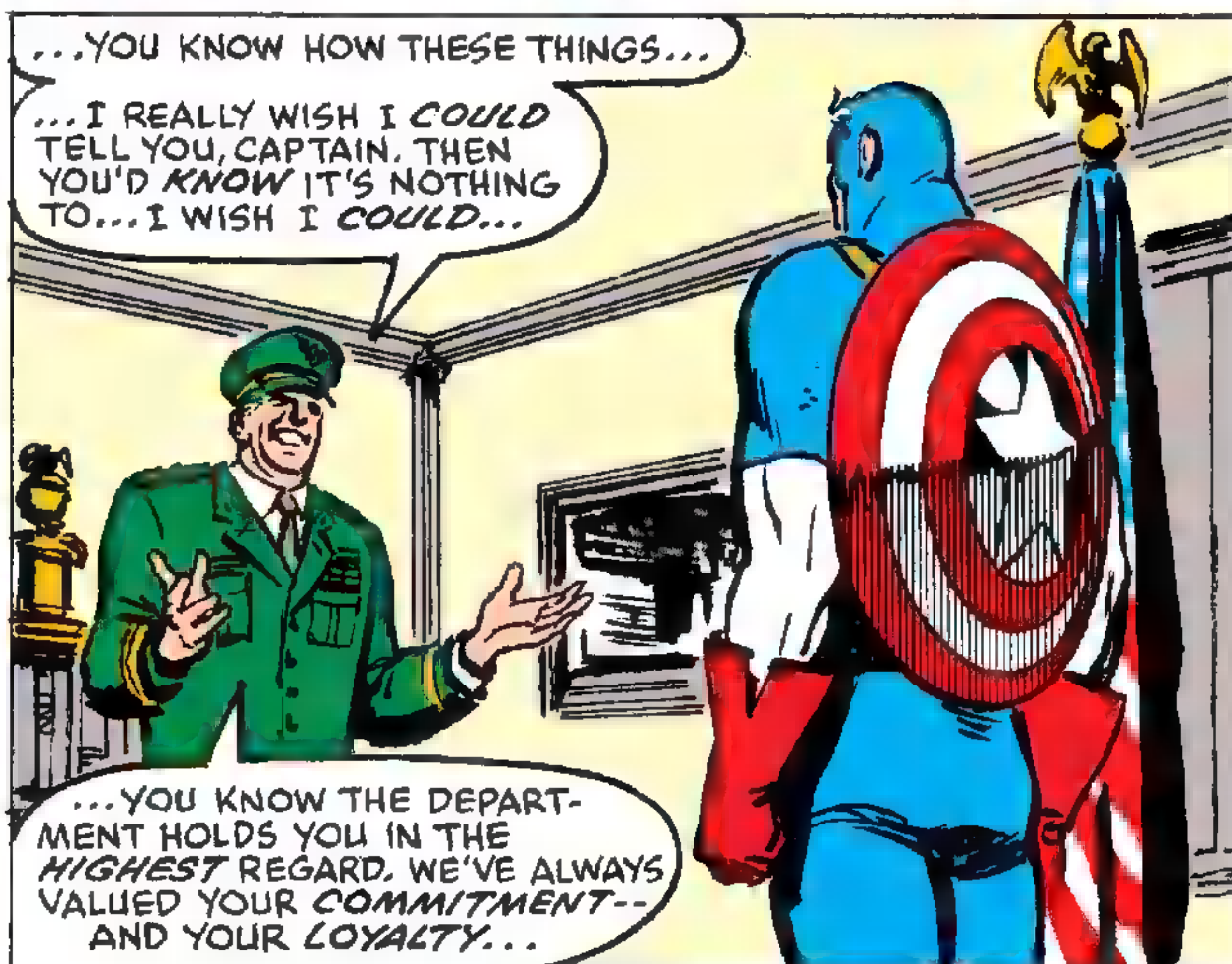
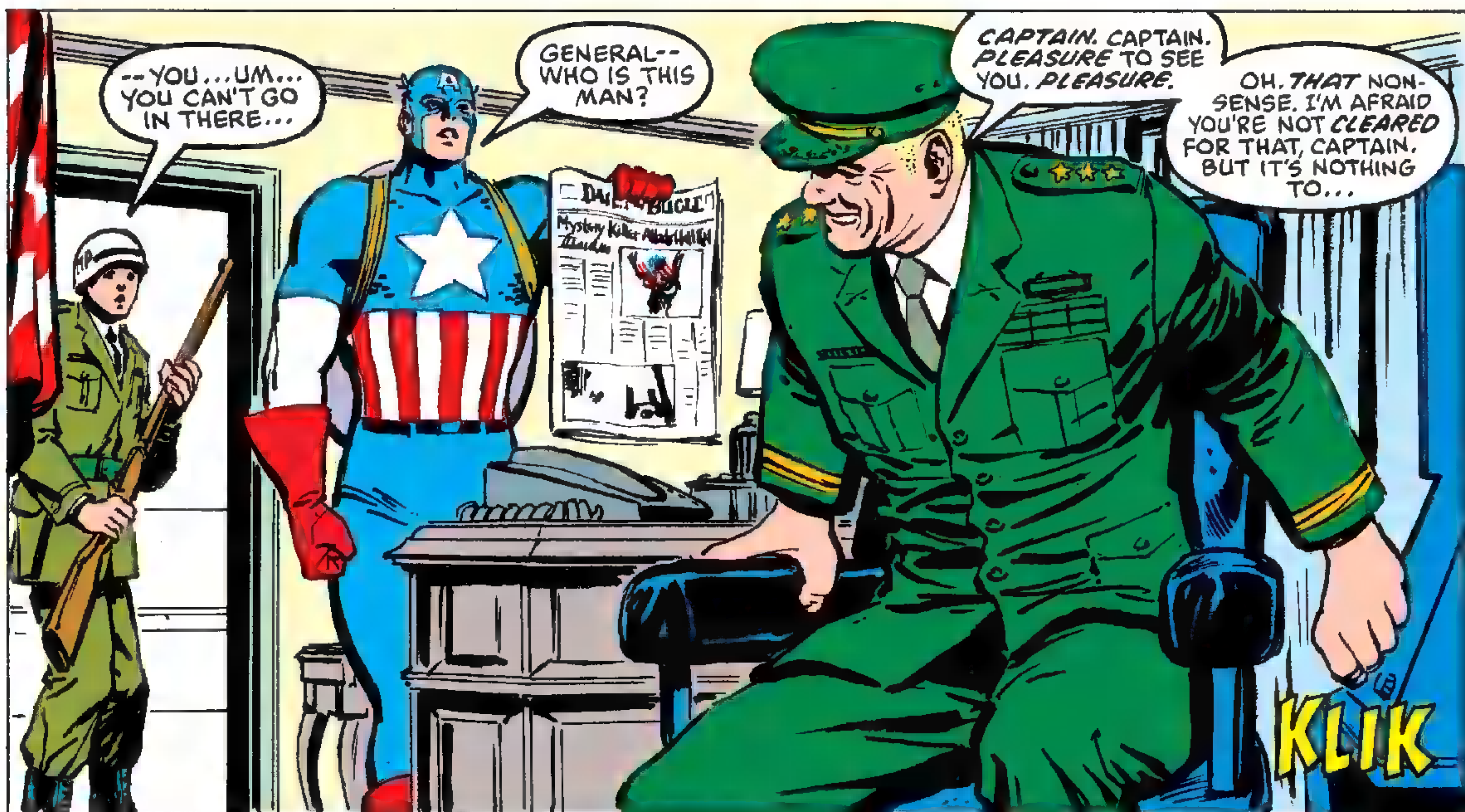
HIS SKIN CONTAINS SEVERAL KINDS  
OF PLASTICS. IT'S VERY TOUGH,  
DOESN'T BURN EASILY. HIS SKELETON,  
HIS MUSCLES--THEY'RE ONLY  
PARTLY HUMAN.

SO WHAT'S  
IT TO YOU?

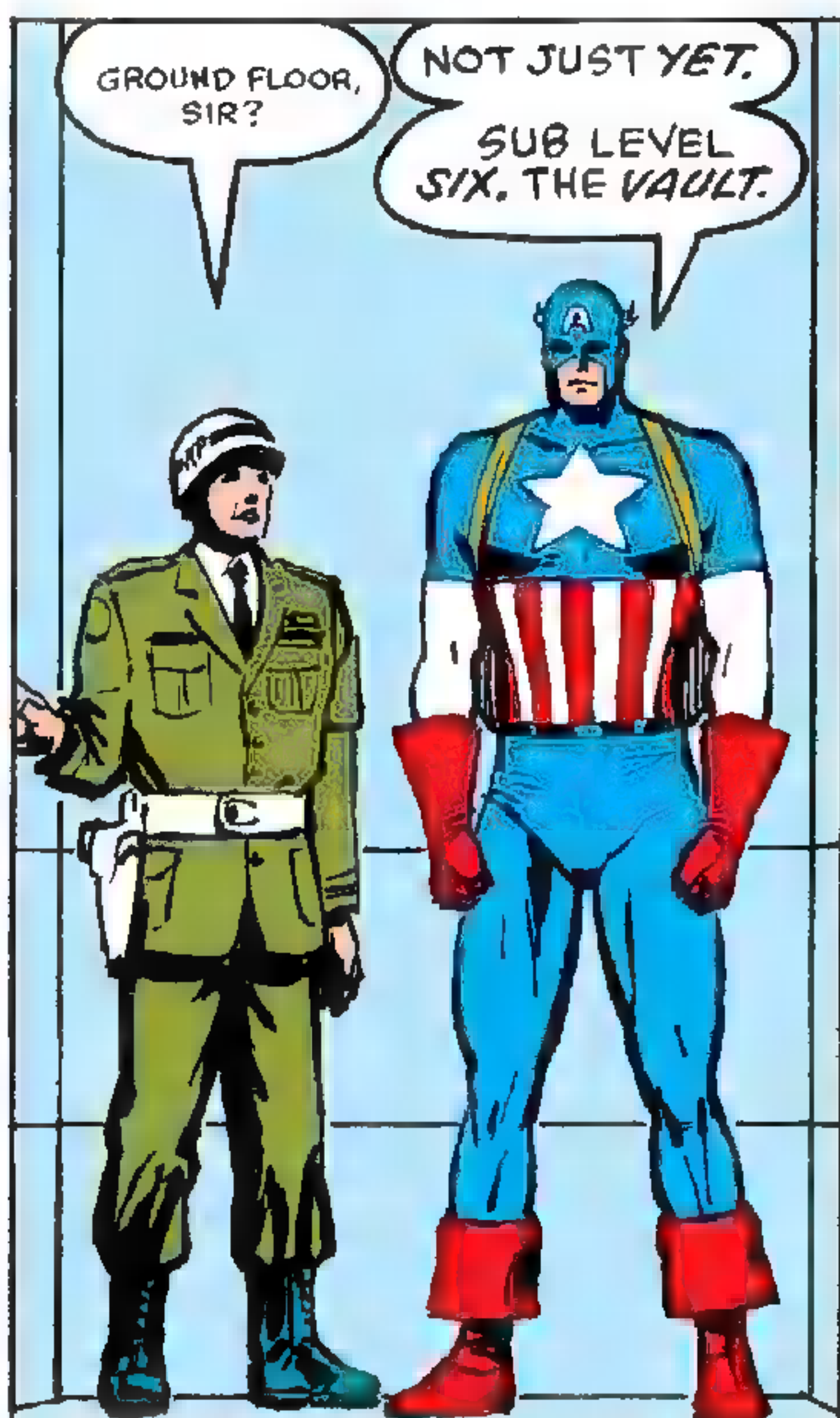
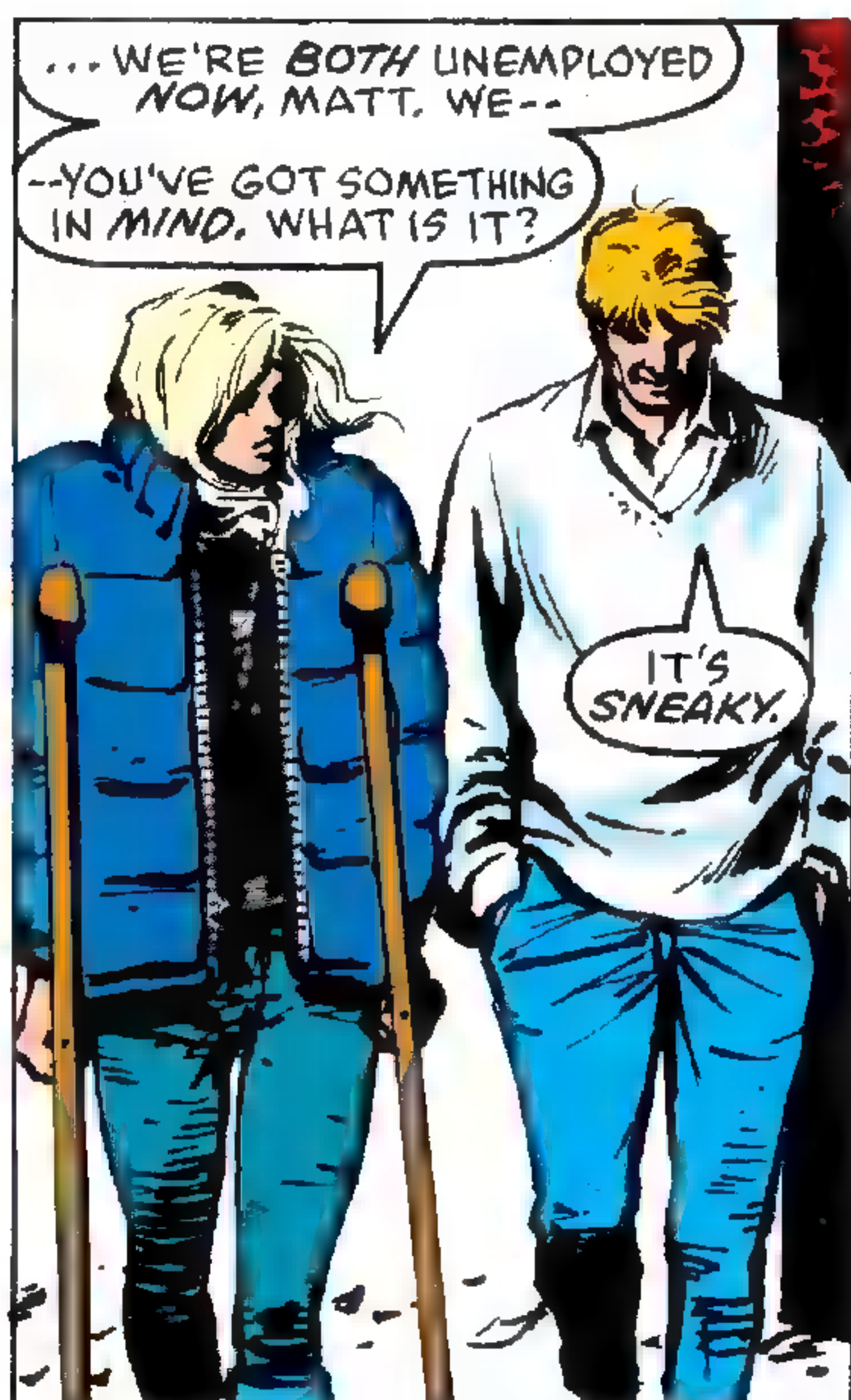




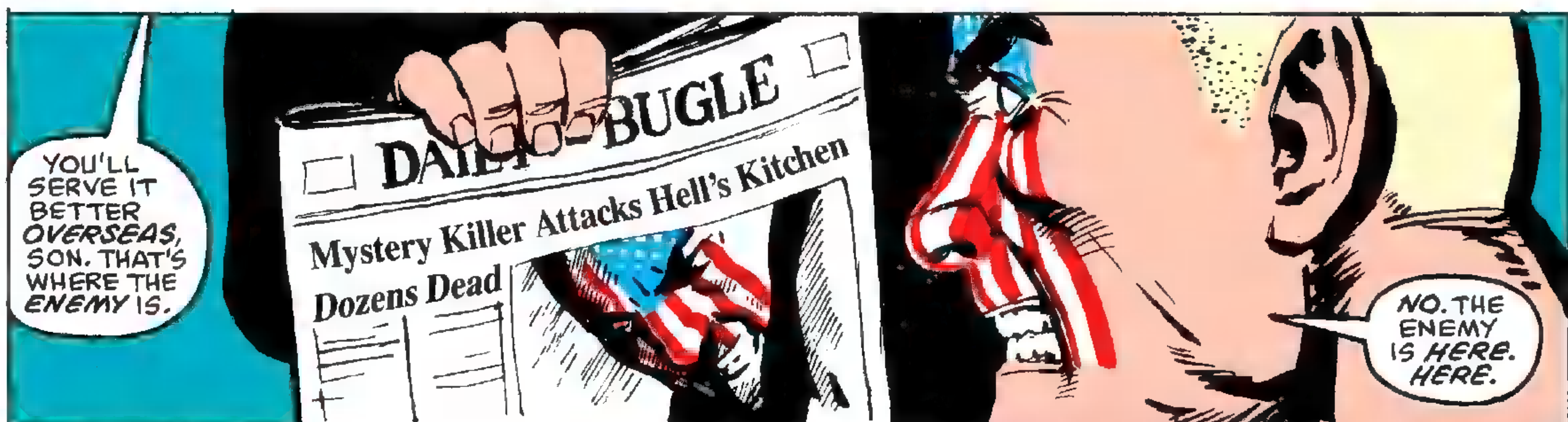
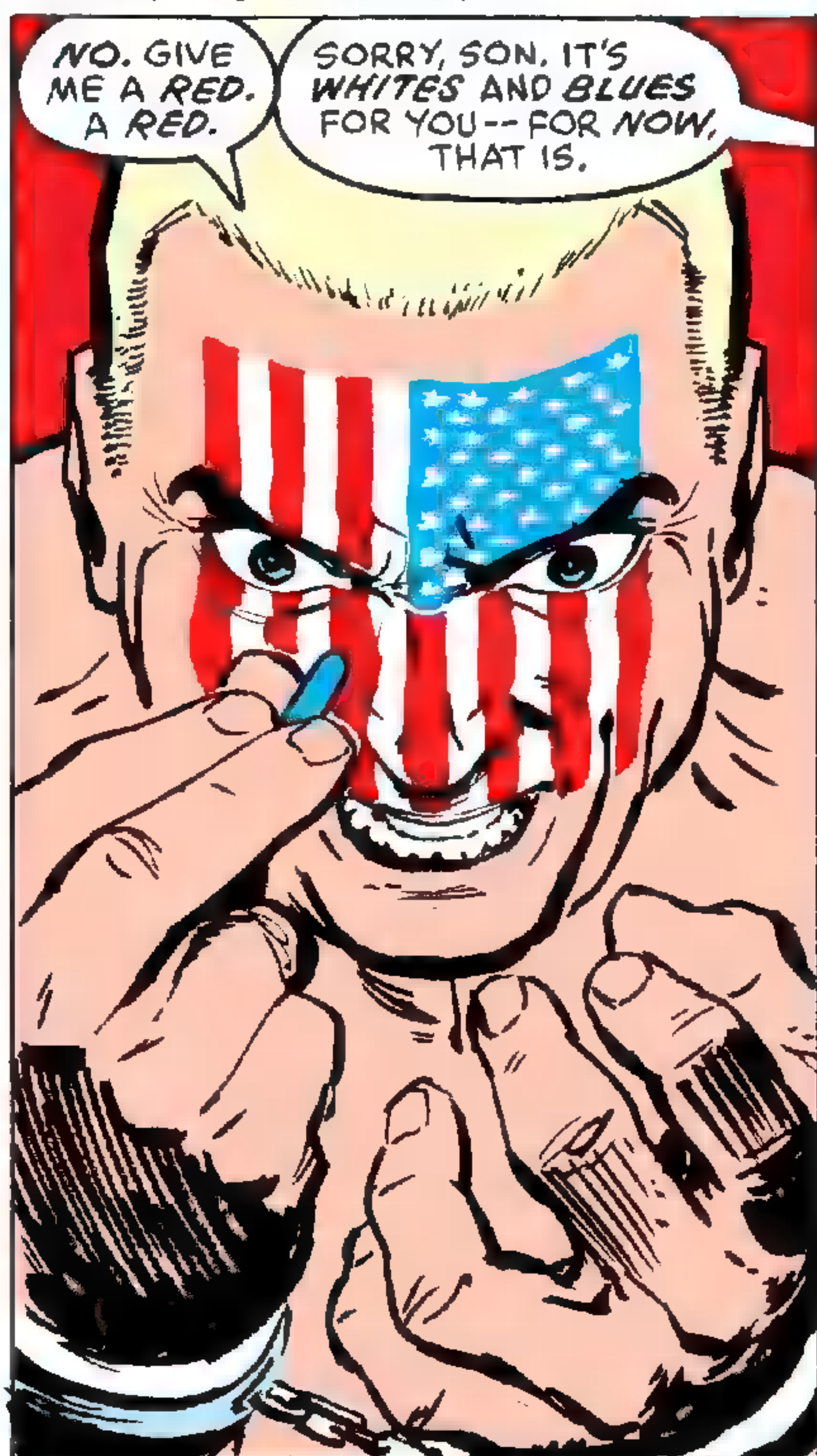








MANY FLOORS ABOVE...





THE SOLDIER TRIES NOT TO REMEMBER HOW IT USED TO BE-- WHEN BREAKING INTO TOP SECRET RECORDS OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE-- AN ACT OF TREASON-- WAS UNTHINKABLE.

UNTHINKABLE -- BECAUSE IT WAS UNNECESSARY.

HE TRIES NOT TO RESENT THE COMPUTERS. ONLY AN OLD MAN WOULD.

HE PUNCHES THE KEYS AND BREAKS THE RIGHT CODES AND PRAYS THAT HE IS WRONG.

PROJECT RE-BIRTH-- THE WORD FLASHES ON THE SCREEN. THEN A NAME, HIS NAME...

STEVE ROGERS. UNFIT FOR ACTIVE DUTY. SUBJECT OF A CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT THAT MADE HIM A SUPERMAN.

STEVE ROGERS-- THE SUPER SOLDIER -- PROTOTYPE FOR WHAT WAS TO BE AN AMERICAN FIGHTING ELITE.

IF ONLY IT HAD GONE DIFFERENTLY, HE THINKS. IF ONLY THE SERUM AND THE MIND THAT HELD IT HAD NOT BEEN DESTROYED...

... WE COULD HAVE WON THE WAR WITH CLEAN HANDS-- NOT WITH MILLIONS OF INNOCENTS MURDERED BY ATOMIC FIRE.

ALL THIS IS OLD NEWS. BEST NOT TO DWELL ON IT.

CODE AFTER CODE HE UNTANGLES, EASILY, IMPATIENTLY, HUNTING FOR ATTEMPTS TO REVIVE PROJECT REBIRTH.

HIS STOMACH LURCHES AS TWENTY NAMES APPEAR.

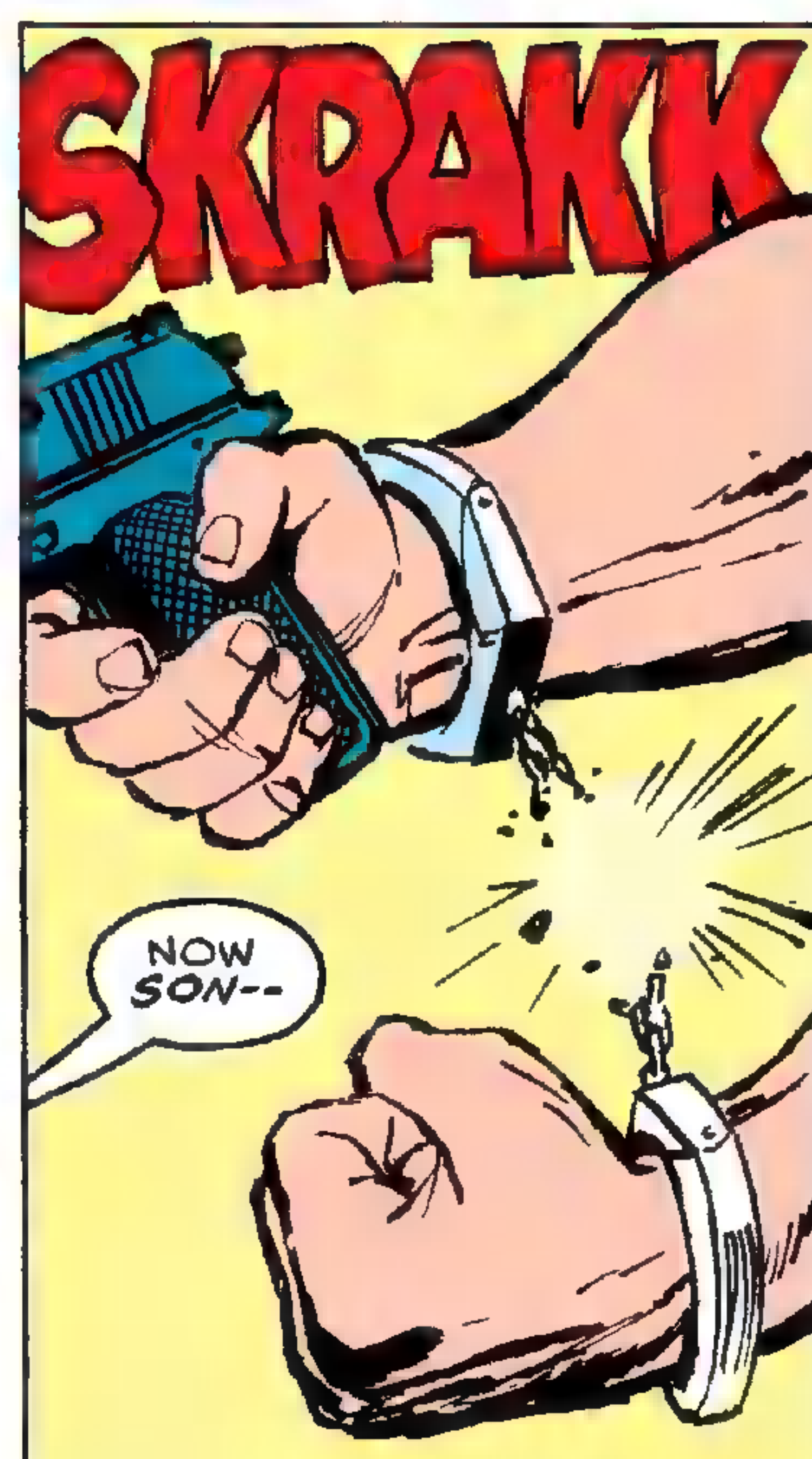
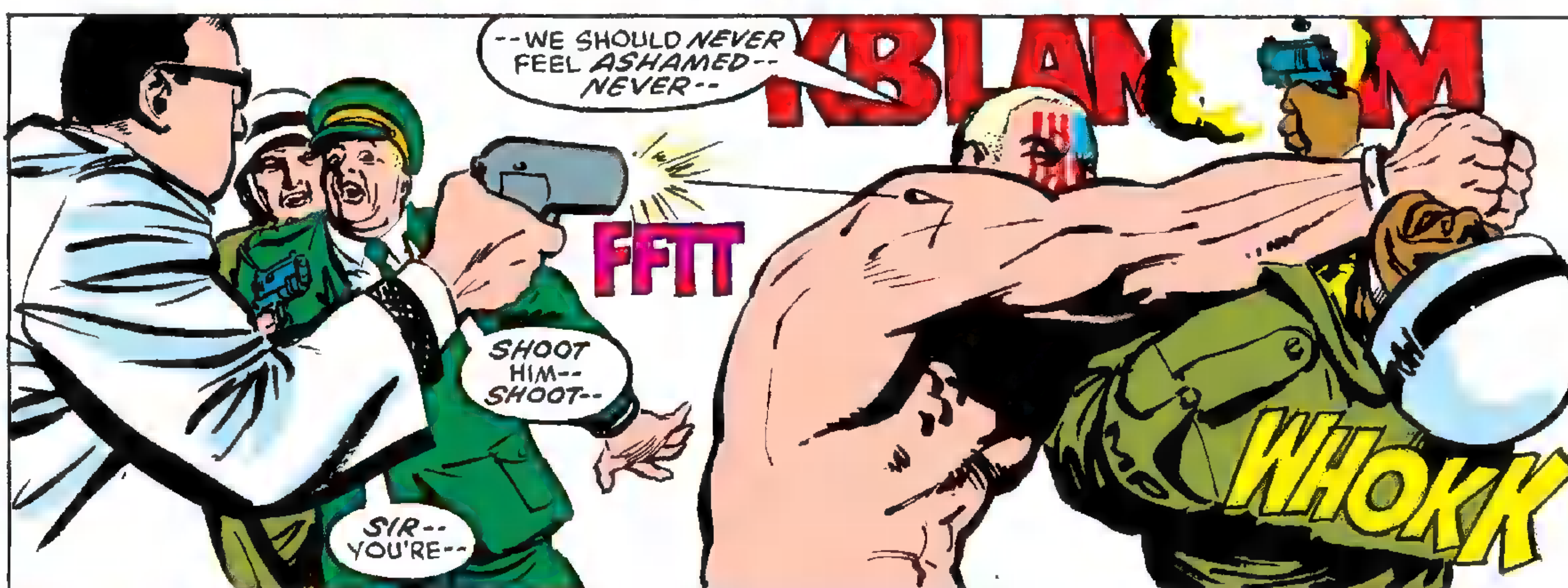
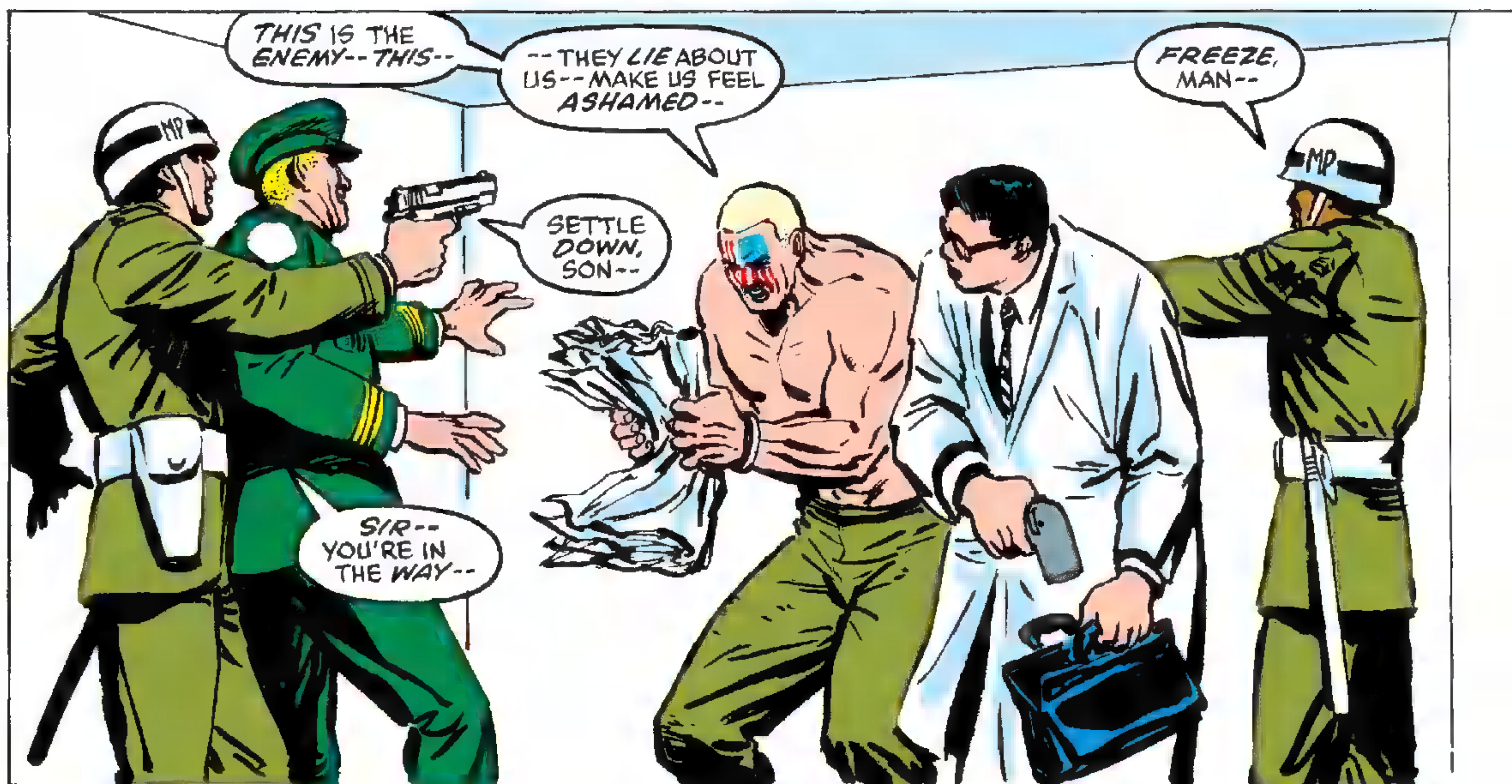
TWENTY.

DEAD -- ALL BUT ONE.

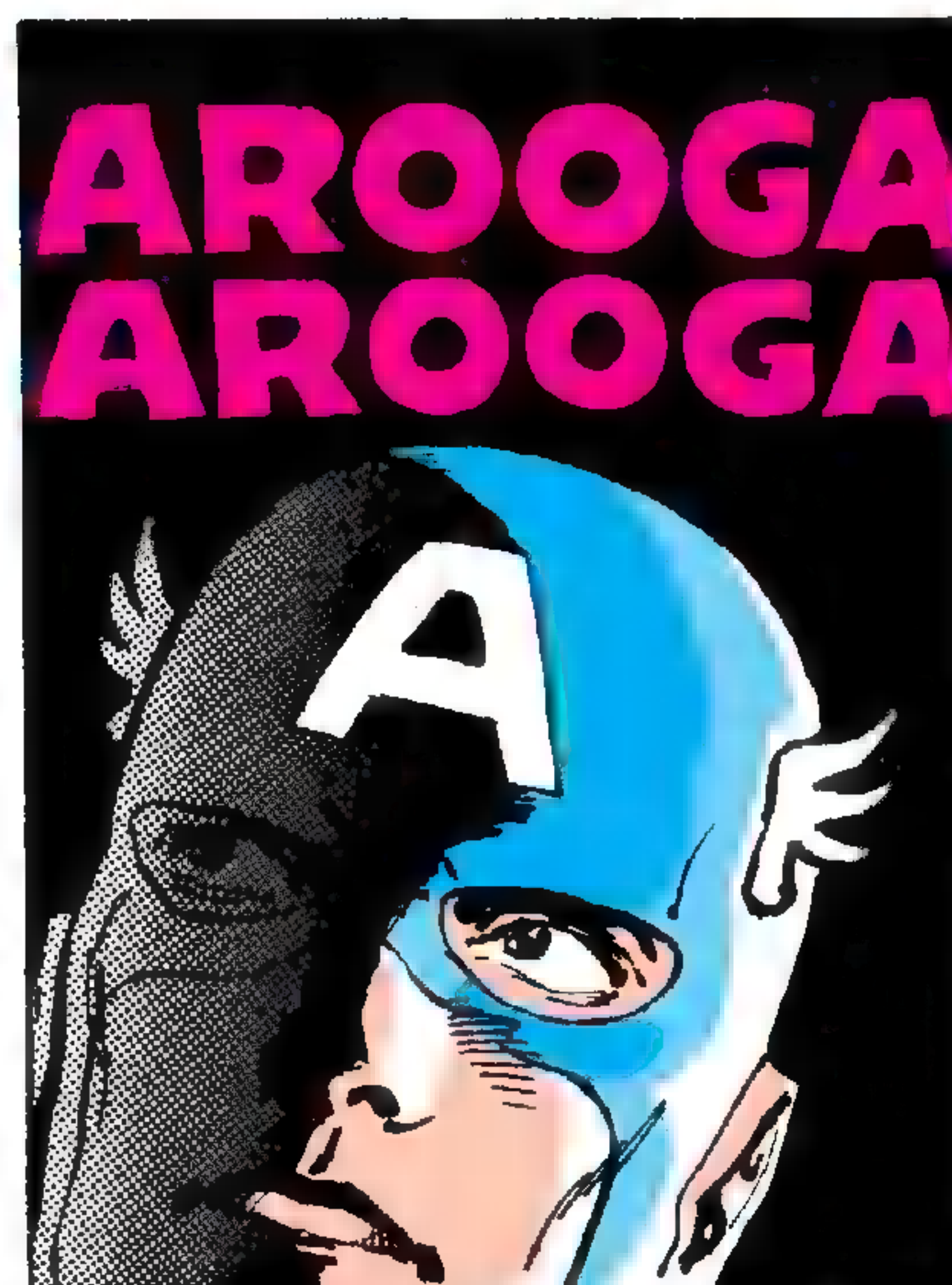
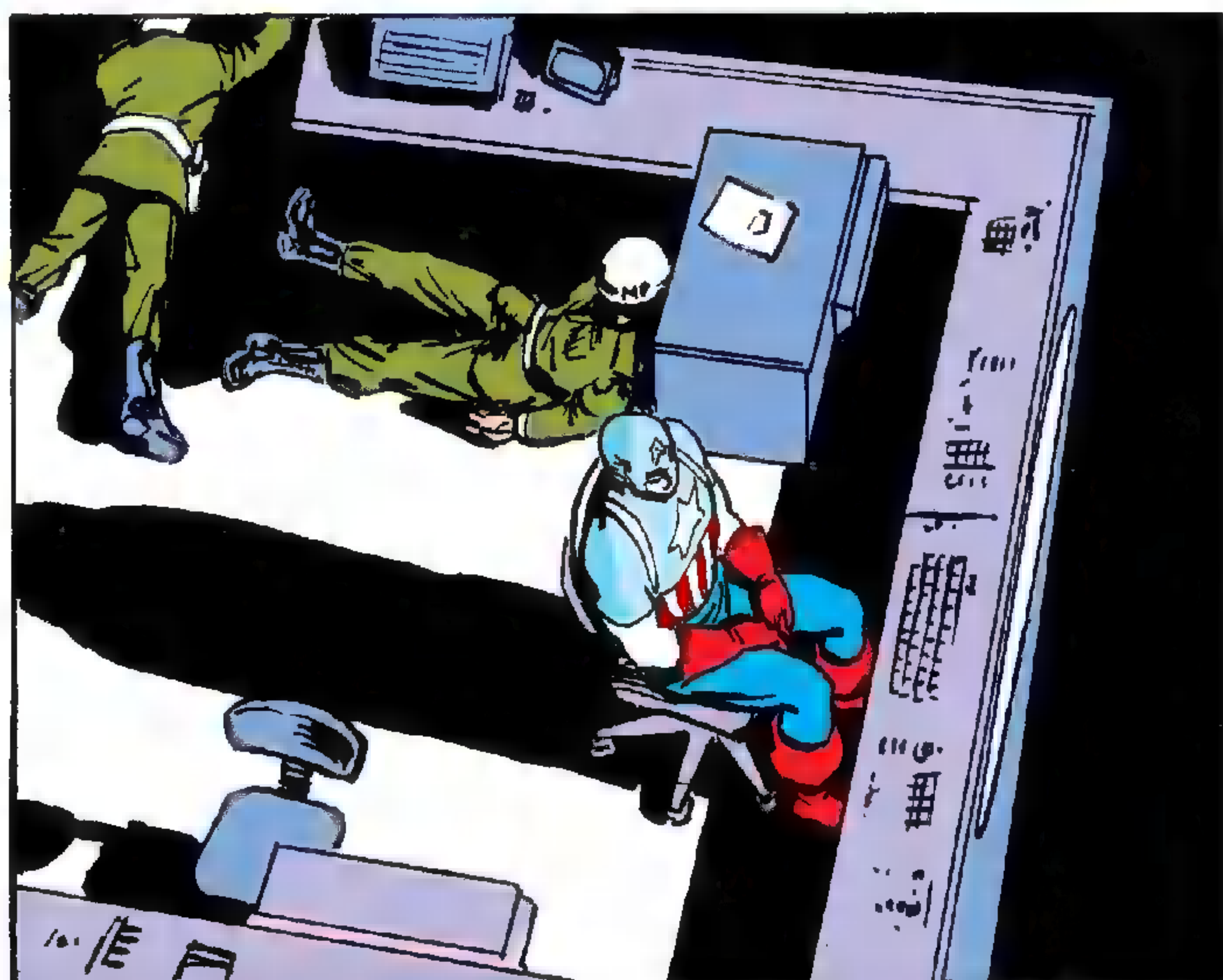
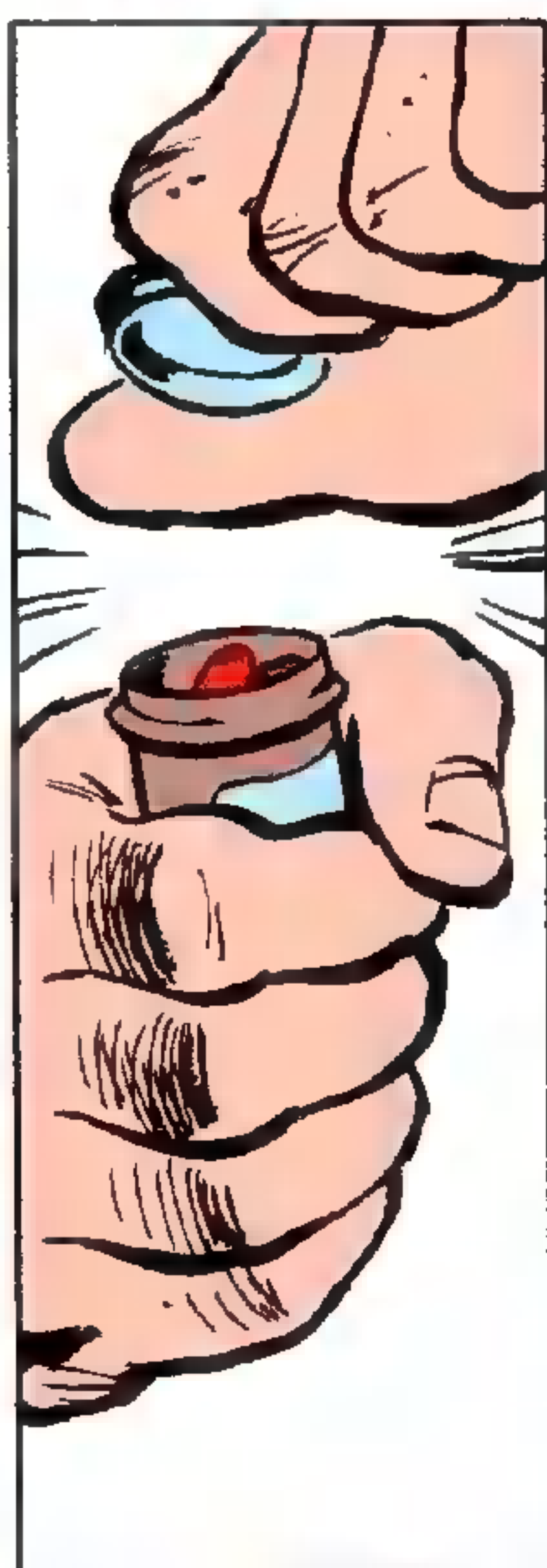
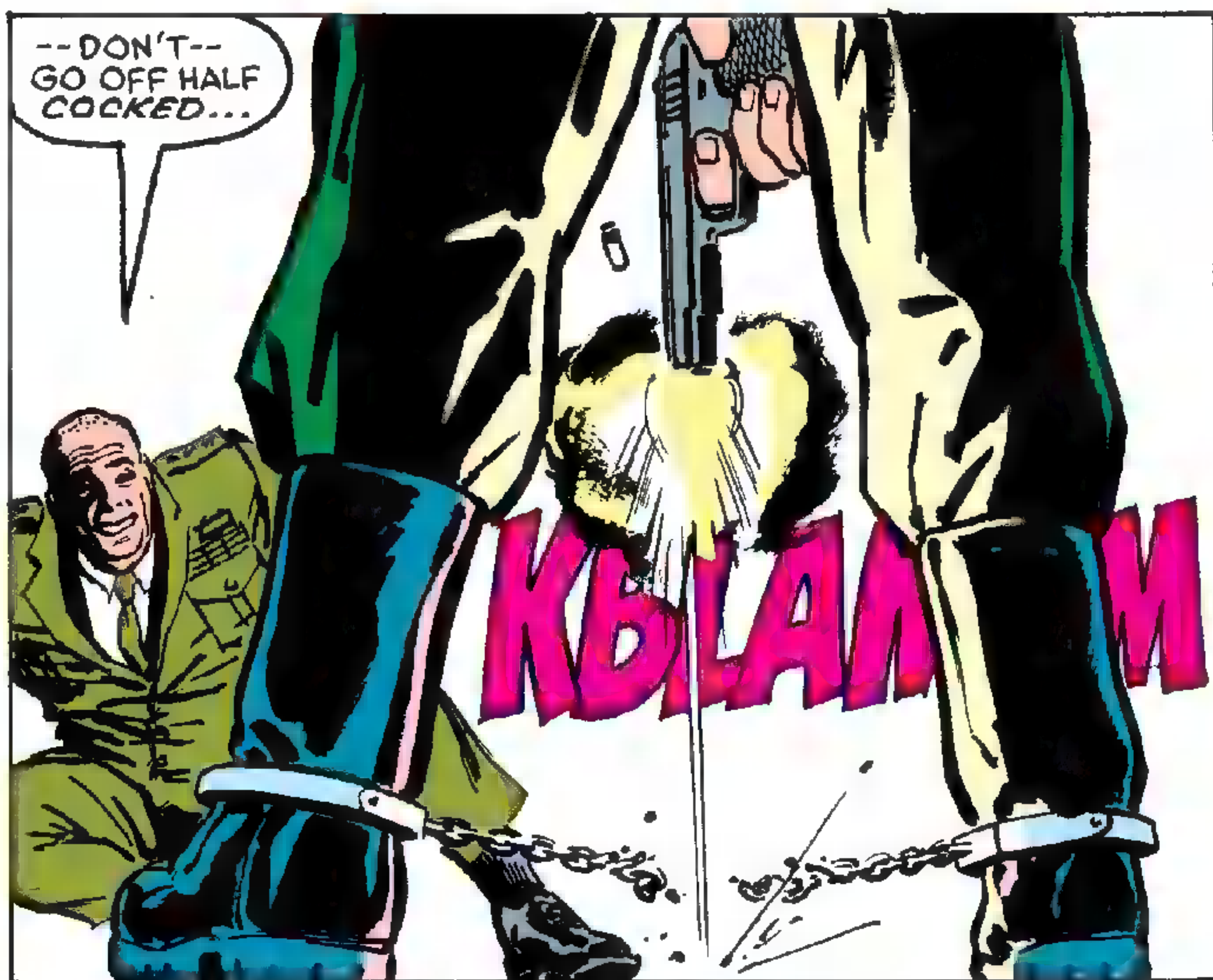
AGENT SIMPSON.

CODE NAME: NUKE.













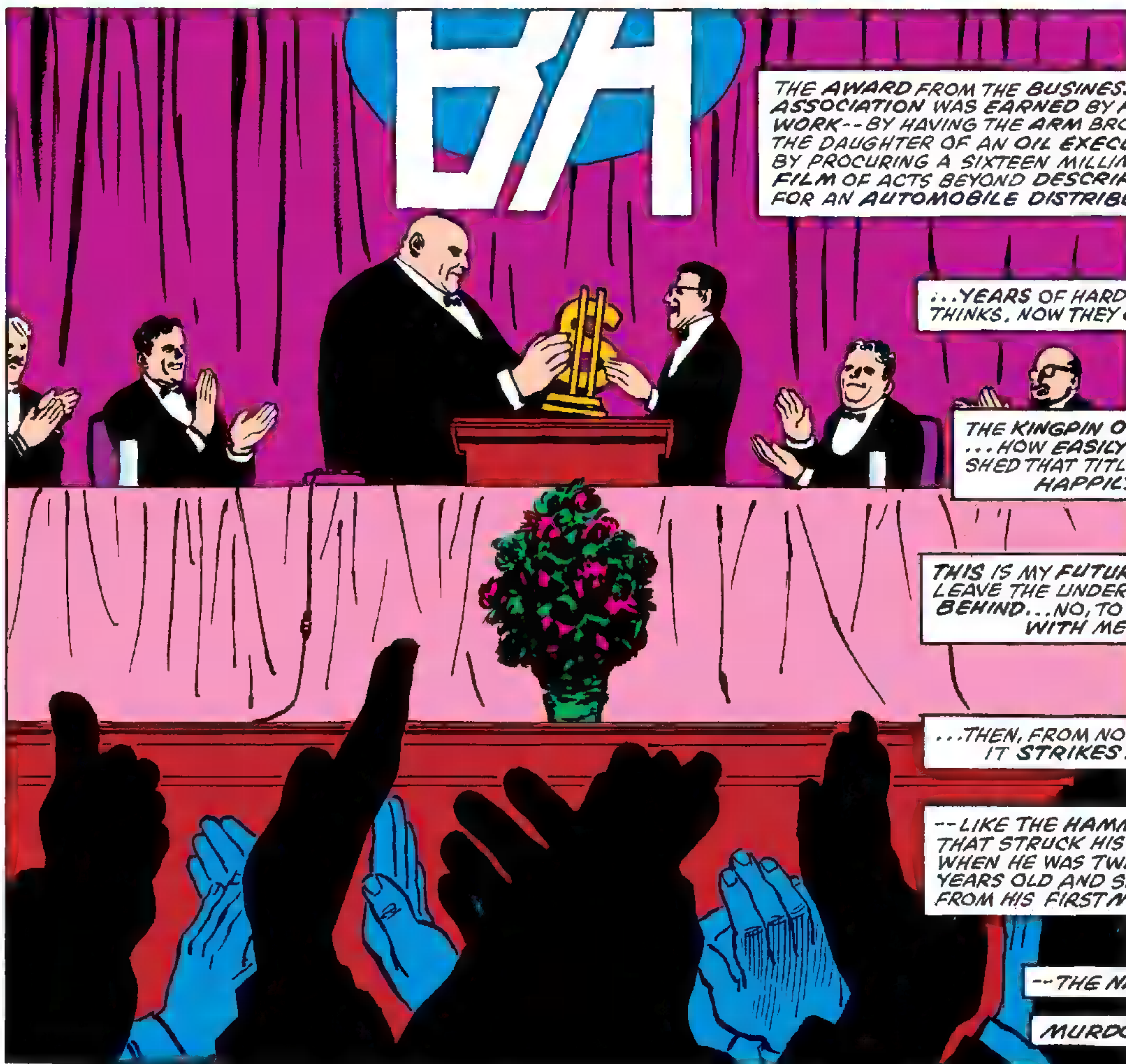
HELL'S KITCHEN.

...COSTUME GIVES ME  
A PSYCHOLOGICAL ADVANTAGE  
OVER CRIMINALS, KAREN...

...MAKES  
IT EASIER  
TO MOVE...

...REALLY, IT'S  
CRUCIAL...

RIGHT,  
RIGHT...



THE AWARD FROM THE BUSINESSMEN'S  
ASSOCIATION WAS EARNED BY HARD  
WORK-- BY HAVING THE ARM BROKEN OF  
THE DAUGHTER OF AN OIL EXECUTIVE--  
BY PROCURING A SIXTEEN MILLIMETER  
FILM OF ACTS BEYOND DESCRIPTION  
FOR AN AUTOMOBILE DISTRIBUTOR...

...YEARS OF HARD WORK, HE  
THINKS. NOW THEY CHEER ME.

THE KINGPIN OF CRIME  
... HOW EASILY I WILL  
SHED THAT TITLE. HOW  
HAPPILY.

THIS IS MY FUTURE-- TO  
LEAVE THE UNDERWORLD  
BEHIND... NO, TO BRING IT  
WITH ME...

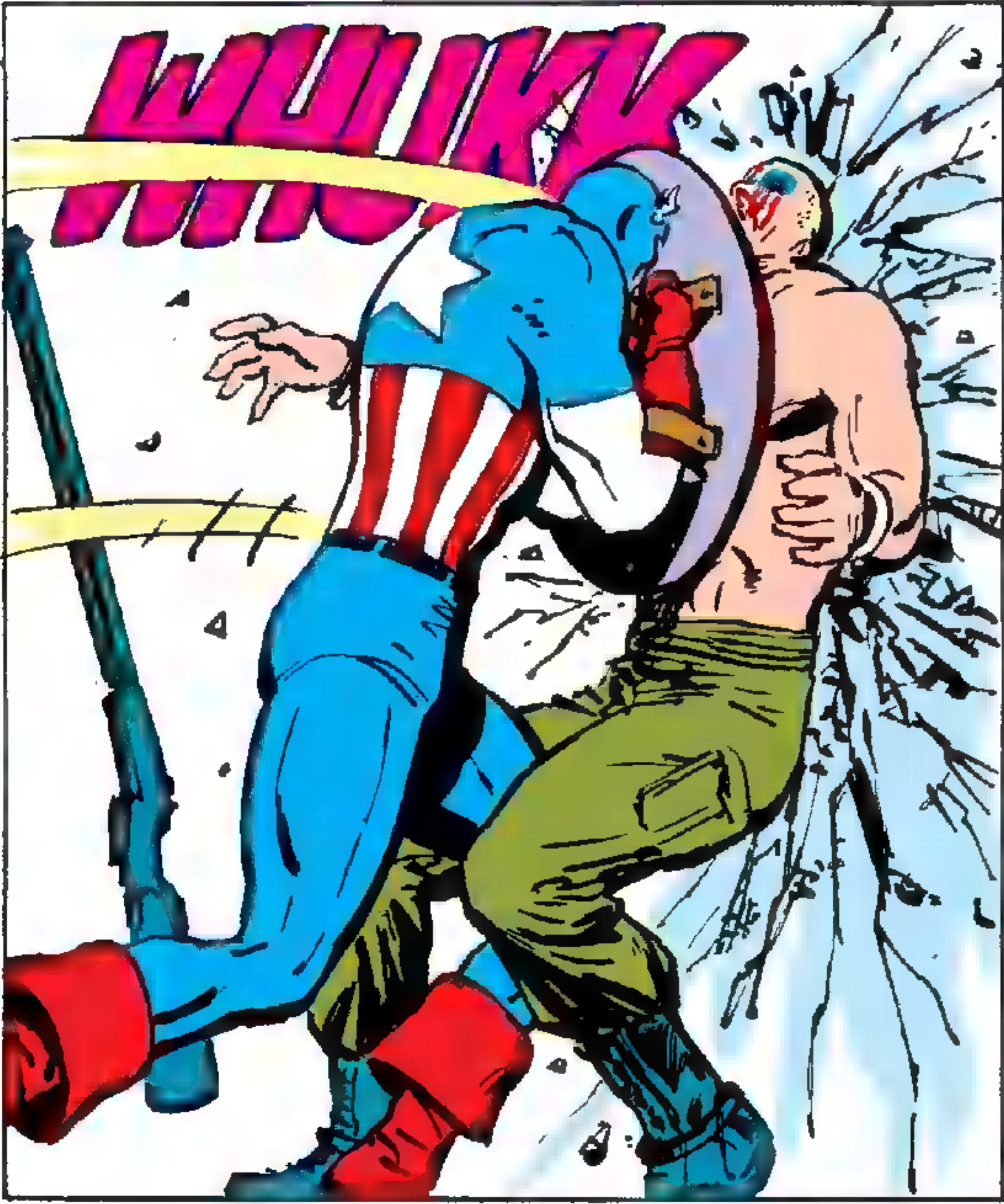
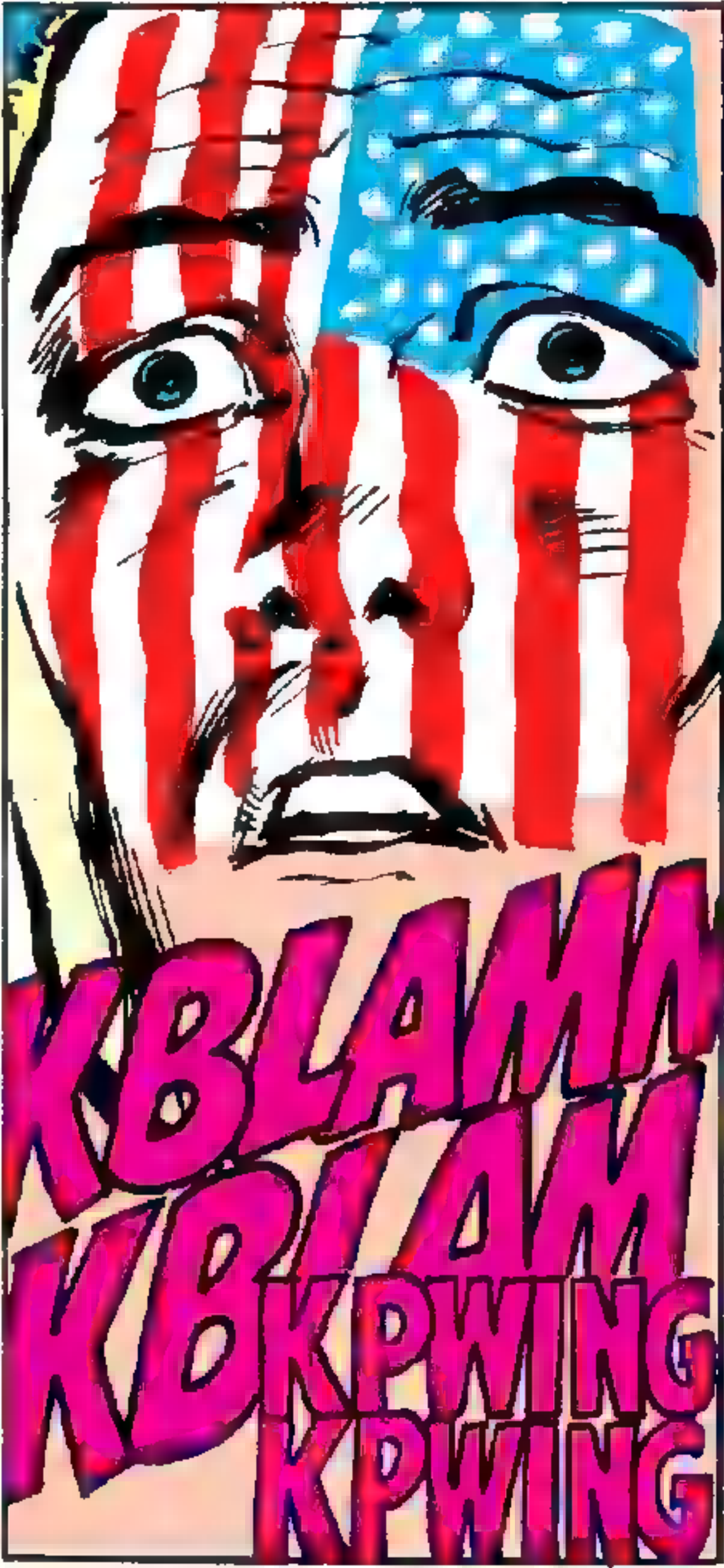
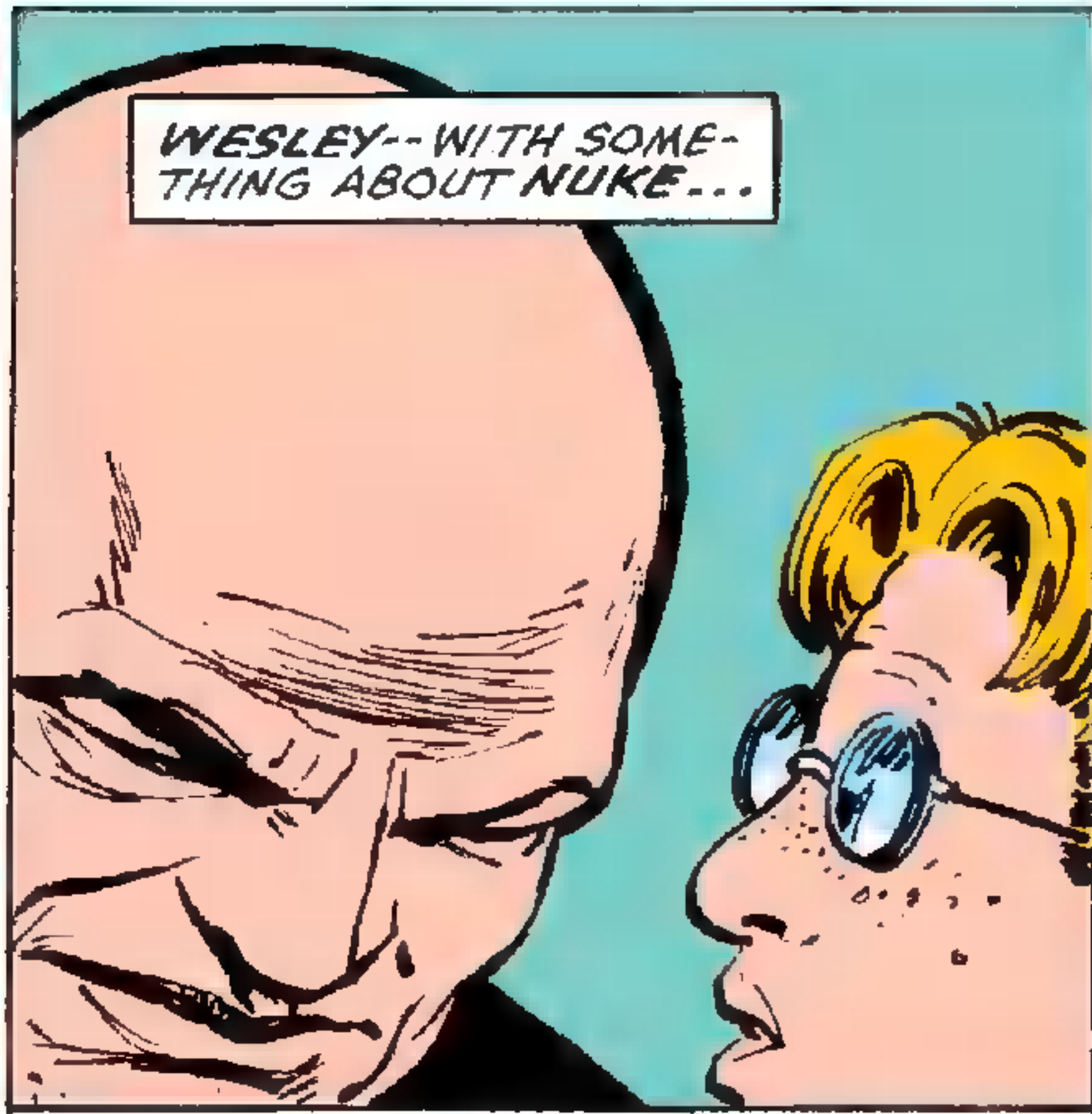
...THEN, FROM NOWHERE,  
IT STRIKES HIM--

-- LIKE THE HAMMER BLOW  
THAT STRUCK HIS SKULL  
WHEN HE WAS TWELVE  
YEARS OLD AND SECONDS  
FROM HIS FIRST MURDER--

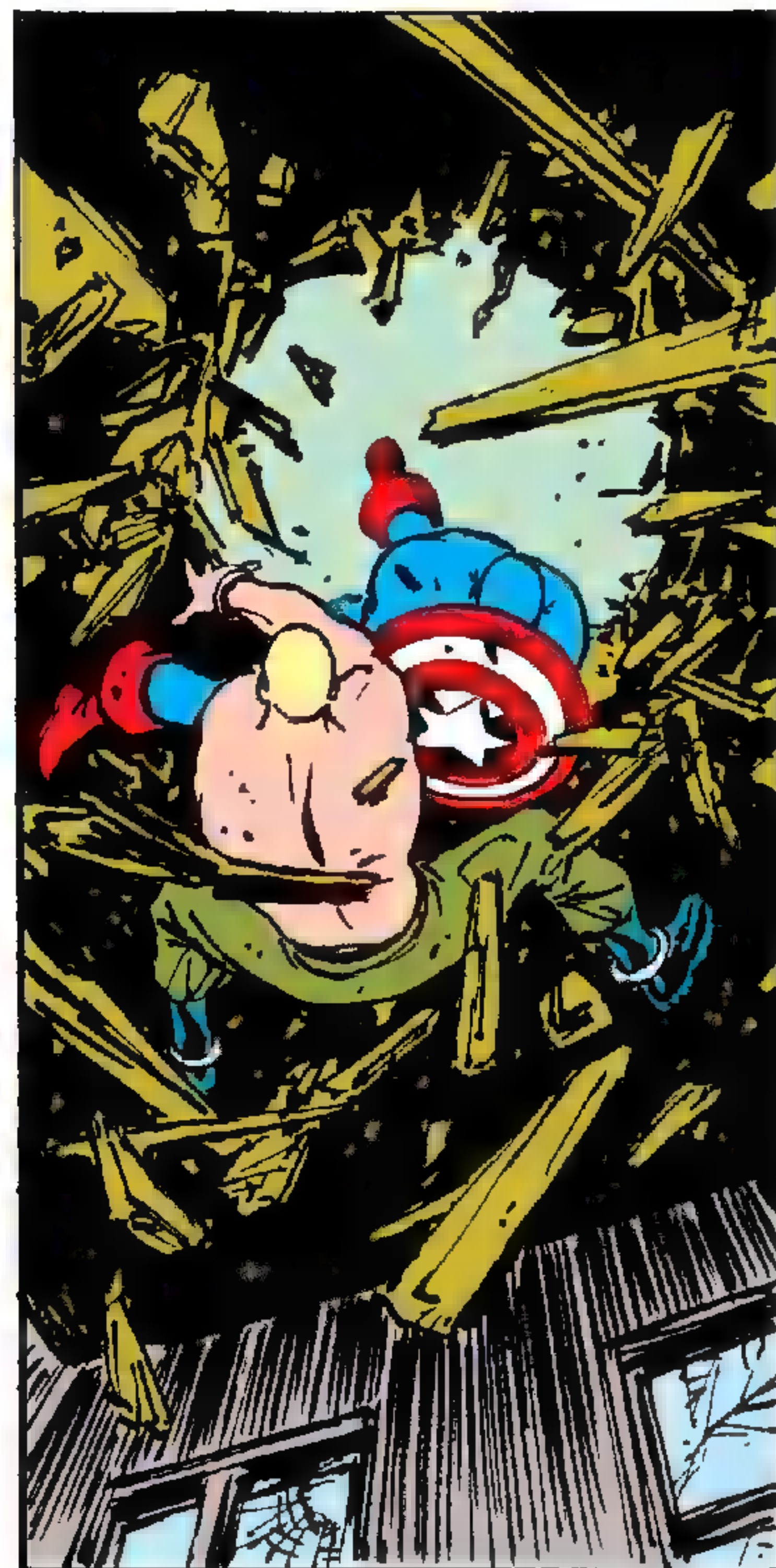
--THE NAME.

MURDOCK.









THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS  
FED BY COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS  
TO CLEVER CON MEN AND NOW  
STAND POISED--

--TO BE FUNNELED INTO  
THE TECHNICALLY LEGITIMATE  
SIDE OF THE KINGPIN'S  
FINANCIAL EMPIRE.

RINGG

THIRTY THOUSAND  
DOLLARS OF REBUILT  
DINER...

...OUR ARMY CONTACT SAYS NUKE  
BROKE OUT. HEADED FOR THE DAILY  
BUGLE.

SCRAMBLE ROARK AND WIRE  
HIM GOOD. GET HIM IN PO-  
SITION AND WAIT FOR THE  
KILL ORDER...

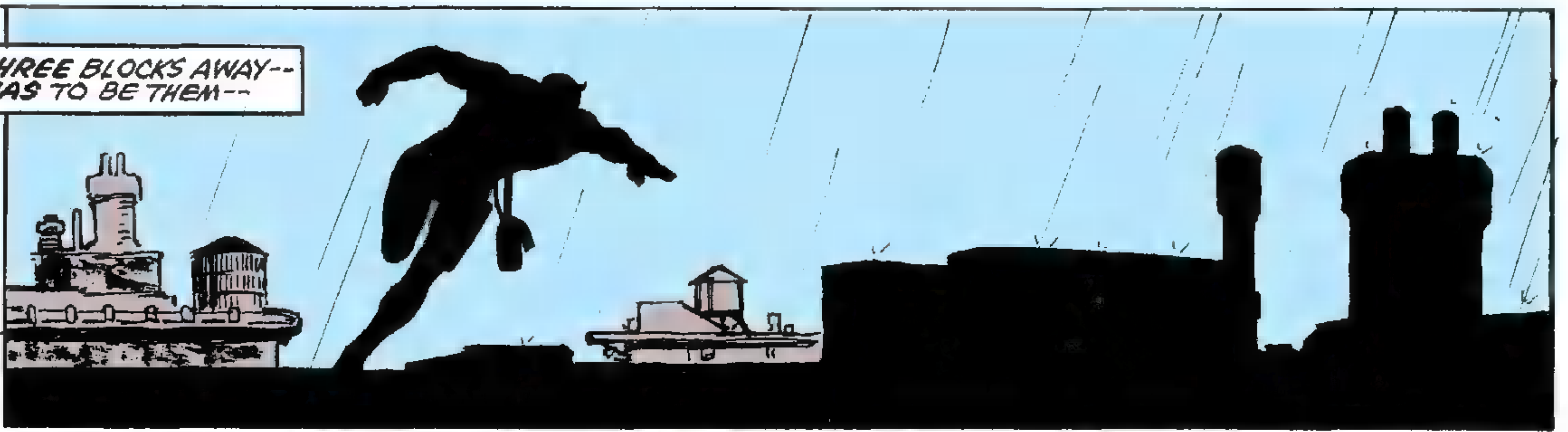
THE SOLDIER  
REMEMBERS  
THE TIME  
BEFORE HE  
WAS FROZEN.

HE REMEMBERS  
THE SMILES. THERE  
WAS SO MUCH HOPE  
IN THAT TIME. HIS  
TIME.

HE REMEMBERS  
THE WAR...



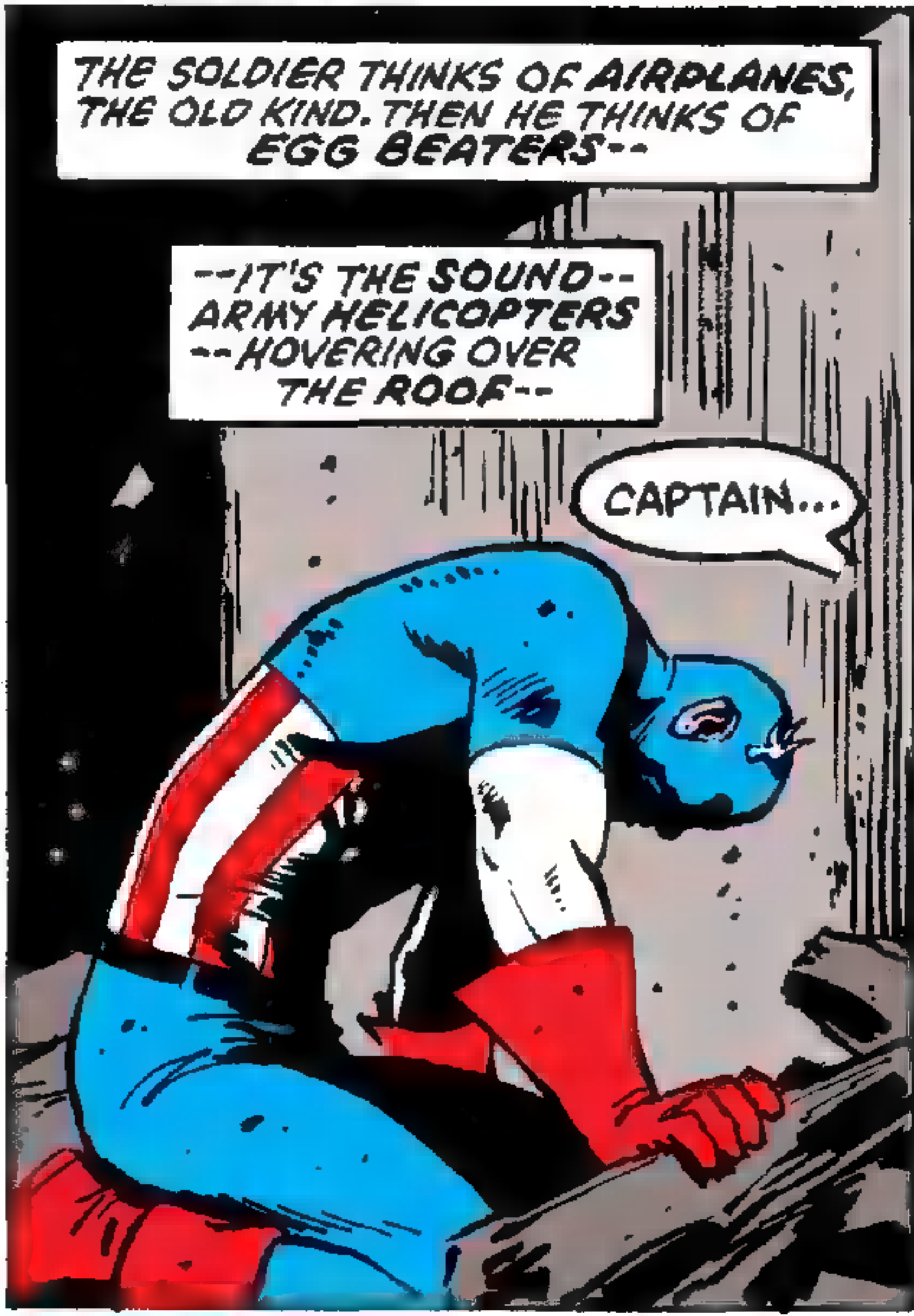
THREE BLOCKS AWAY--  
HAS TO BE THEM--



THE SOLDIER THINKS OF AIRPLANES,  
THE OLD KIND. THEN HE THINKS OF  
EGG BEATERS--

--IT'S THE SOUND--  
ARMY HELICOPTERS  
--HOVERING OVER  
THE ROOF--

CAPTAIN...



...LEAVE ME  
HERE, CAPTAIN.  
I'LL HOLD THE  
LINE...

ON YOUR  
FEET,  
SERGEANT.

THERE WAS  
SOMETHING  
MORE CLEAN  
ABOUT THE  
PLANES.

THOUGH THEY DROPPED  
BOMBS THAT BURNED  
FLESH AND DESTROYED  
THE EFFORTS OF  
GENERATIONS...



--THOSE HELICOPTERS  
--MOVING IN--

--I DON'T LIKE WHAT THEY'RE  
SAYING TO EACH OTHER--

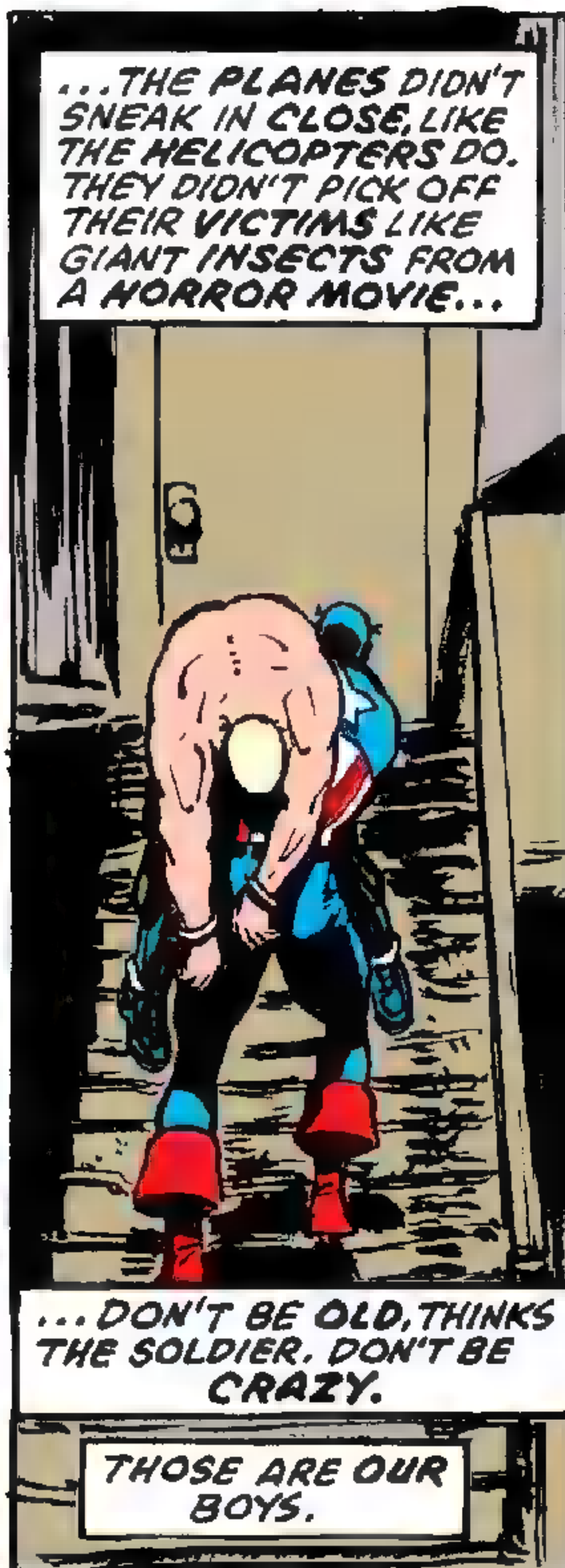
--WAIT TILL  
THEY COME  
OUT--KEEP  
IT TIGHT--



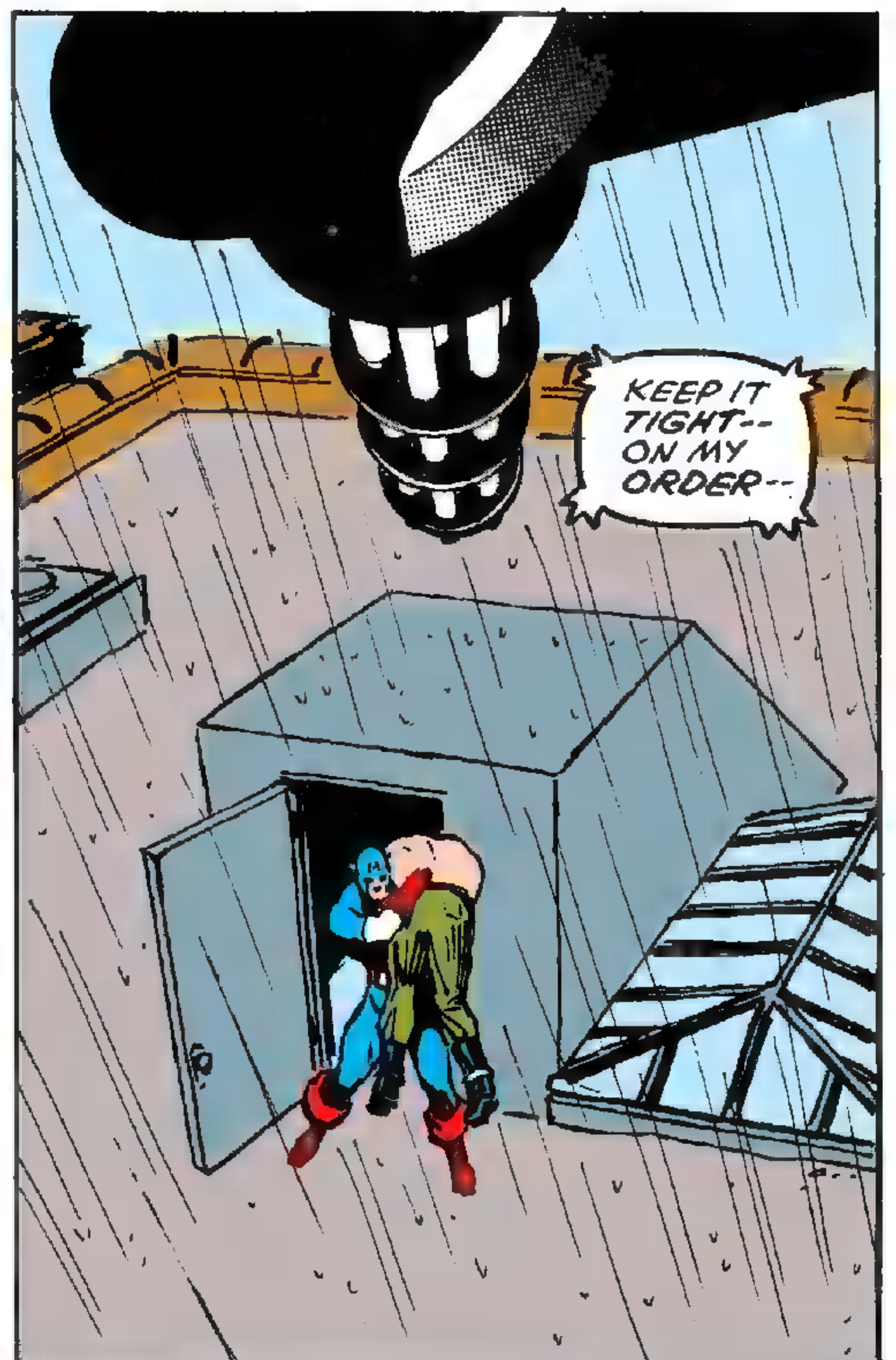
...THE PLANES DIDN'T  
SNEAK IN CLOSE, LIKE  
THE HELICOPTERS DO.  
THEY DIDN'T PICK OFF  
THEIR VICTIMS LIKE  
GIANT INSECTS FROM  
A HORROR MOVIE...

...DON'T BE OLD, THINKS  
THE SOLDIER. DON'T BE  
CRAZY.

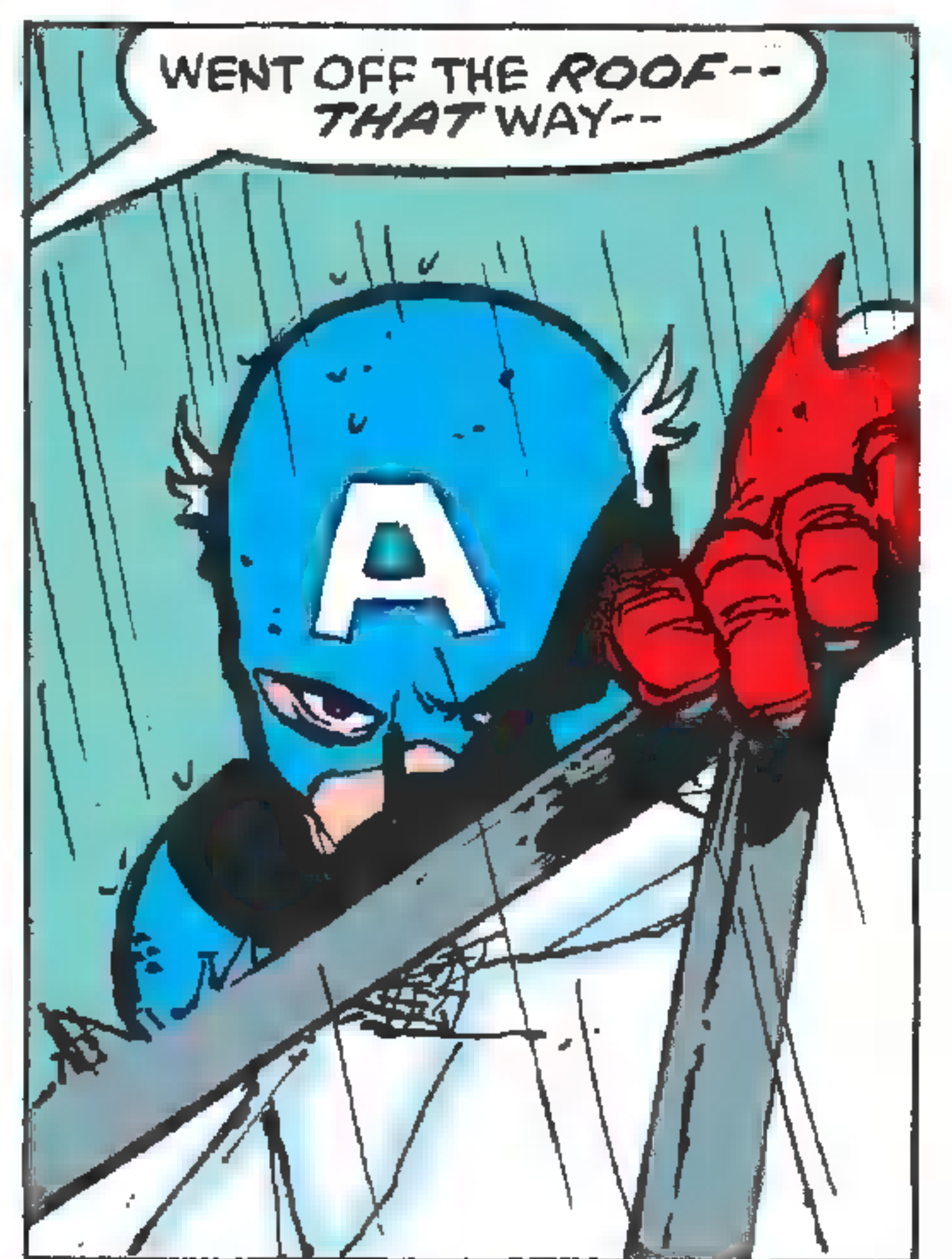
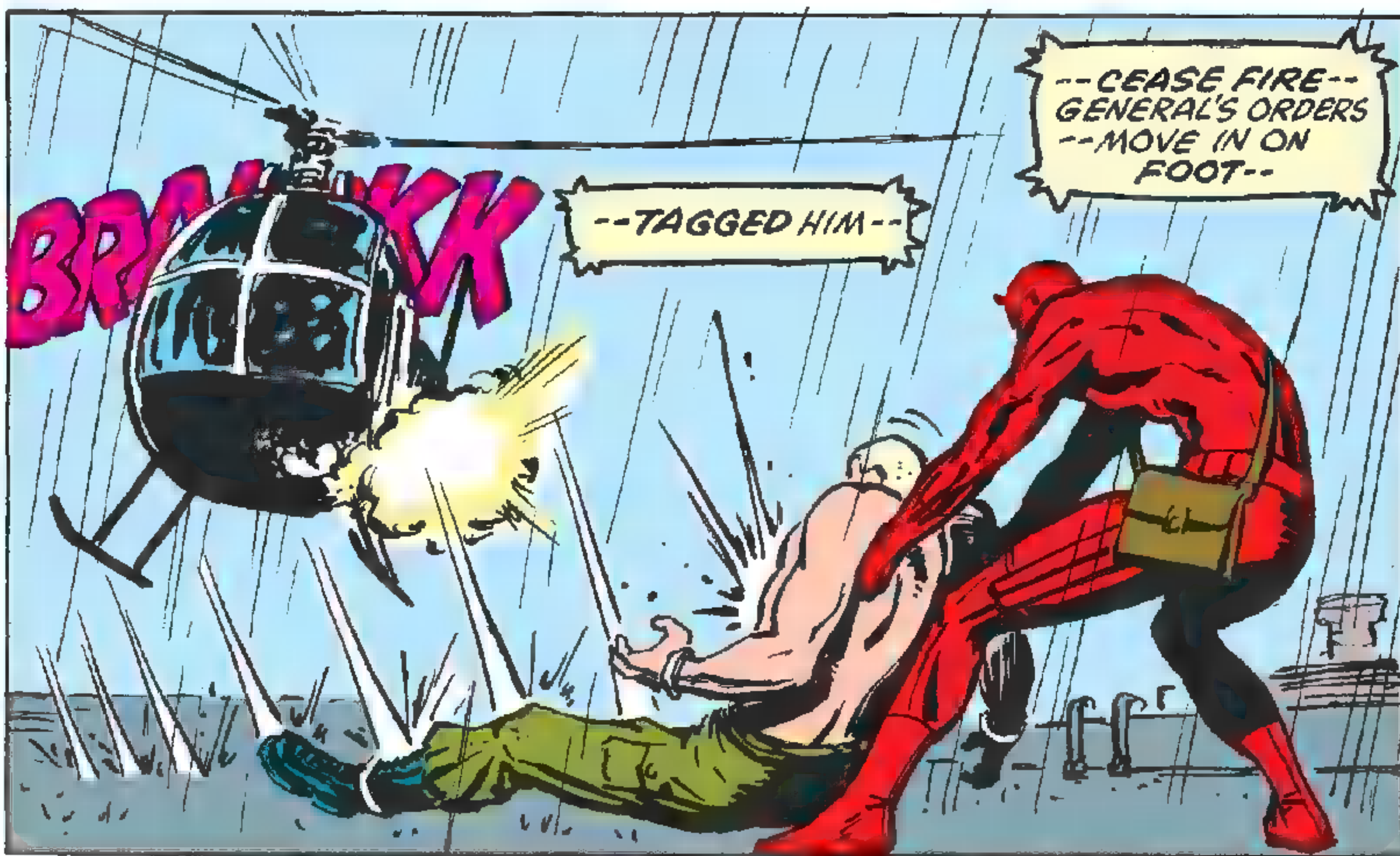
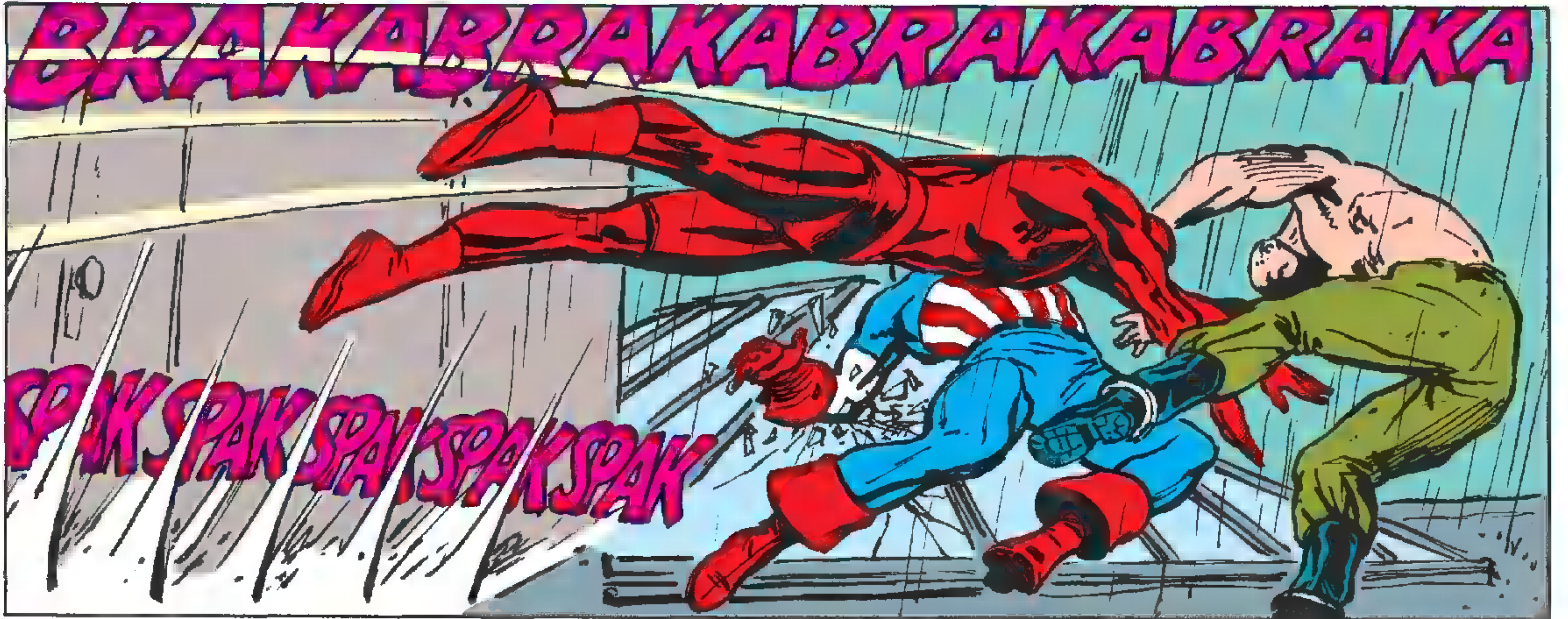
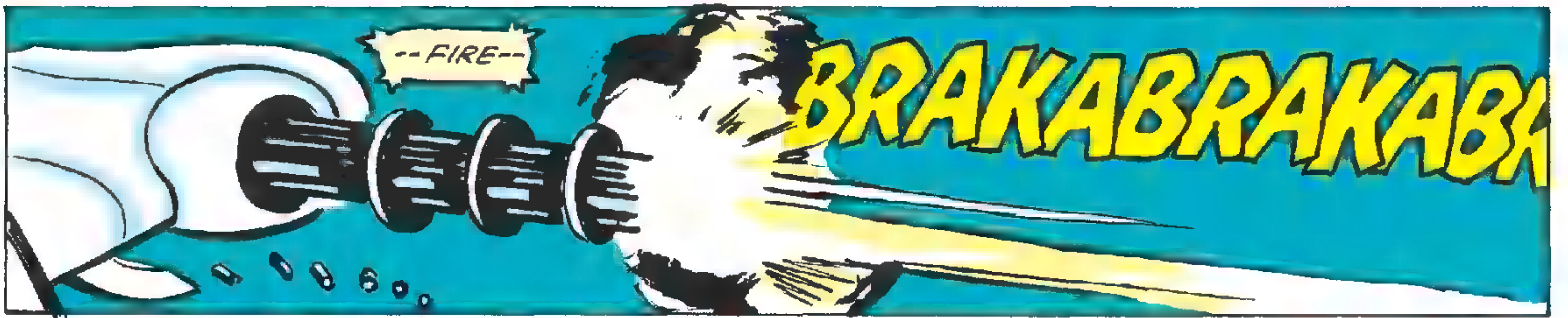
THOSE ARE OUR  
BOYS.



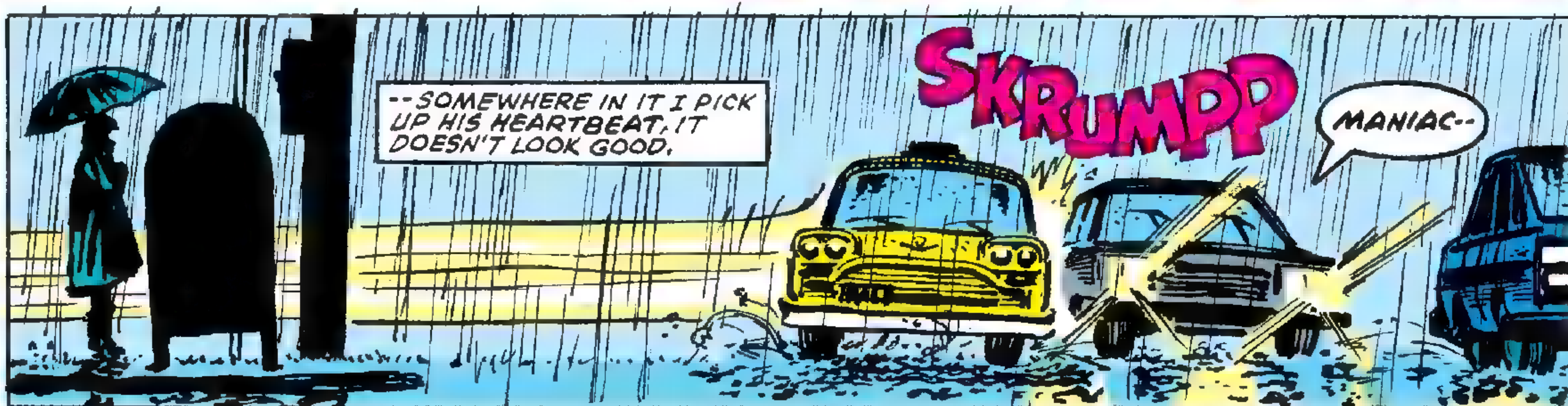
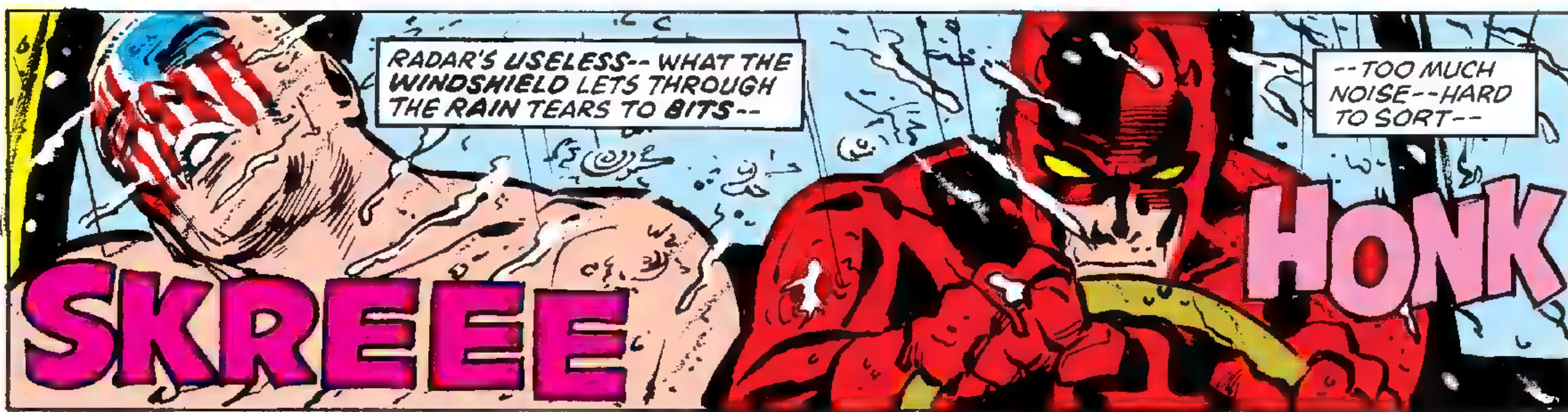
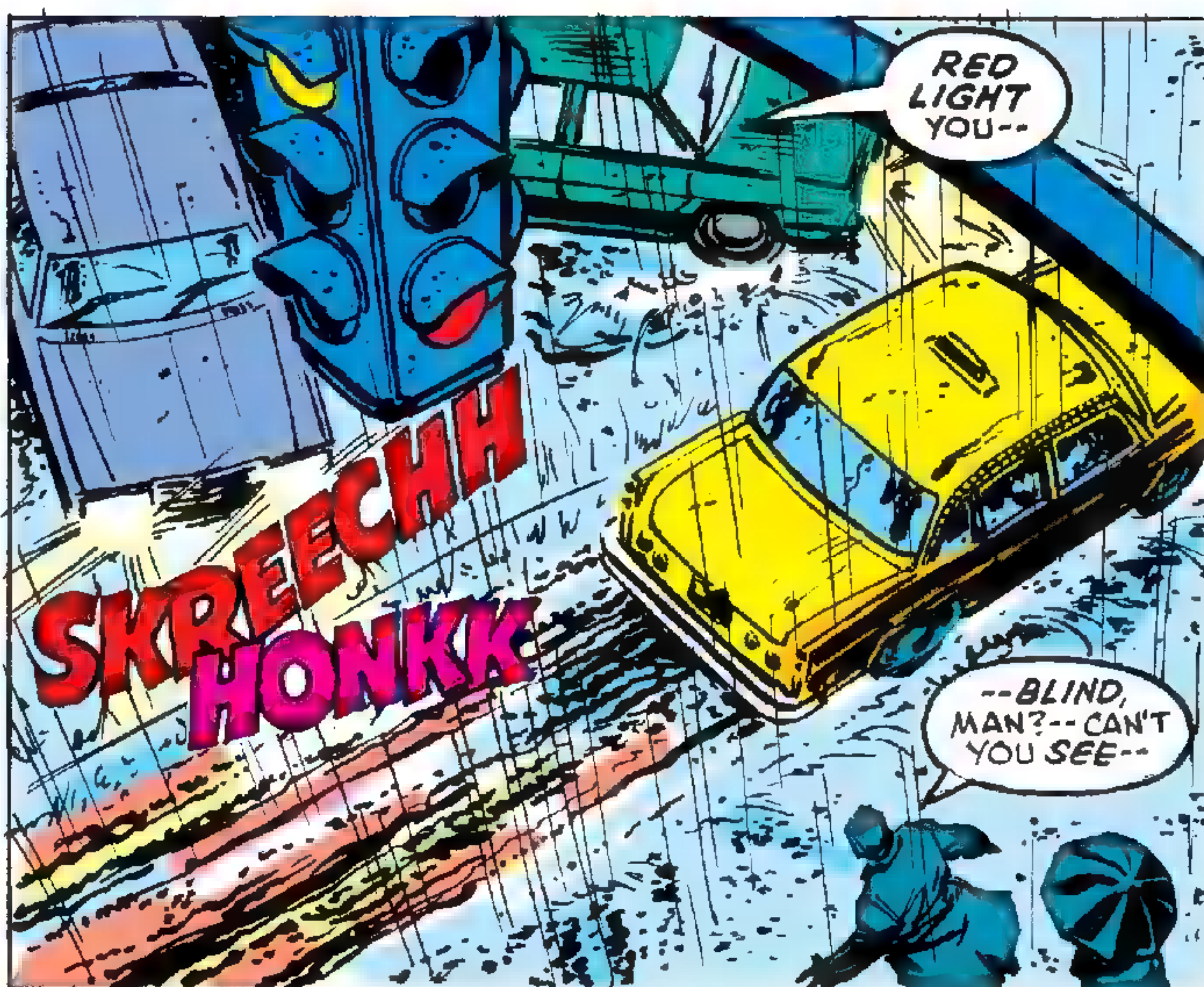
KEEP IT  
TIGHT--  
ON MY  
ORDER--



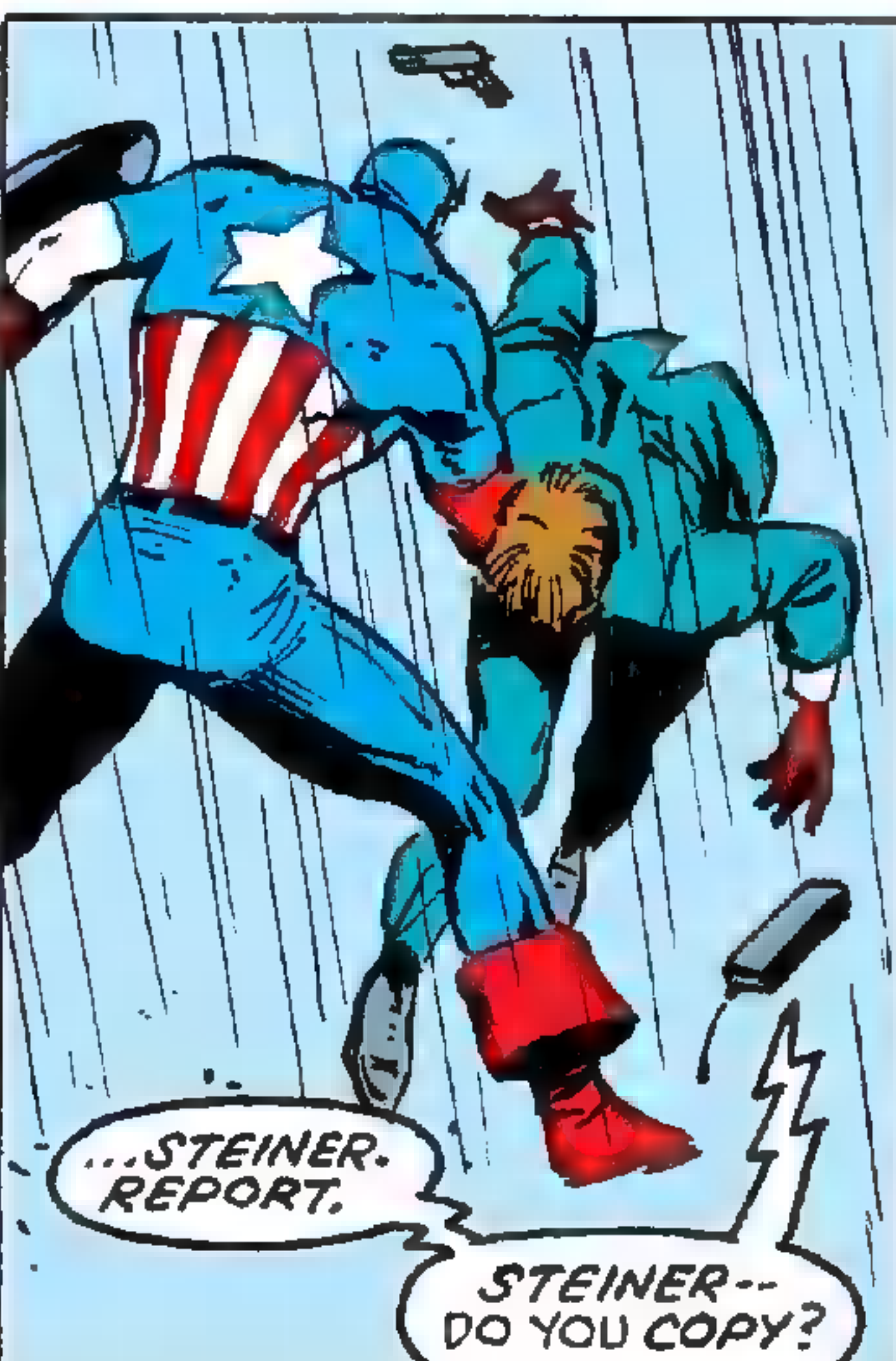
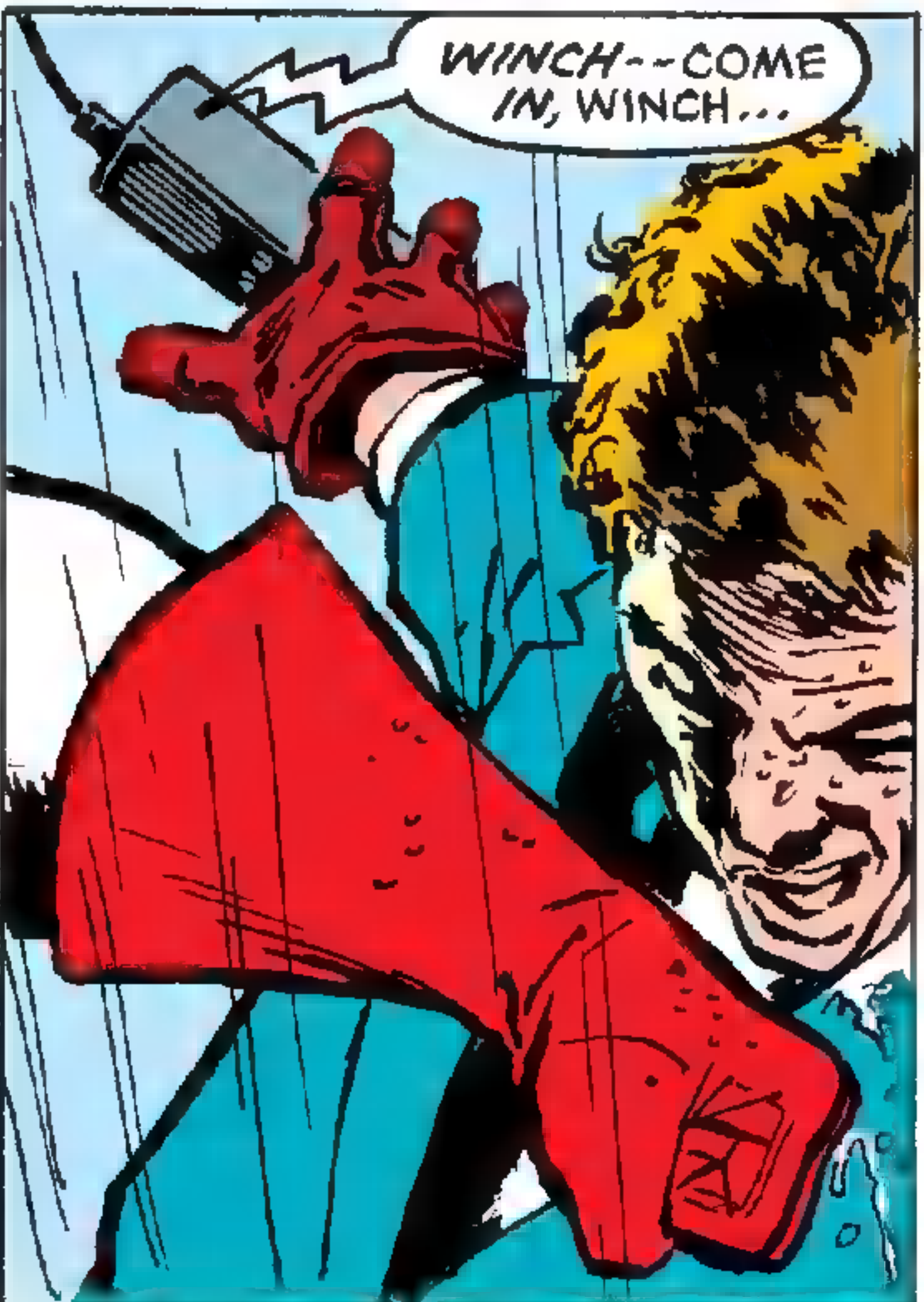
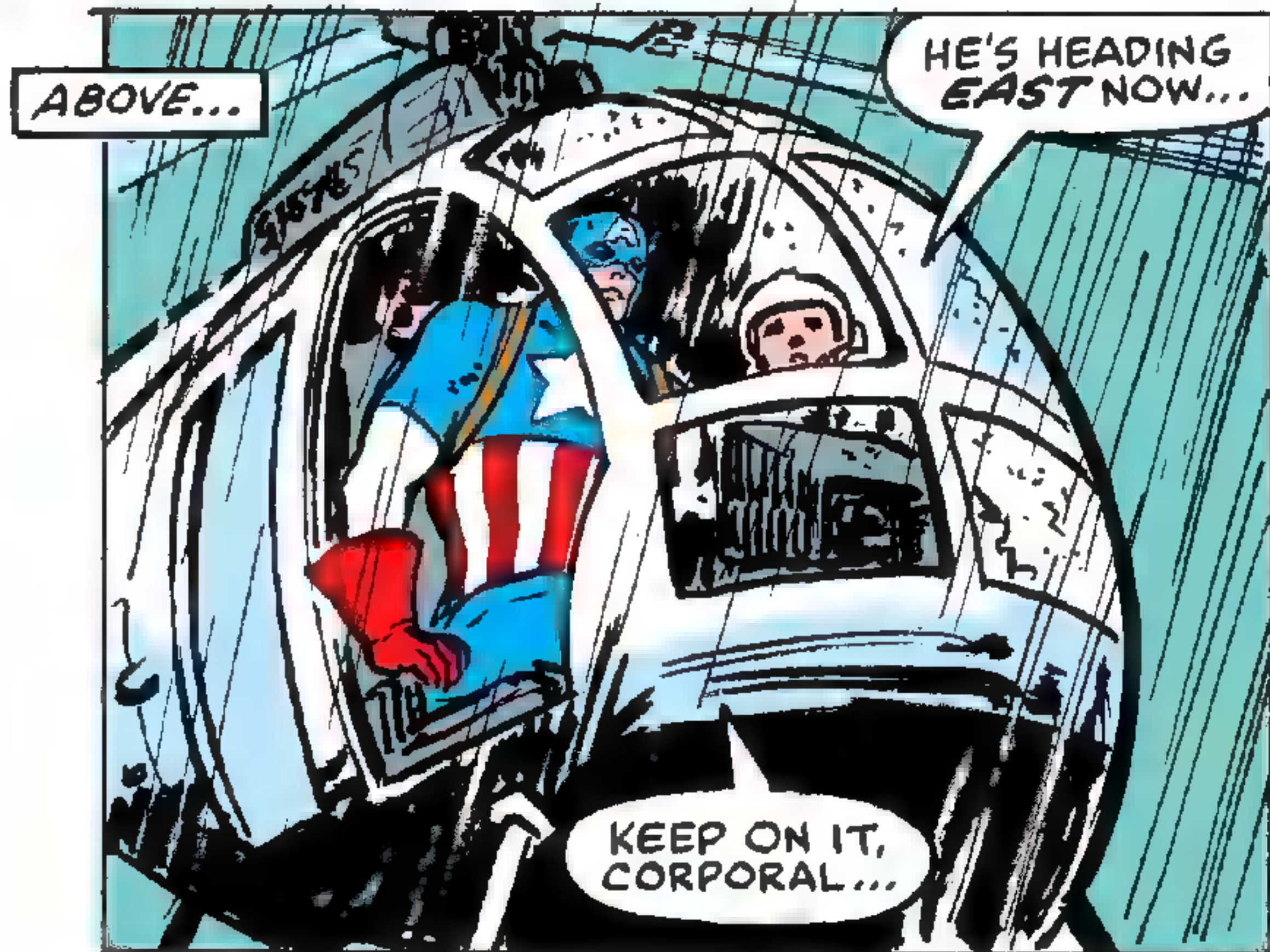
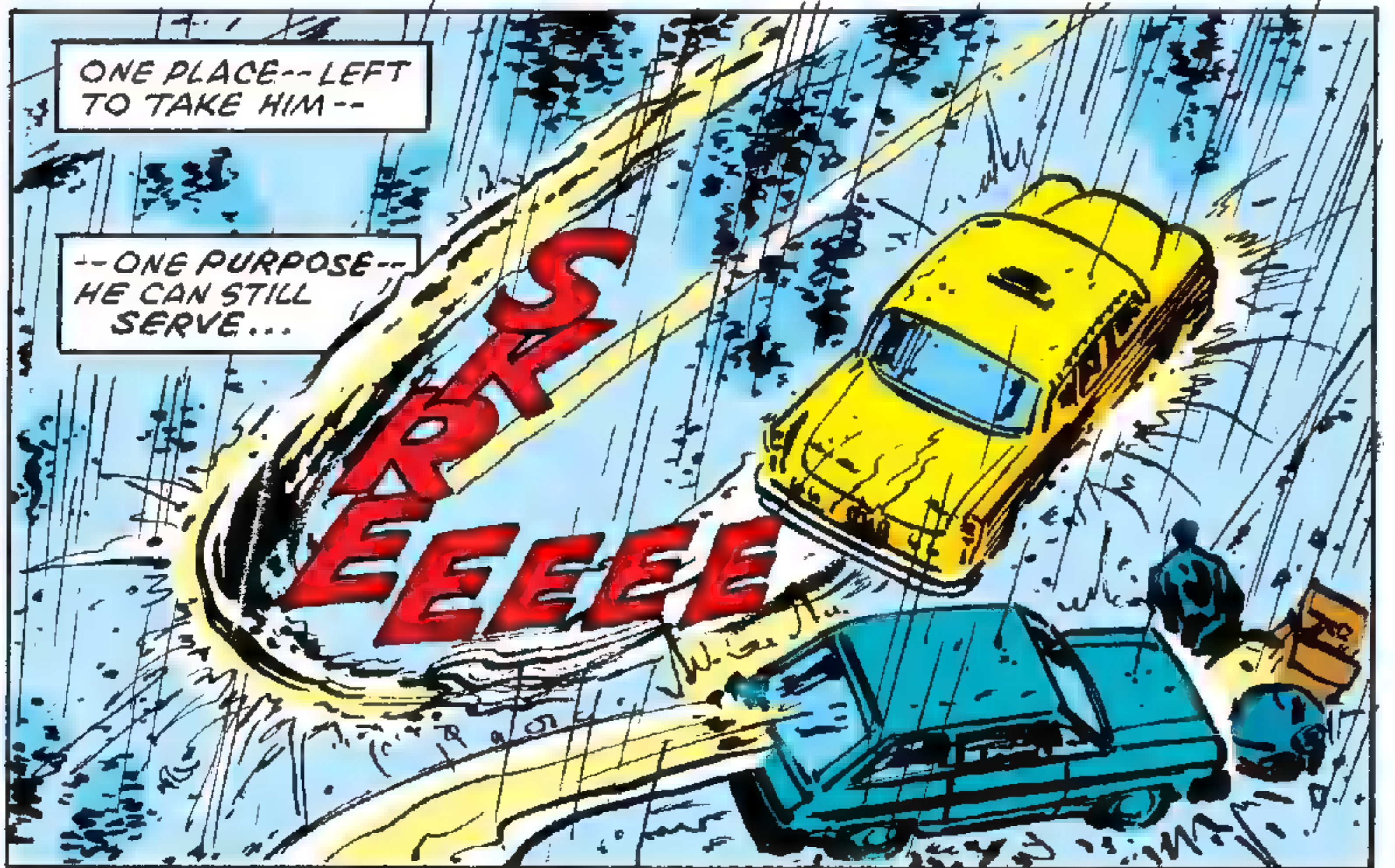














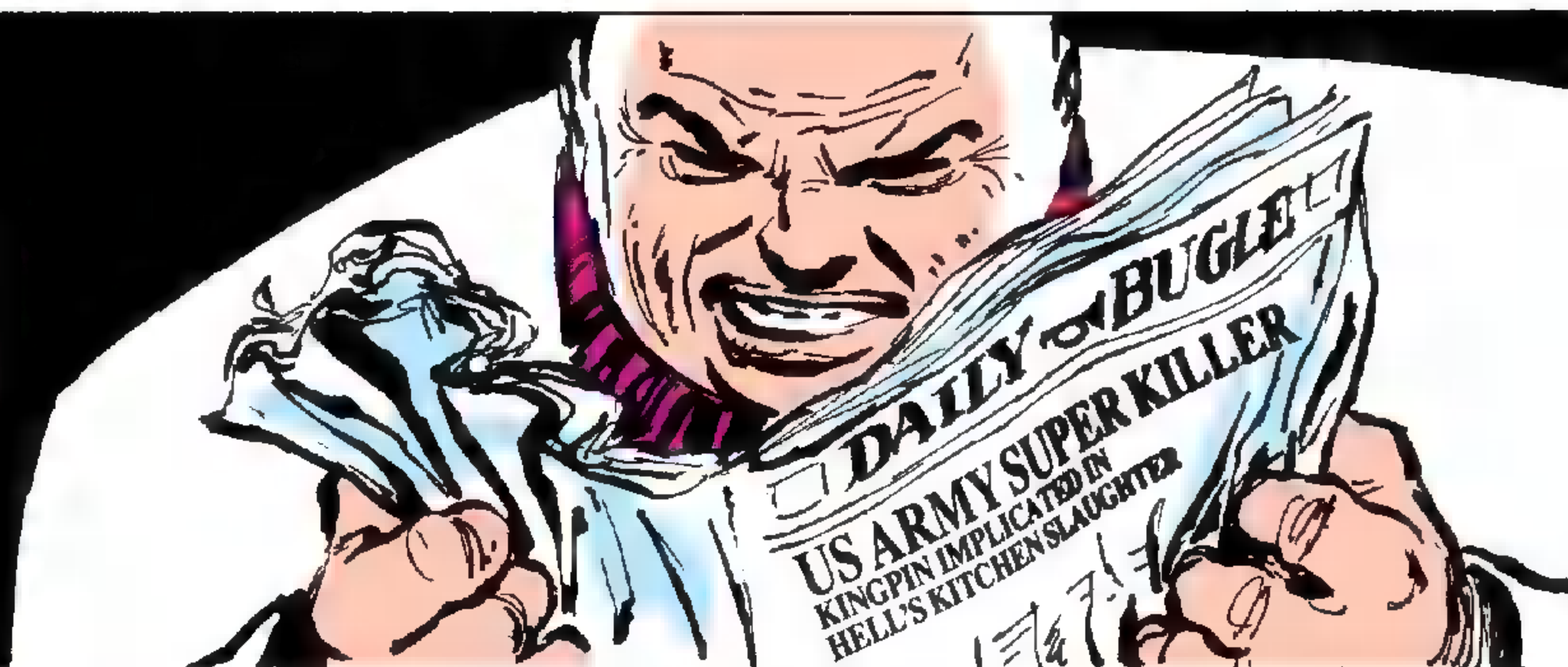




THE NEXT FEW WEEKS GO POORLY FOR THE KINGPIN OF CRIME.

ONE OF THE HIT MEN PLACED ON THE ROOF OF THE DAILY BUGLE NAMES THE CRIMELORD AS RESPONSIBLE FOR NUKE'S ASSAULT.

THEN, FROM EVERYWHERE, THE CHARGES COME...



...FROM CITIZENS GROUPS AND SENATE SUB-COMMITTEES-- FIRED BY TESTIMONY FROM DISGRUNTLED EX-EMPLOYEES, BAG MEN AND NUMBERS RUNNERS BARTERING AWAY PRISON SENTENCES--

--SPEAKING MORE SWIFTLY THAN THE KINGPIN CAN HAVE THEM KILLED...

...AND THE FACES OF HIS LIEUTENANTS GROW SULLEN AND HOSTILE. HIS COMMANDS ARE OBEYED, BUT FAR TOO SLOWLY...

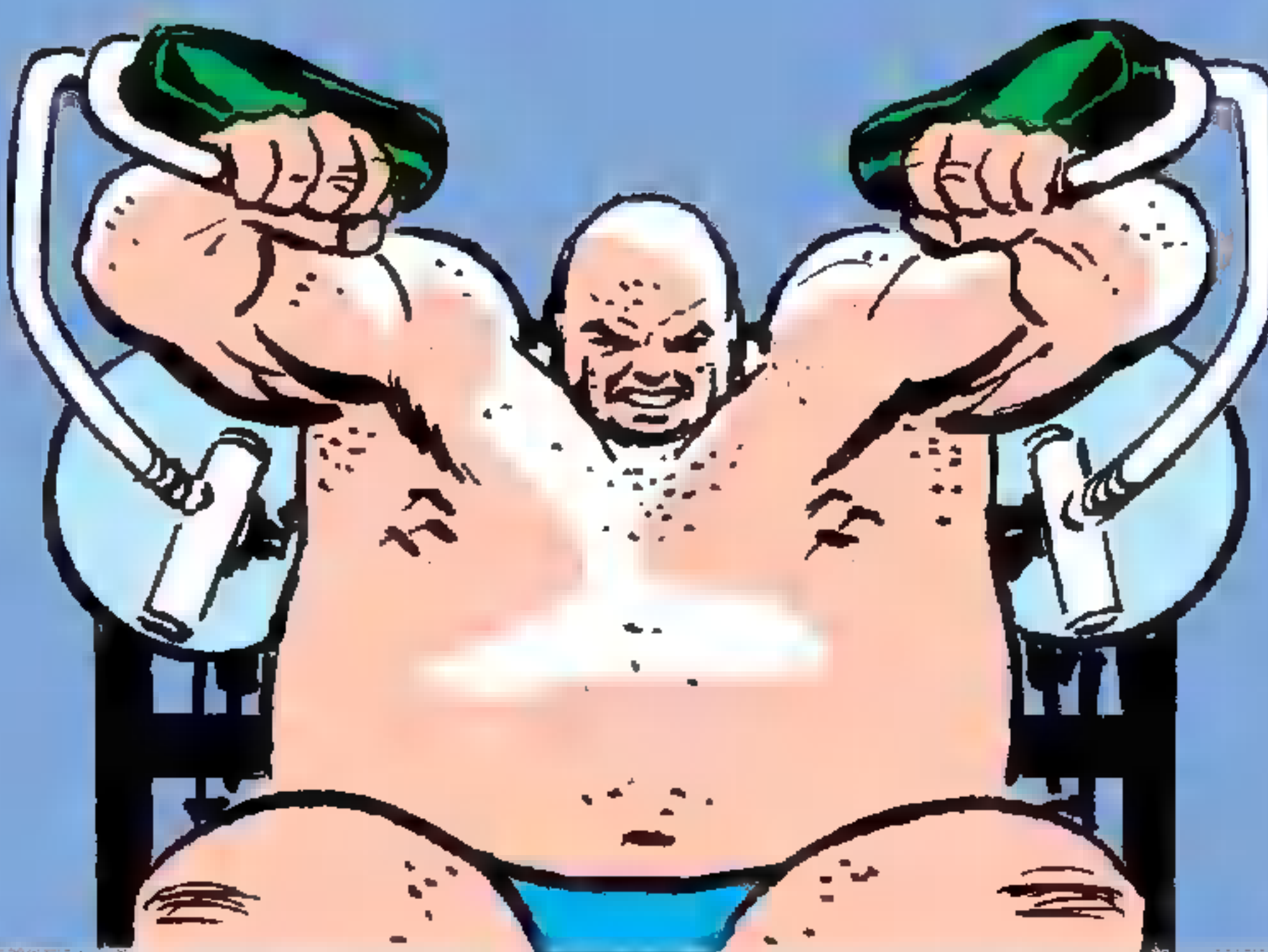


FEW OF THE CHARGES STICK. THOSE THAT DO ARE SKILLFULLY CAST INTO YEARS OF LITIGATION.

STILL, IN THE EYES OF EVERYONE EXCEPT, AS YET, THE LAW-- HE IS A VILLAIN.

HE IS SHUNNED-- EVEN CONDEMNED-- BY THE BUSINESSMEN WHO SO RECENTLY CHEERED HIM.

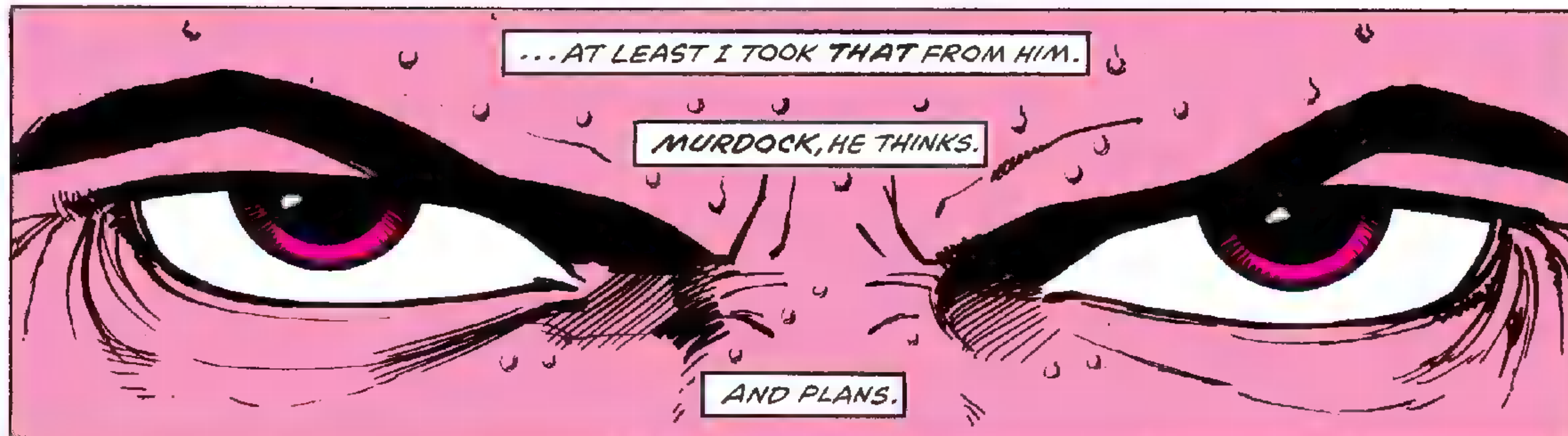
THE LAW.



...AT LEAST I TOOK THAT FROM HIM.

MURDOCK, HE THINKS.

AND PLANS.





MY NAME IS  
MATT  
MURDOCK.

I WAS BLINDED BY RADIATION.  
MY REMAINING SENSES FUNCTION  
WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS.

I LIVE IN HELL'S  
KITCHEN AND DO  
MY BEST TO KEEP  
IT CLEAN.

THAT'S ALL  
YOU NEED TO  
KNOW.





# AFTERWORD

It's almost criminal how easy David makes it to write a script. He makes a three-dimensional stage of the individual panel, complete in authentic detail, nonetheless uncluttered and utterly readable. He creates actors whose dramatic range is startling, whose best and most compelling moments are wordless.

He's talked of writing his own comics. Keep your eye out for them. I will.

**Frank Miller**  
Los Angeles, 1987





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**226**  
**JAN**  
02459  
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COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR



Before teaming up on their multipart “Born Again” saga, Frank Miller and David Mazzucchelli collaborated on a standalone story in *Daredevil* #226, which is presented here for the sake of completeness.



THEY WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE  
HERE, THINKS MELVIN POTTER,  
SOMEWHERE IN THE BLUR OF WHERE  
HE IS OR WHAT HE'S DOING--

HE'D BEEN PROMISED  
THERE'D BE NOBODY--  
PROMISED--

--HE TRIES NOT TO HEAR  
THE SICKENING CRACK OF  
THE GUARD'S JAW--

-- TRIES NOT TO WONDER  
WHAT THE BURNING IN HIS  
THROAT IS, OR WHY HE  
CAN BARELY SEE PAST THE  
WATER IN HIS EYES--

-- THEY'D COME UP ON HIM  
SO FAST AND MADE IT ALL  
REAL-- MADE HIM A  
THIEF-- A JEWEL THIEF--

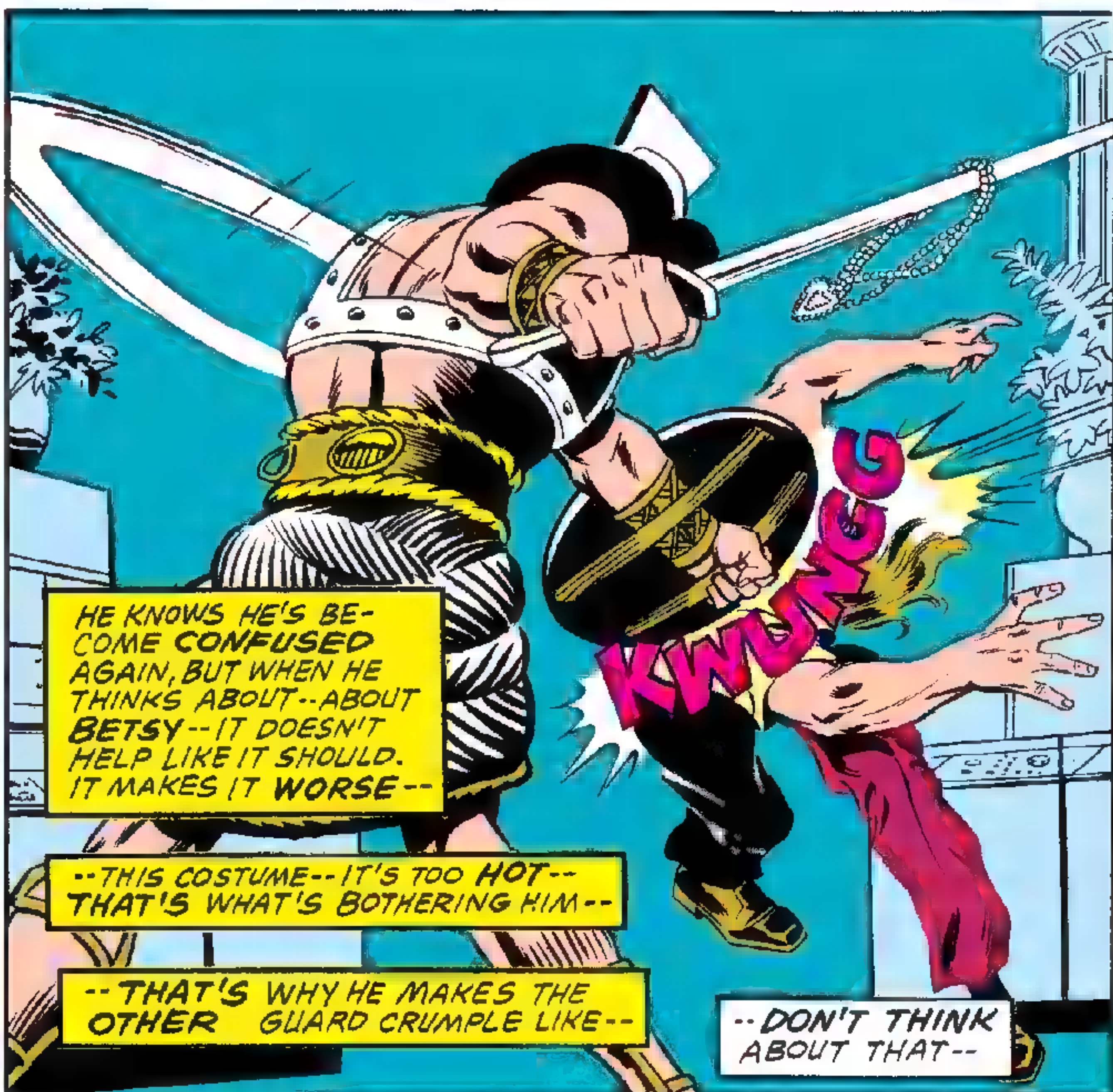
IT'S ALL  
THEIR  
FAULT...

Stan Lee  
PRESENTS:

# WARRIORS

DENNY O'NEIL & FRANK MILLER / DAVID MAZZUCHELLI & DENNIS JANKE / MAX SCHEELE / JOE ROSEN / RALPH MACCHIO / JIM SHOOTER  
STORY / ART / COLOR / LETTERS / EDITOR / EDITOR IN CHIEF



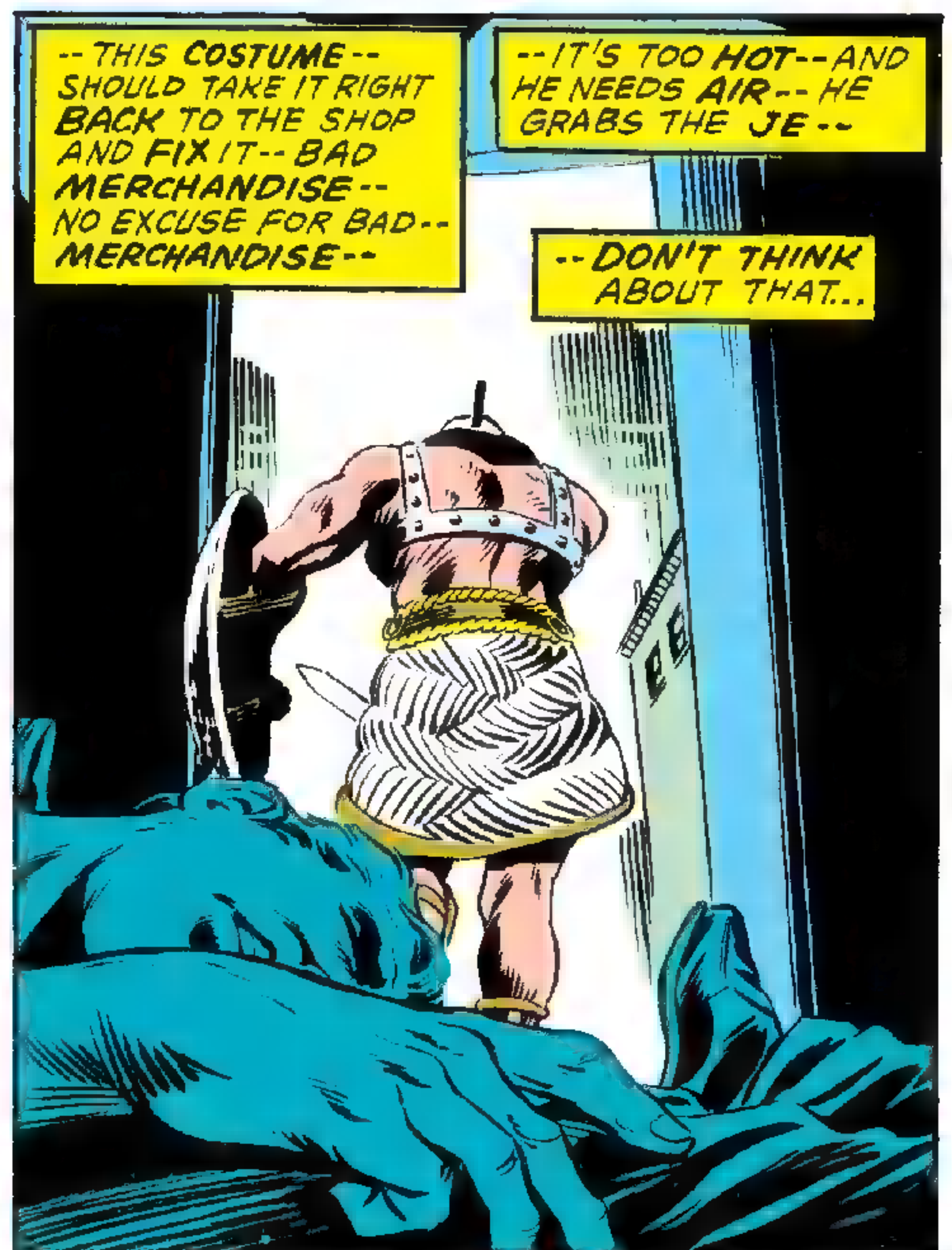


HE KNOWS HE'S BE-  
COME **CONFUSED**  
AGAIN, BUT WHEN HE  
THINKS ABOUT--ABOUT  
**BETSY**--IT DOESN'T  
HELP LIKE IT SHOULD.  
IT MAKES IT **WORSE--**

--THIS **COSTUME**--IT'S TOO **HOT**--  
THAT'S WHAT'S **BOOTHERING** HIM--

--THAT'S WHY HE MAKES THE  
OTHER **GUARD** CRUMPLE LIKE--

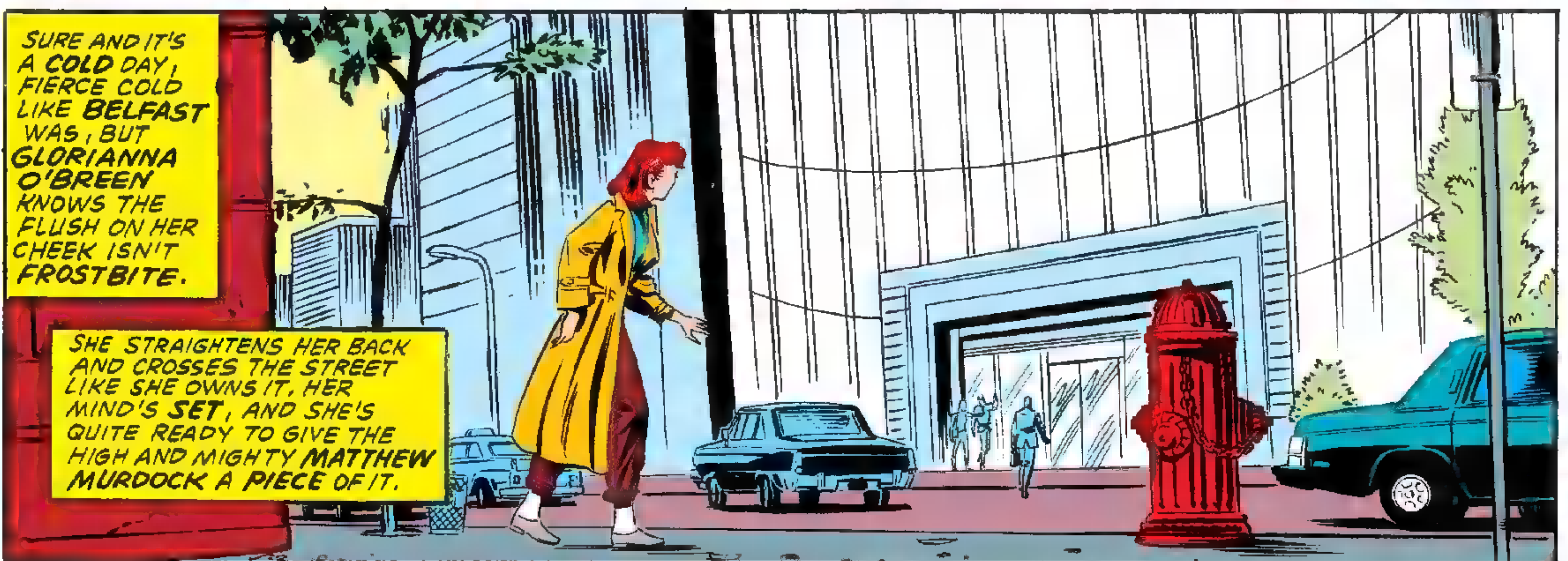
--DON'T THINK  
ABOUT THAT--



-- THIS **COSTUME**--  
SHOULD TAKE IT RIGHT  
**BACK** TO THE **SHOP**  
AND **FIX** IT-- **BAD**  
**MERCHANDISE**--  
NO **EXCUSE** FOR **BAD**--  
**MERCHANDISE**--

--IT'S TOO **HOT**--AND  
HE NEEDS **AIR**-- HE  
GRABS THE **JE**--

-- DON'T THINK  
ABOUT THAT...



SURE AND IT'S  
A **COLD** DAY,  
FIERCE **COLD**  
LIKE **BELFAST**  
WAS, BUT  
**GLORIANNA**  
**O'BREEN**  
KNOWS THE  
FLUSH ON HER  
CHEEK ISN'T  
**FROSTBITE**.

SHE STRAIGHTENS HER **BACK**  
AND **CROSSES** THE **STREET**  
LIKE SHE **OWNS** IT, HER  
MIND'S **SET**, AND SHE'S  
QUITE **READY** TO GIVE THE  
HIGH AND **MIGHTY** **MATTHEW**  
**MURDOCK** A **PIECE** OF IT.



WHAT SHE **ISN'T** PREPARED  
FOR IS THE **GLOOM** THAT  
HANGS OVER THE **LAW** OFFICES  
OF **NELSON & MURDOCK**...

THICK IN THE **AIR**  
IT IS, A **SENSE** OF  
**SADNESS** AND  
**DYING**.

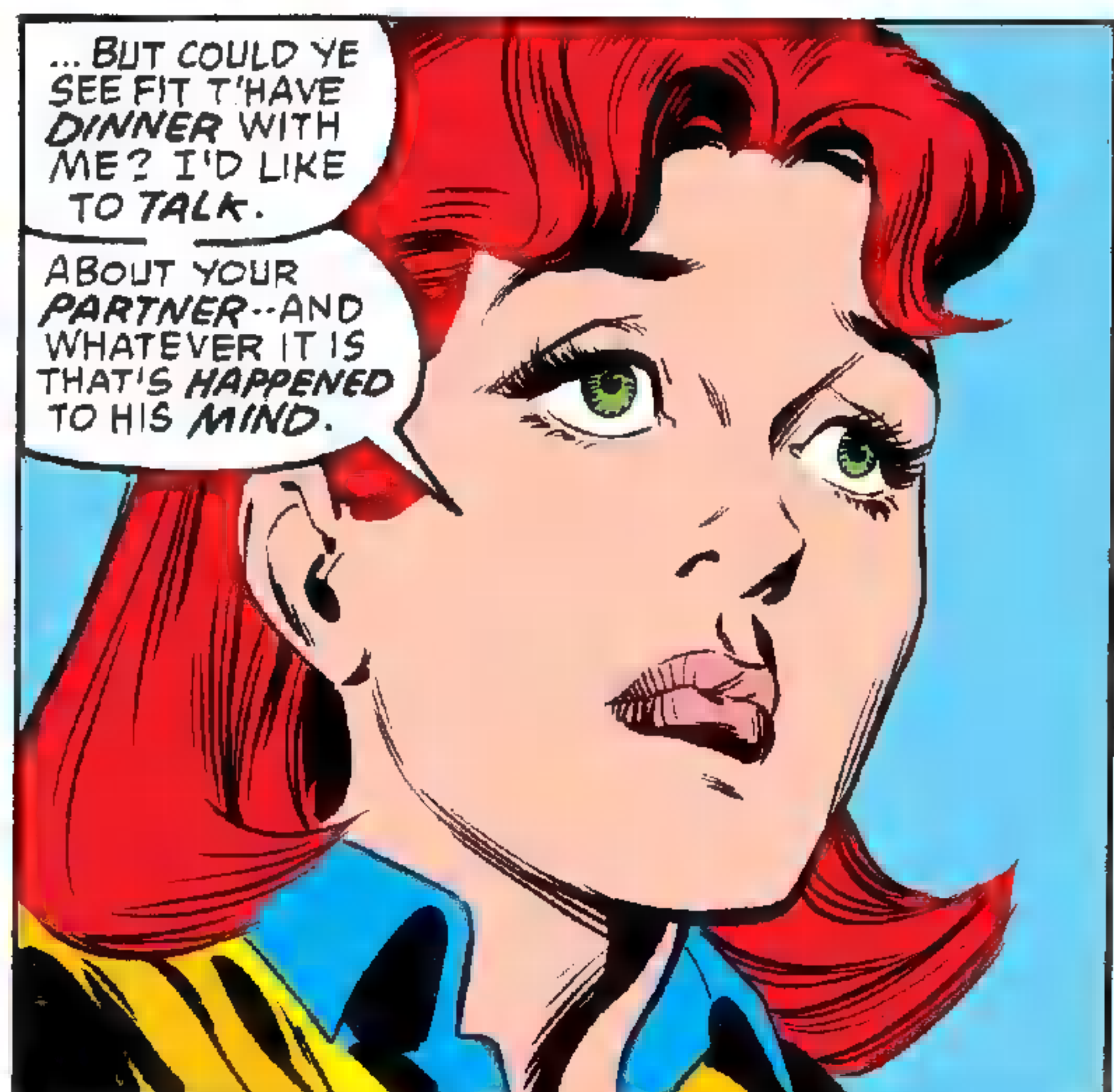
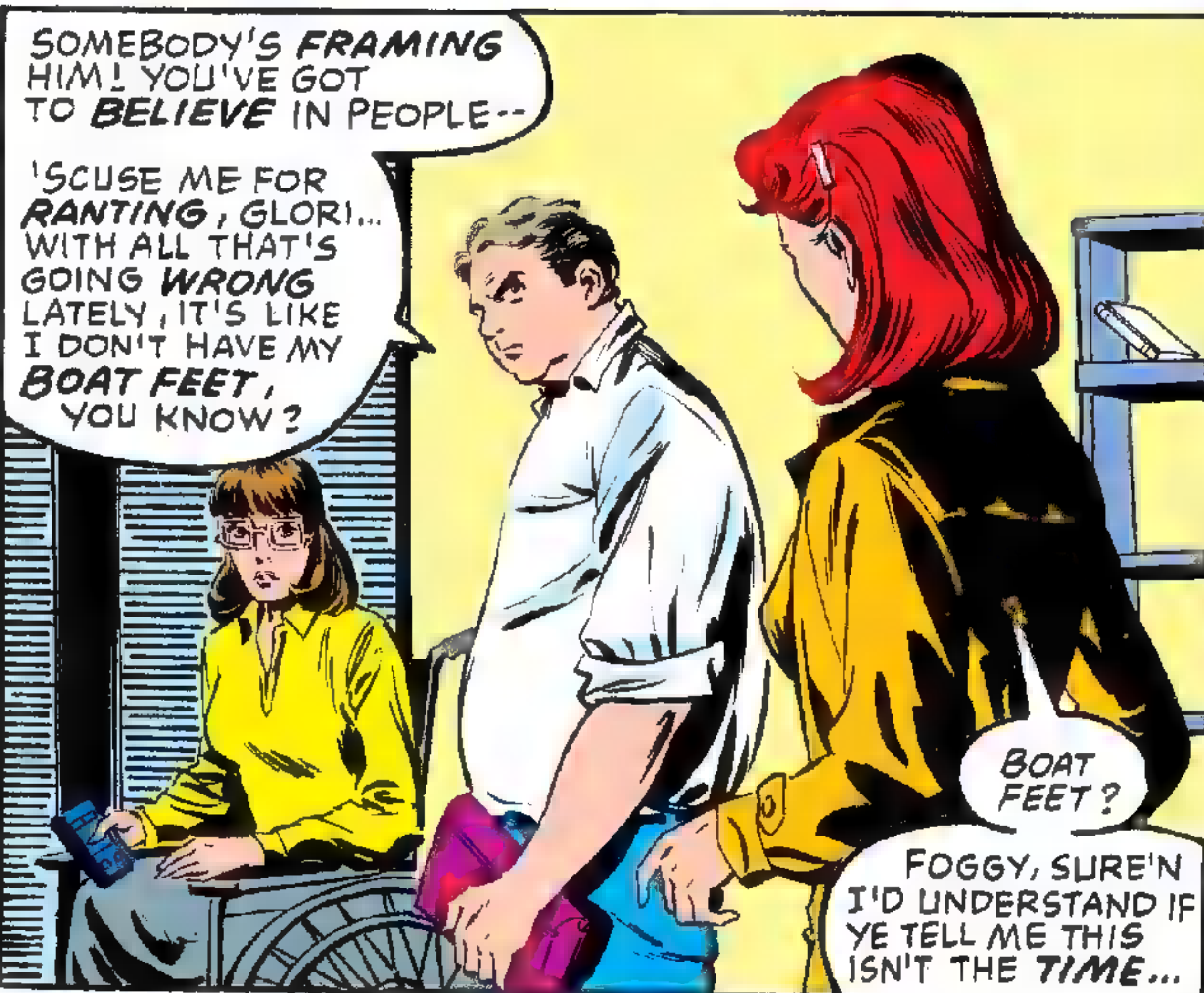
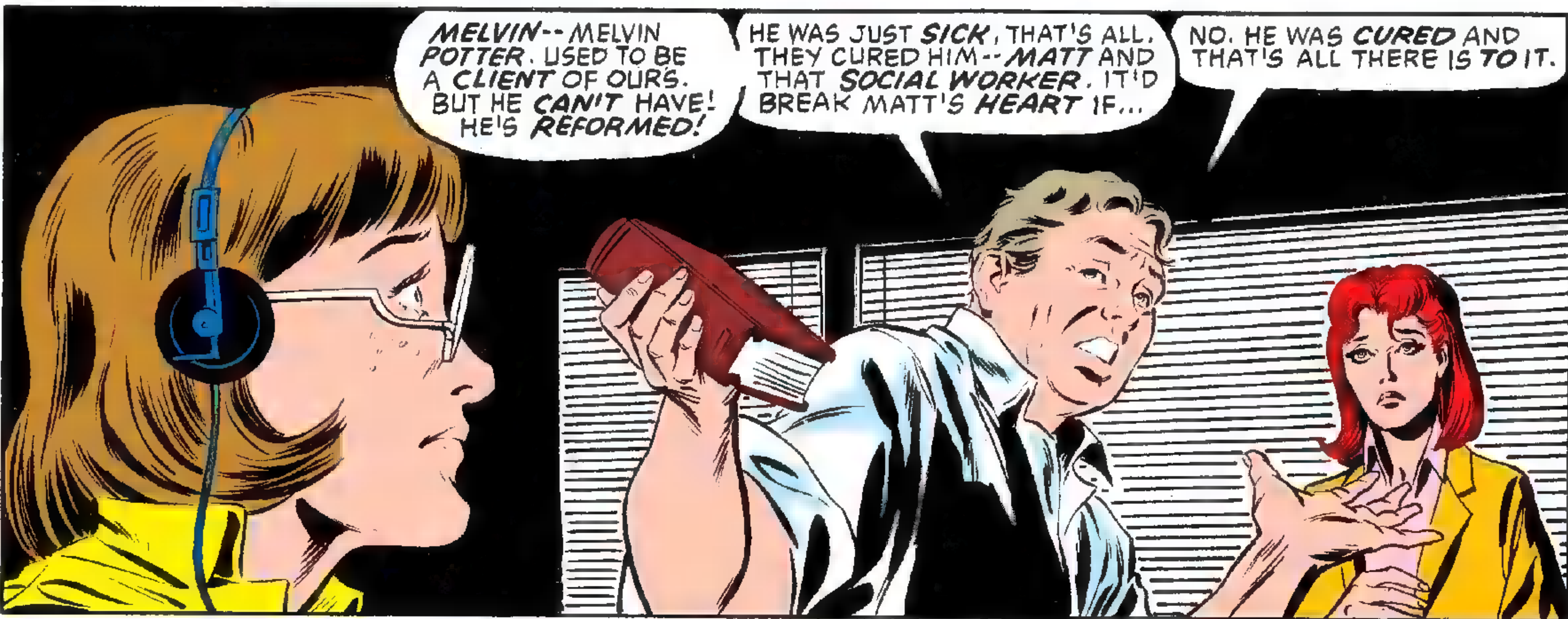
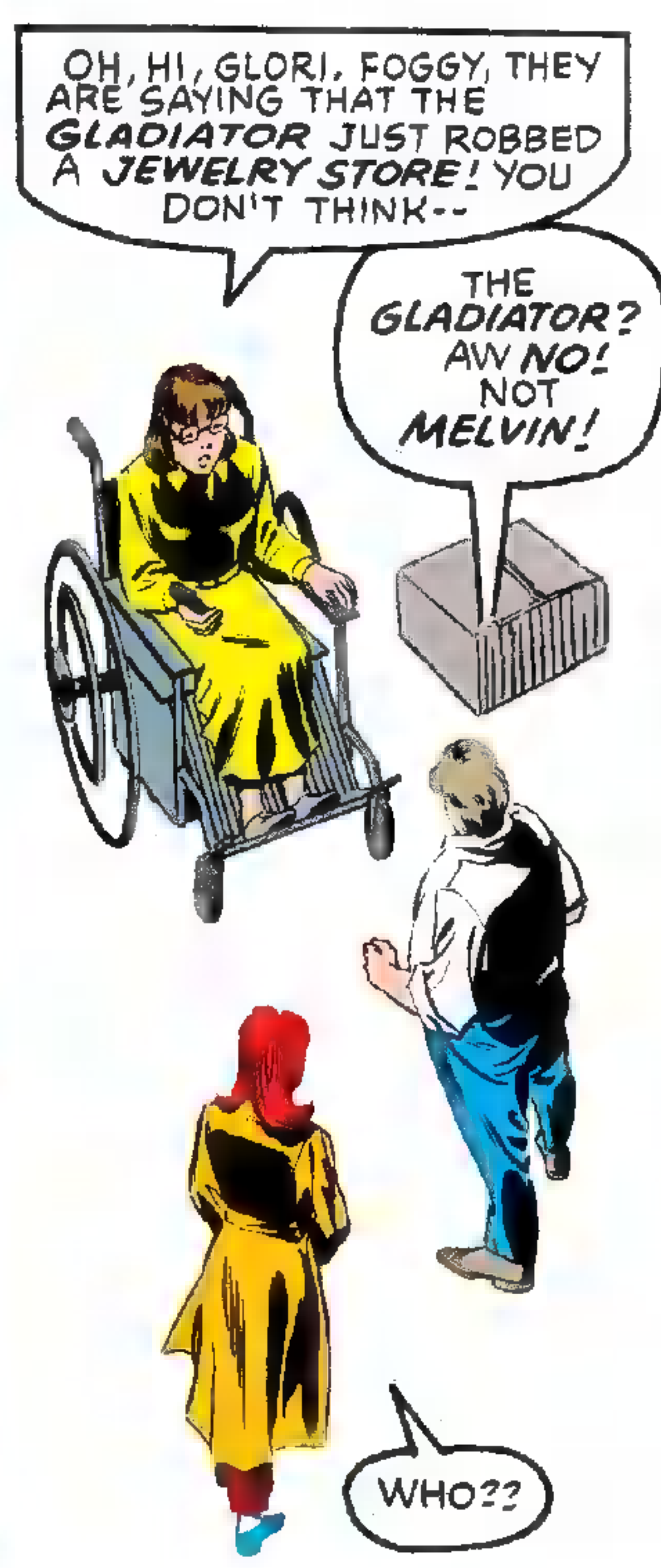
**FOGGY**--  
WHAT  
WOULD BE GOIN'  
ON HERE?



GLORI--  
HI-- WE--

GOLLY--  
YOU LOOK--  
**OOPS!**







HE WAS RUNNING ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS WHEN IT HIT HIM.

HE WAS NOTICING HOW BEAUTIFULLY HE DANCED--AND YES, HE DIDN'T MIND FLAUNTING IT, IF ONLY TO HIMSELF. I'M TERRIFIC AT THIS, HE THOUGHT, I'M IN TERRIFIC SHAPE FOR MY AGE...

THAT WAS THE THOUGHT THAT STOPPED HIM COLD. CUTTING THROUGH THE GREY HAZE IN HIS HEAD.

FOR MY AGE, THINKS MATT MURDOCK. MY AGE.

I'M NOT EVEN THIRTY YET.

HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN DAREDEVIL? HOW LONG, EVEN, SINCE THE WORLD THREW THAT ISOTOPE IN MY FACE, MAKING ME A BLIND MAN?

OH, SURE, I BUILT UP MY OTHER SENSES... THERE'S NOBODY WHO CAN SMELL OR HEAR LIKE I DO--BUT IT STRUCK ME BLIND, AND IT WASN'T THE LAST BAD THING TO STRIKE ME...

...ONE DISASTER AFTER ANOTHER, AND EVERYONE PUTTING THE BLAME ON ME. EVERYONE I LOVED OR TRUSTED.

FOGGY--MY PARTNER--COULDN'T PICK UP JUST A LITTLE SLACK AND KEEP THE LAW FIRM GOING AND HEATHER...

...YEAH, HEATHER-- WHY BE AFRAID TO THINK OF HER NAME?--KILLED HERSELF... THIS ON TOP OF EVERYTHING ELSE I HAVE TO DEAL WITH...

...BUT THAT'S WHAT LIFE HAS TURNED INTO. ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER TO DEAL WITH.

HE FEELS THE CUT OF THE OCTOBER WIND HEARS THE DULL THROB OF NEW YORK CITY BELOW HIM. HE WONDERS WHEN THE CITY STARTED MAKING HIM SICK.

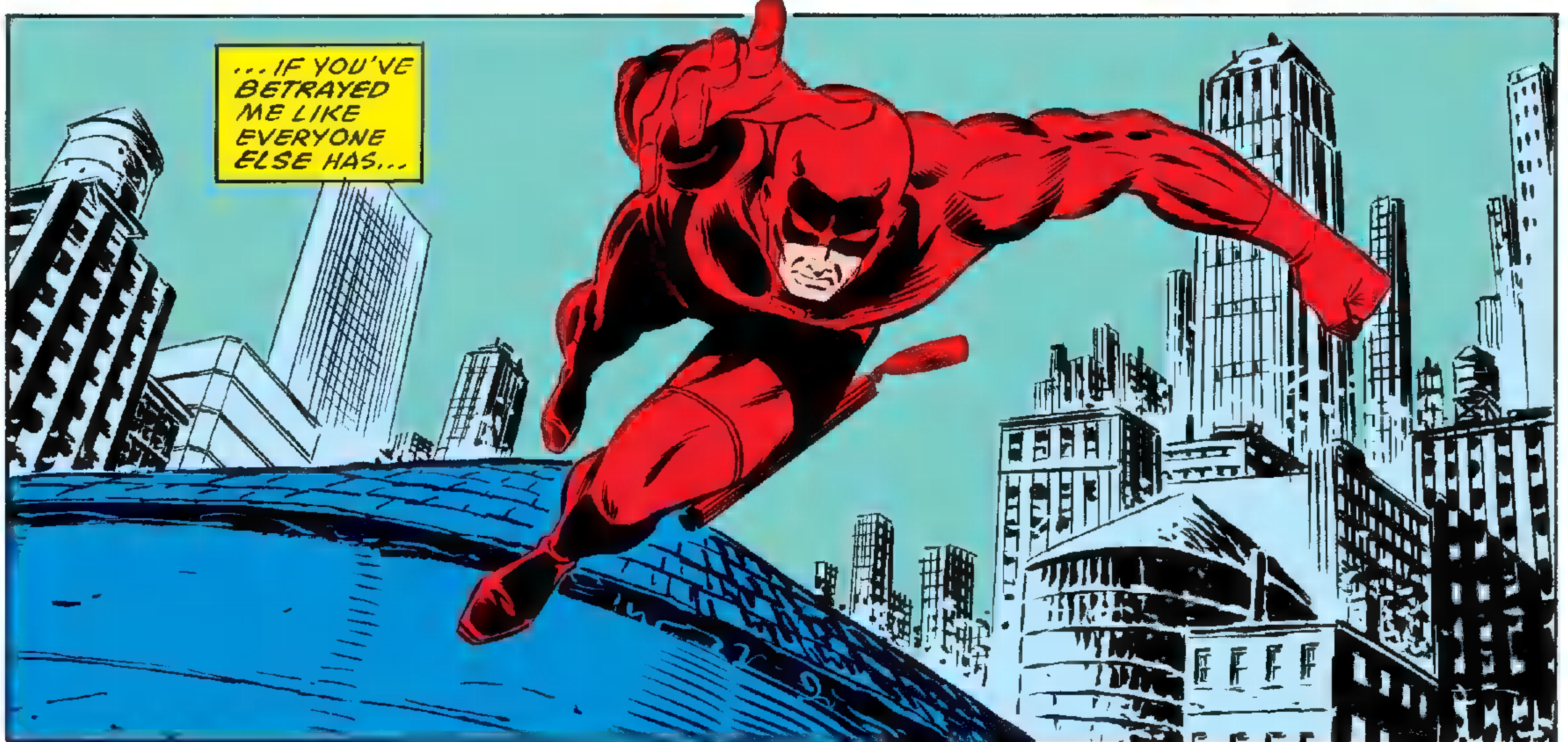
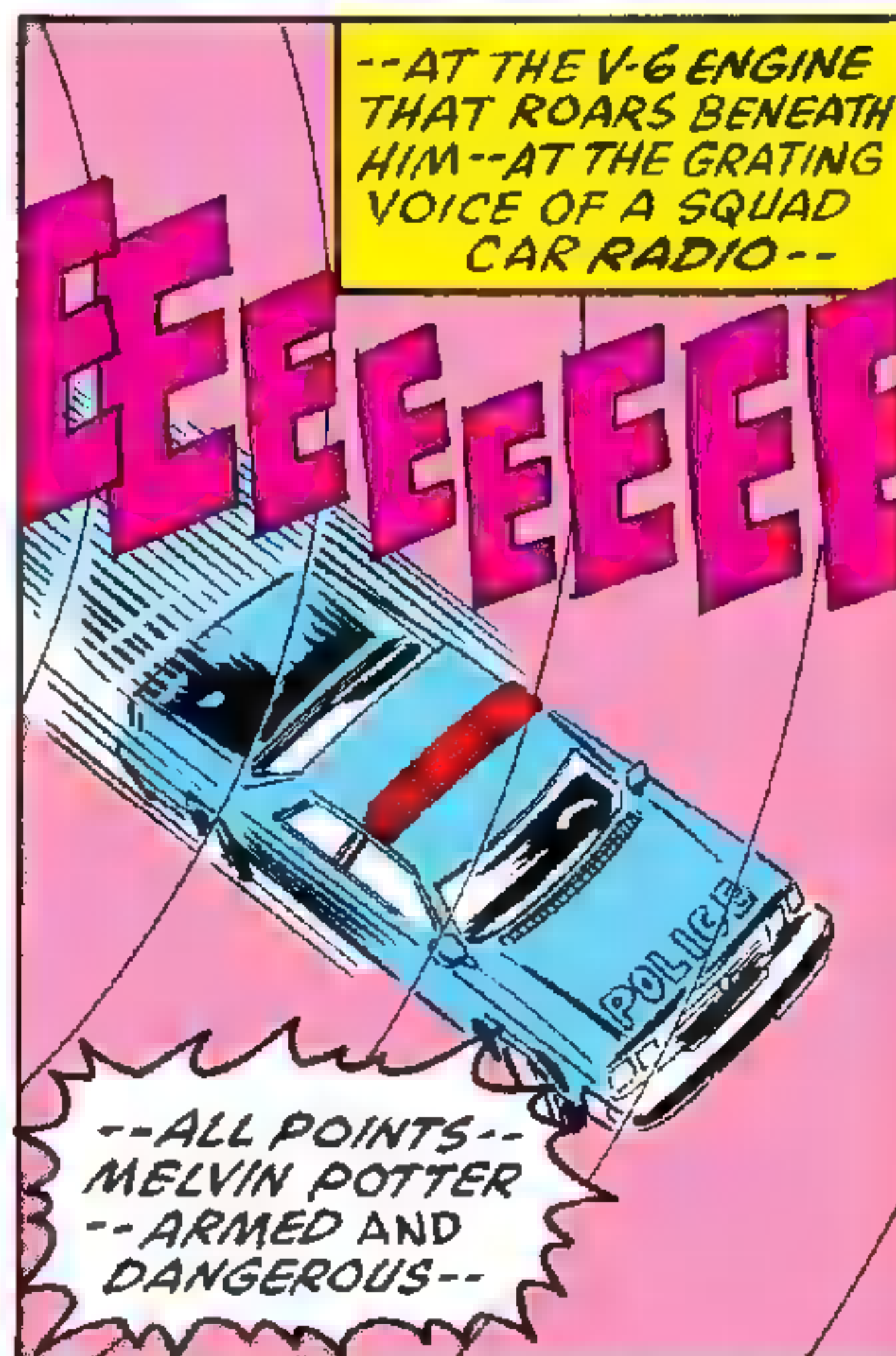
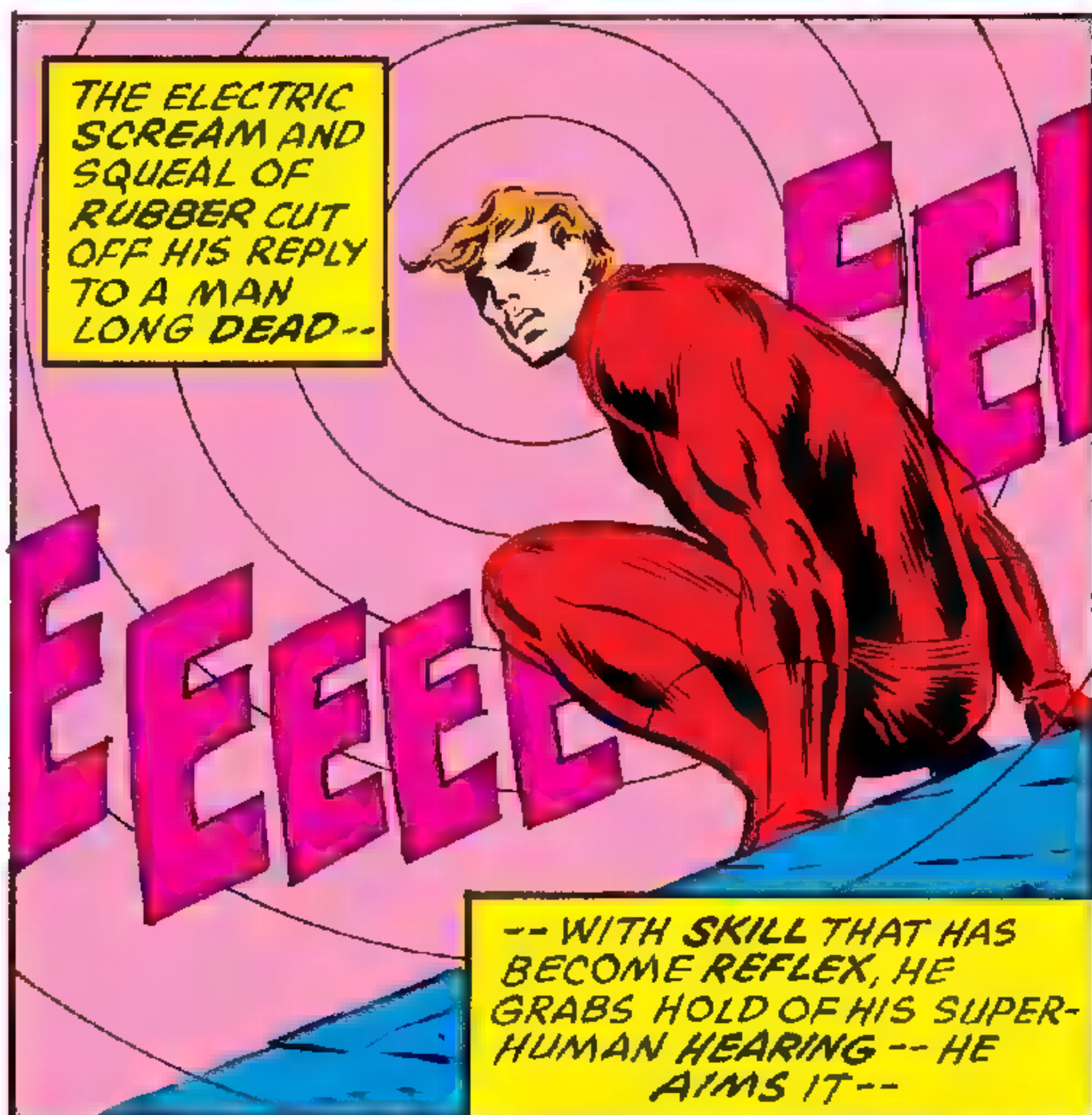
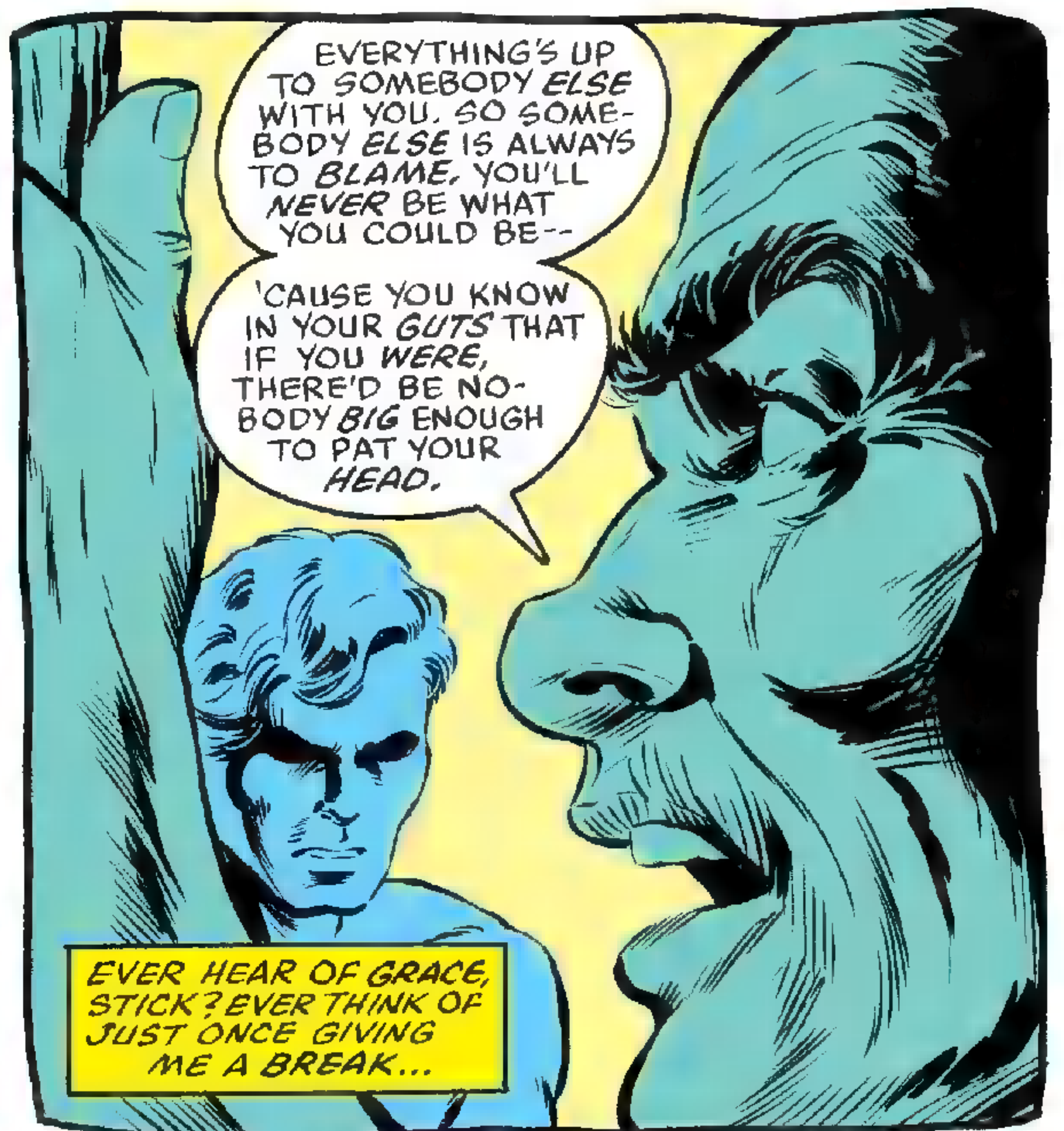
THE CITY OF THINGS TO DEAL WITH.

THEN, HE'S GOT A MEMORY TO DEAL WITH--OF SOMETHING THAT HIS TEACHER TOLD HIM.

...THERE'S TWO SIDES TO YOU, PUNK--ONE STUDIES AND READS, THE OTHER TRAINS--AND FIGHTS.

PROBLEM IS, PUNK--AIN'T NEITHER OF THEM SIDES YOURS!



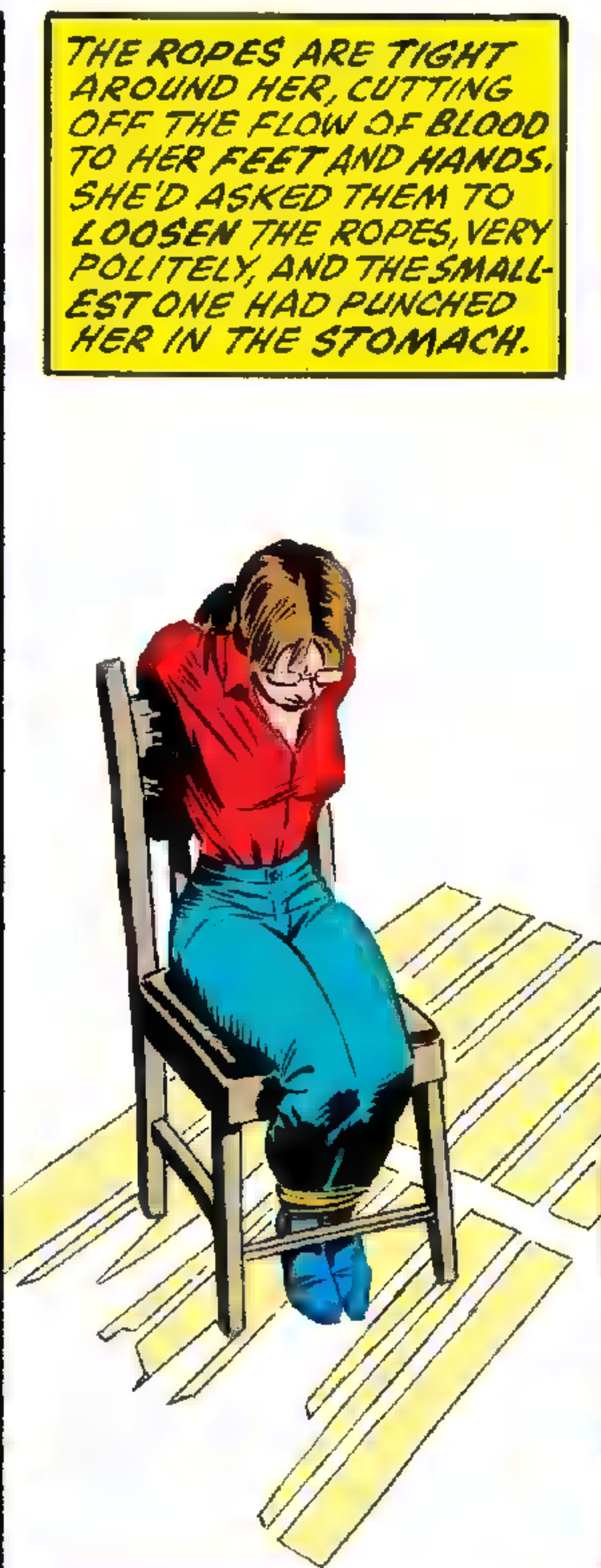






BETSY BEATTY IGNORES THE PAIN AND STARES OUT THE WINDOW AND STRAINS TO FIND A LANDMARK.

THEY MIGHT PUT HER ON THE TELEPHONE WITH MELVIN AGAIN. IF SHE KNOWS WHAT PART OF THE CITY SHE'S IN, SHE MIGHT GIVE HIM A CLUE.



THE ROPES ARE TIGHT AROUND HER, CUTTING OFF THE FLOW OF BLOOD TO HER FEET AND HANDS. SHE'D ASKED THEM TO LOOSEN THE ROPES, VERY POLITELY, AND THE SMALLEST ONE HAD PUNCHED HER IN THE STOMACH.

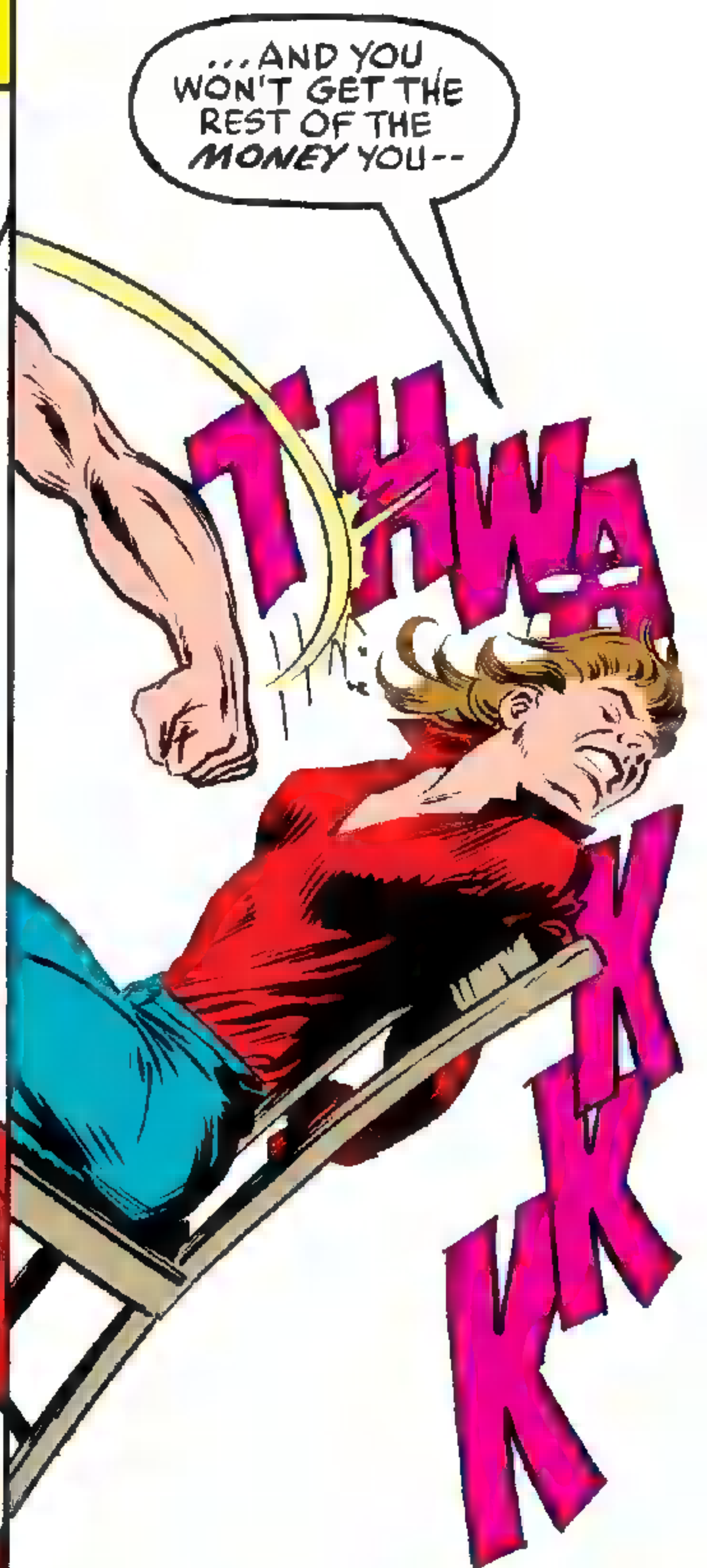
THEY WILL TAPE HER MOUTH SHUT IF SHE SPEAKS TOO LOUDLY, OR TOO FREQUENTLY. SO SHE HAS BEEN QUIET, REMEMBERING EVERYTHING SHE HAS LEARNED ABOUT HANDLING SOCIOPATHS.



BUT NOW THE NEWS HAS COME OVER THE TV AND THE MEN ARE TALKING ABOUT CALLING MELVIN-- AND IF THEY YELL AT HIM ... BETSY BEATTY MAKES HER VOICE VERY CALM...

YOU'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL WITH MELVIN. HE'S UPSET. IF YOU MAKE HIM AFRAID-- AND HE'S AFRAID OF YOU MEN, YOU CAN BE SURE OF THAT--

--BUT HE COULD GO OFF THE EDGE. THEN HE WON'T BE CAPABLE OF ANYTHING AS COMPLICATED AS ROBBERY...



...AND YOU WON'T GET THE REST OF THE MONEY YOU--

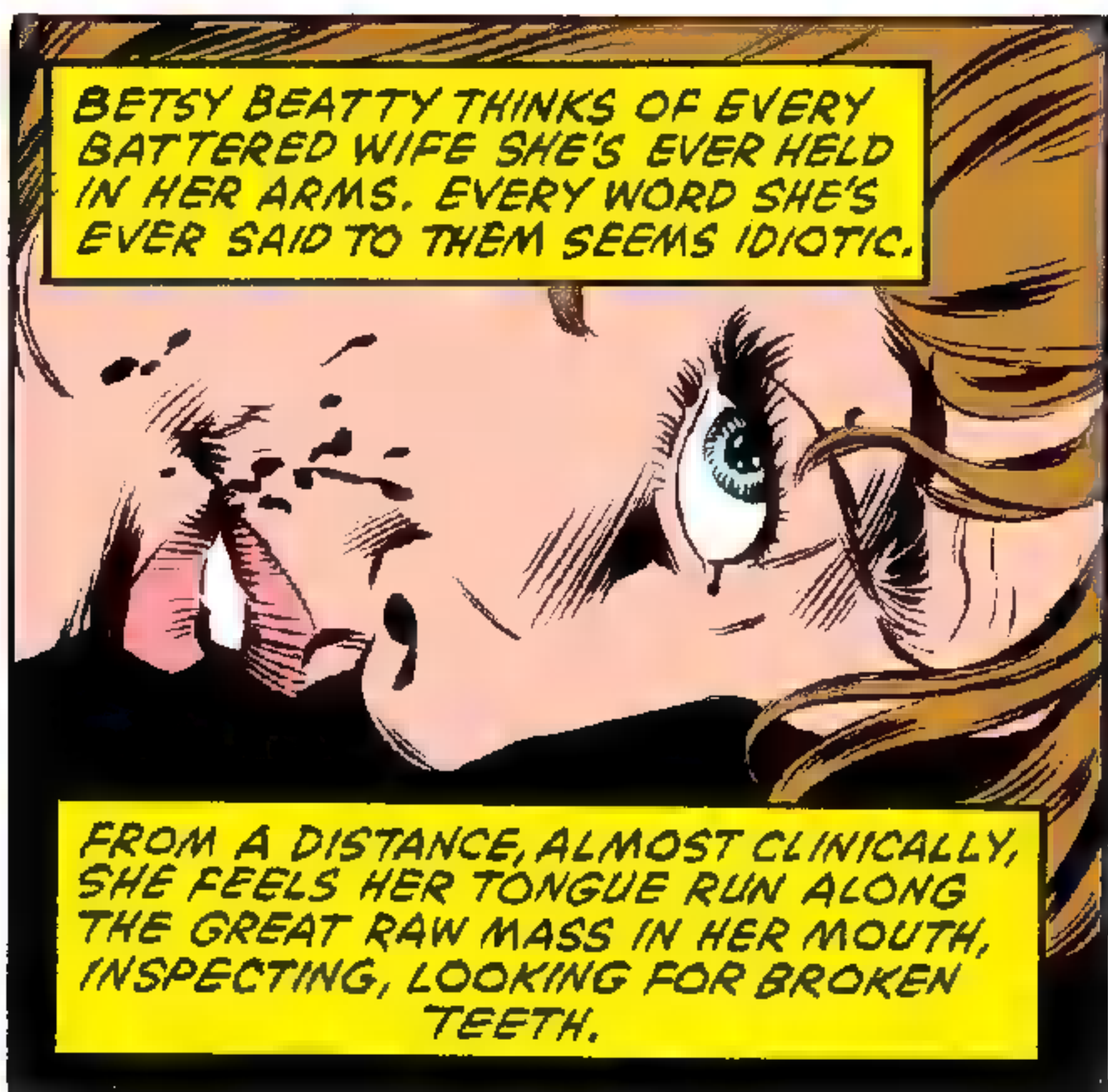


WE SAY WHATEVER WE WANT TO THAT JERK. HE SCREWED UP ALREADY-- PUTTING THAT COSTUME ON.

STUPID... LIKE HE WANTS DAREDEVIL ON HIS CASE.

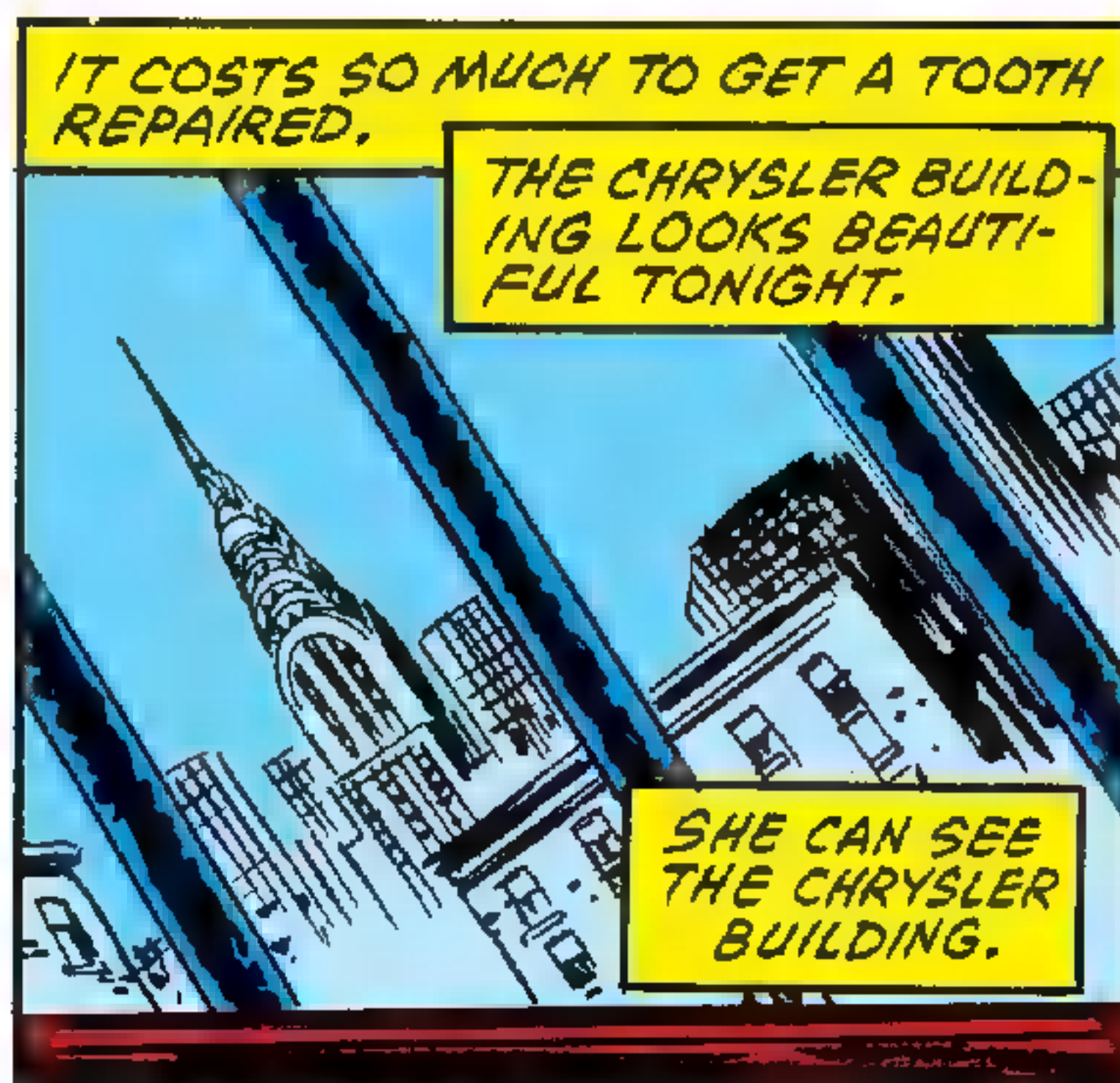
YEAH, HE STUPID. BUT HE BETTER RAISE THAT MILLION. FOR HER SAKE.

MAN, HIT HER LIKE THAT AGAIN AND SHE WON'T HAVE NO SAKE...



BETSY BEATTY THINKS OF EVERY BATTERED WIFE SHE'S EVER HELD IN HER ARMS. EVERY WORD SHE'S EVER SAID TO THEM SEEMS IDIOTIC.

FROM A DISTANCE, ALMOST CLINICALLY, SHE FEELS HER TONGUE RUN ALONG THE GREAT RAW MASS IN HER MOUTH, INSPECTING, LOOKING FOR BROKEN TEETH.



IT COSTS SO MUCH TO GET A TOOTH REPAIRED.

THE CHRYSLER BUILDING LOOKS BEAUTIFUL TONIGHT.

SHE CAN SEE THE CHRYSLER BUILDING.

SHE CAN SEE THE CHRYSLER BUILDING... SO BETSY BEATTY KNOWS WHERE SHE IS.



BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ON HER MOUTH--!



THE ROOM SMELLS AWFUL  
AND HE'S SEEN THREE  
COCKROACHES AND A  
WATER BUG THE SIZE OF  
A WALNUT.

BUT MELVIN POTTER IS  
SAFE HERE, SAFE FROM  
DAREDEVIL AND THE  
POLICE, AND THIS IS  
WHERE THE MEN TOLD  
HIM TO GO. HE'LL STAY  
HERE, RIGHT HERE, UNTIL  
MIDNIGHT WHEN HE--

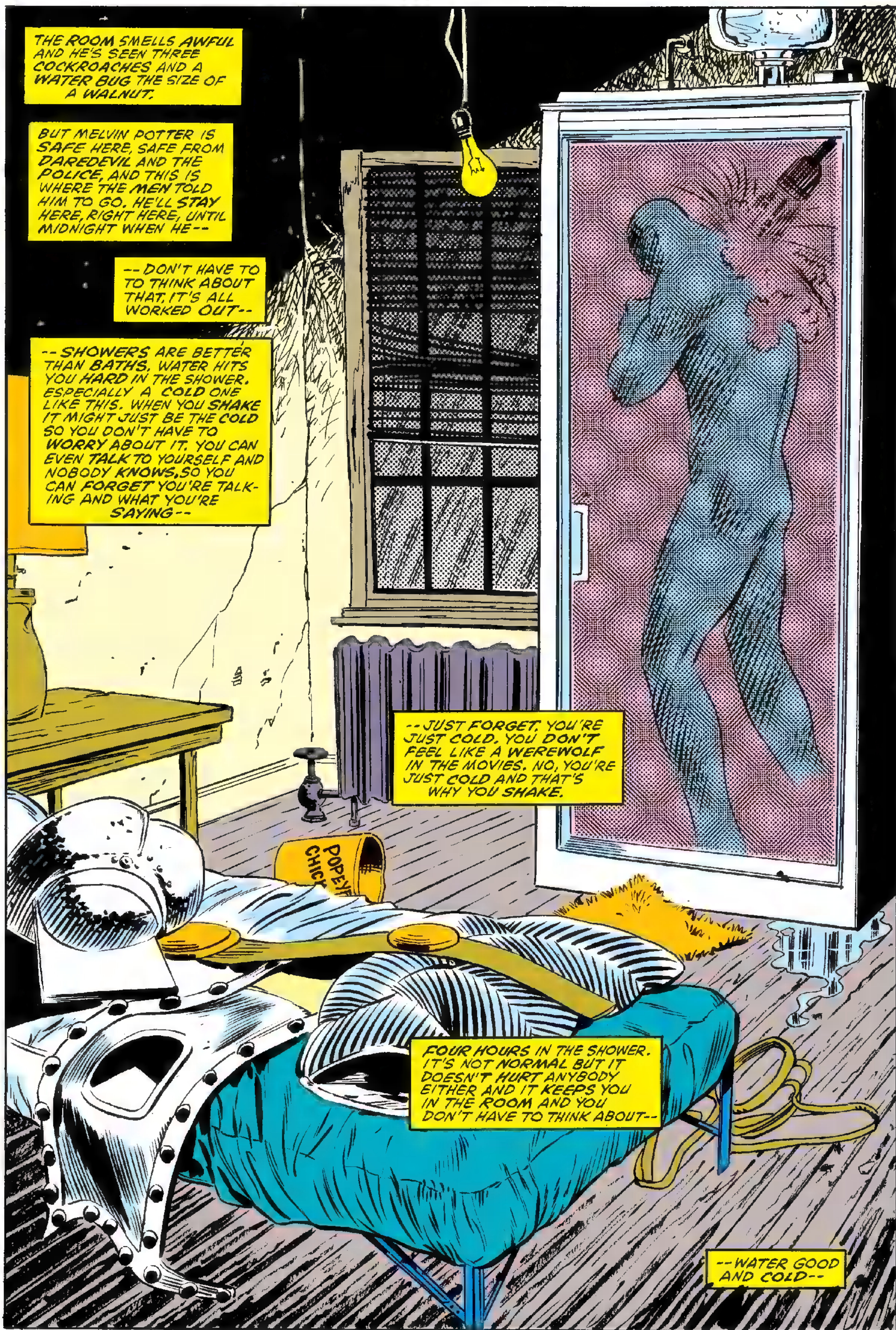
-- DON'T HAVE TO  
TO THINK ABOUT  
THAT, IT'S ALL  
WORKED OUT--

-- SHOWERS ARE BETTER  
THAN BATHS. WATER HITS  
YOU HARD IN THE SHOWER,  
ESPECIALLY A COLD ONE  
LIKE THIS. WHEN YOU SHAKE  
IT MIGHT JUST BE THE COLD  
SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO  
WORRY ABOUT IT. YOU CAN  
EVEN TALK TO YOURSELF AND  
NOBODY KNOWS, SO YOU  
CAN FORGET YOU'RE TALK-  
ING AND WHAT YOU'RE  
SAYING--

-- JUST FORGET, YOU'RE  
JUST COLD. YOU DON'T  
FEEL LIKE A WEREWOLF  
IN THE MOVIES. NO, YOU'RE  
JUST COLD AND THAT'S  
WHY YOU SHAKE.

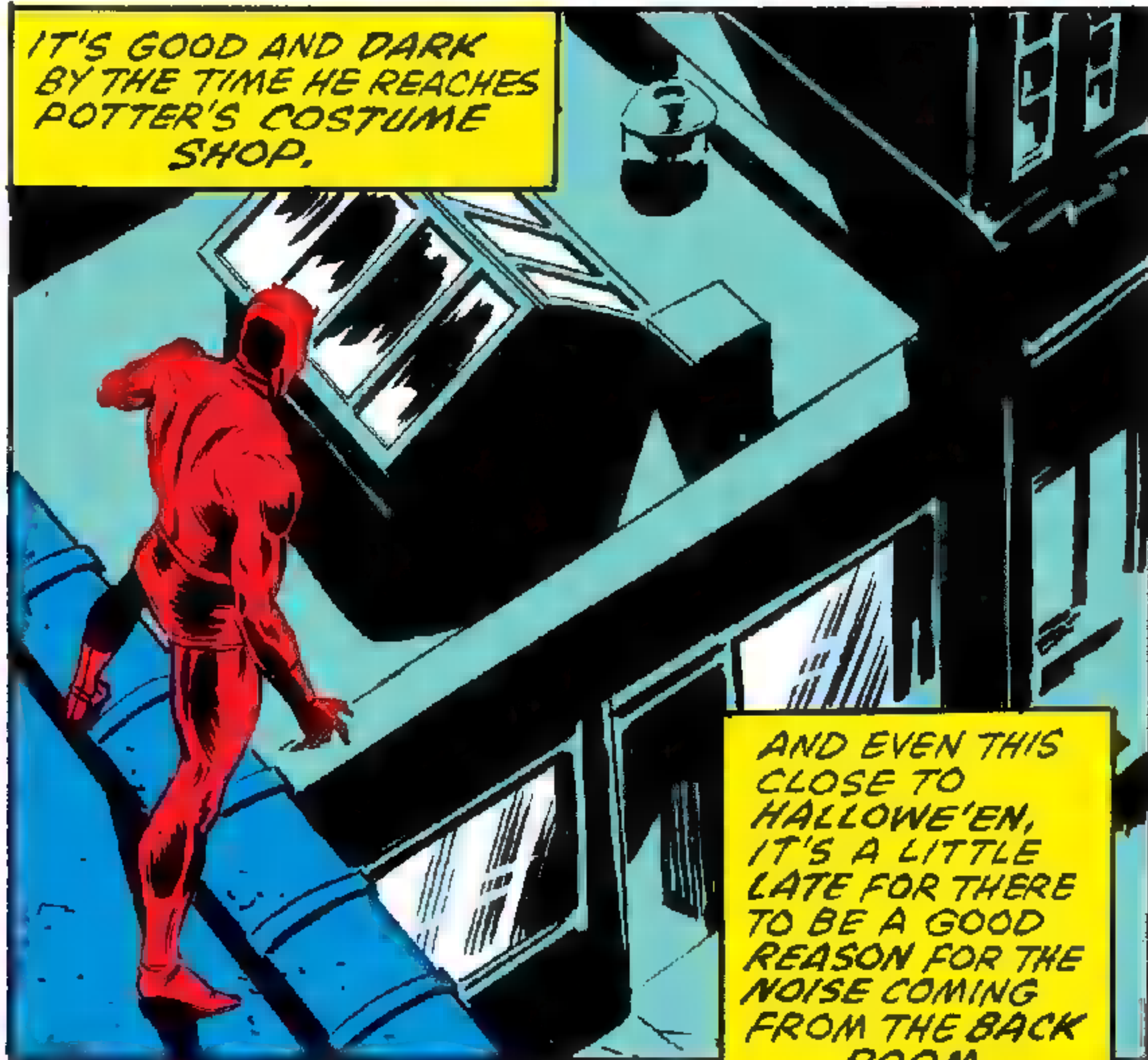
FOUR HOURS IN THE SHOWER.  
IT'S NOT NORMAL BUT IT  
DOESN'T HURT ANYBODY  
EITHER AND IT KEEPS YOU  
IN THE ROOM AND YOU  
DON'T HAVE TO THINK ABOUT--

-- WATER GOOD  
AND COLD--





IT'S GOOD AND DARK  
BY THE TIME HE REACHES  
POTTER'S COSTUME  
SHOP.



AND EVEN THIS  
CLOSE TO  
HALLOWE'EN,  
IT'S A LITTLE  
LATE FOR THERE  
TO BE A GOOD  
REASON FOR THE  
NOISE COMING  
FROM THE BACK  
ROOM.

HE'S LOOKING  
FOR A CLUE--  
SOMETHING TO  
SILENCE THE  
VOICE IN HIS  
HEAD THAT KEEPS  
SAYING MELVIN  
IS INNOCENT.



A CAT BURGLAR  
COULDN'T BREAK  
IN AS QUICKLY  
AS HE DOES--



-- A BLOOD-  
HOUND  
COULDN'T  
SO SWIFTLY  
IDENTIFY  
THE MEN  
BY THEIR  
SCENTS.



HE KNOWS THEM,  
EACH OF THEM.  
THEY'RE NO  
FRIENDS OF  
MELVIN.

BUT THEY'LL DO.



THEY'LL  
DO.





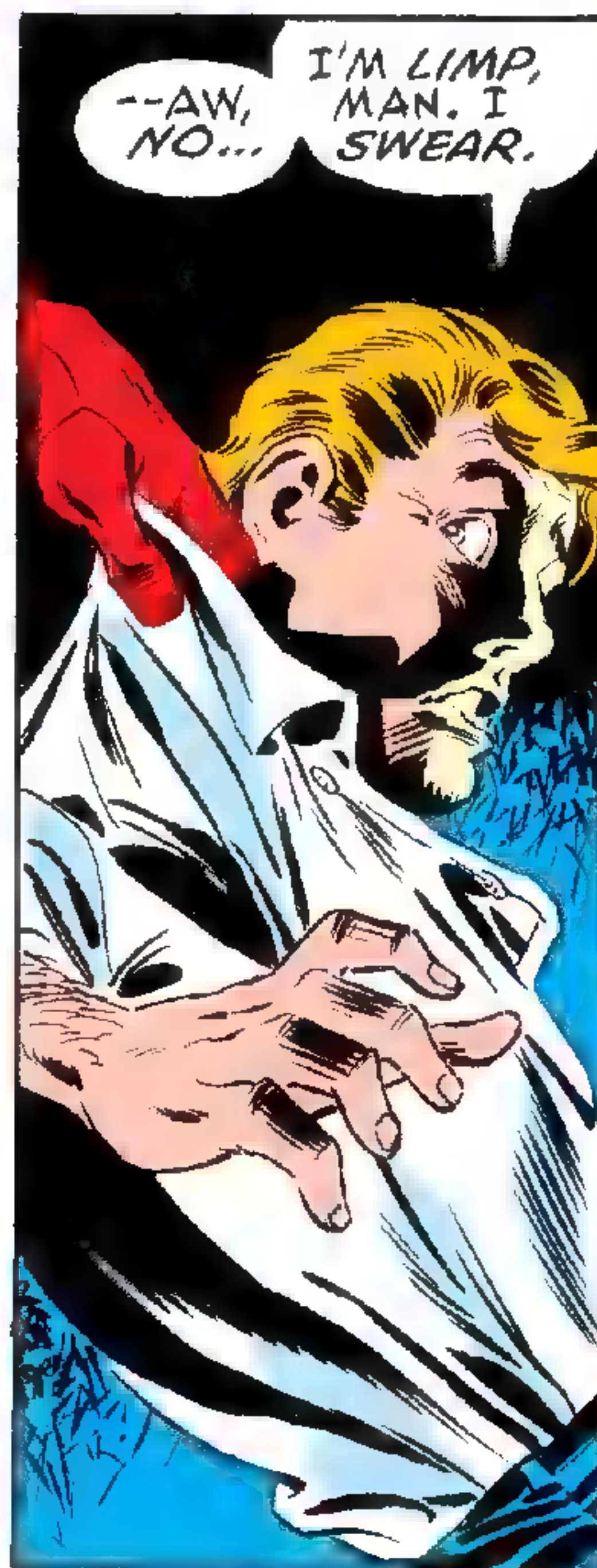


DAREDEVIL!

AW, GEEZ--  
AW, NO--



AWW--  
AAAA--



--AW,  
NO...

I'M LIMP,  
MAN. I  
SWEAR.



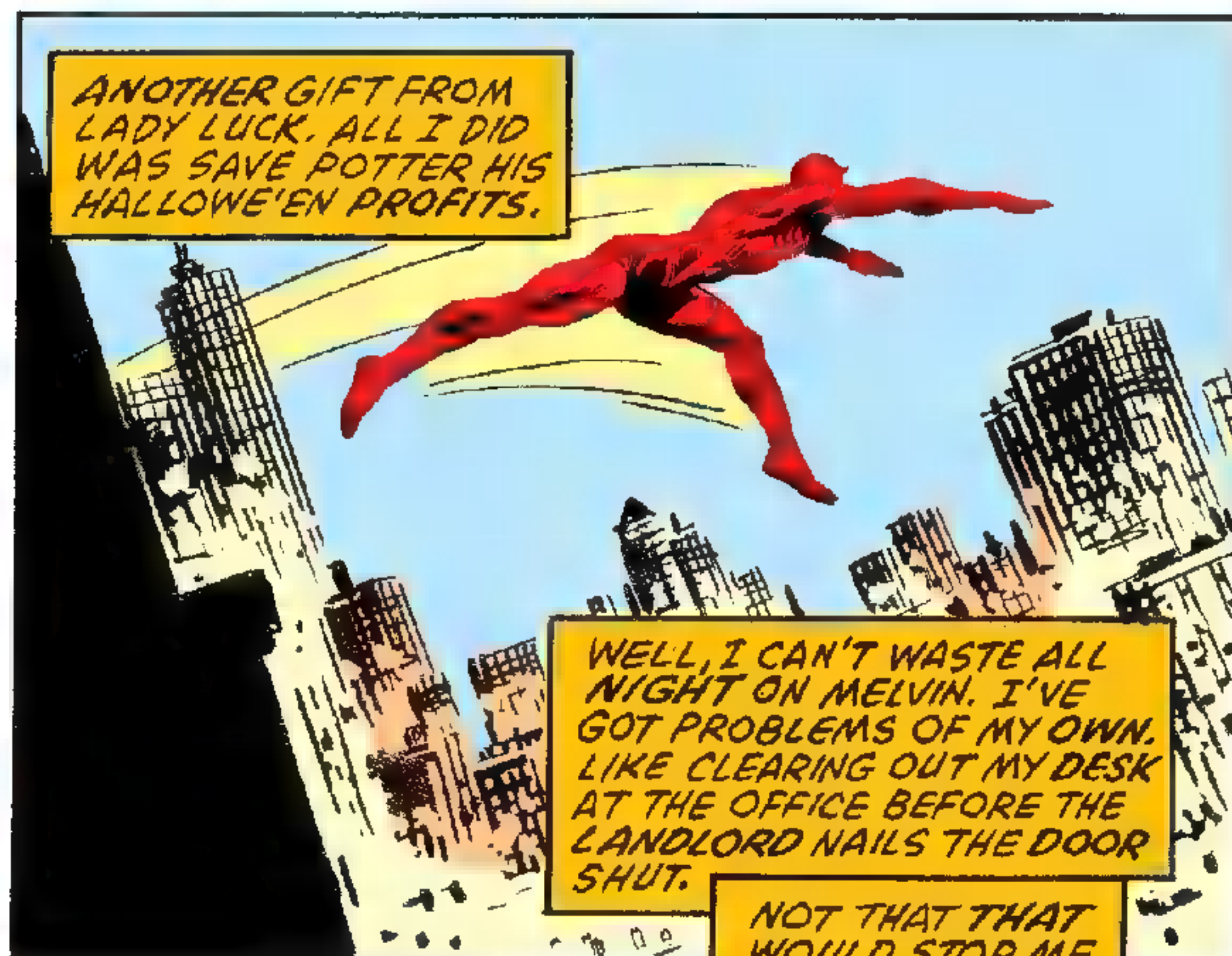
NOT AS LIMP AS  
YOU WILL BE, CHIGGER  
-- UNLESS YOU TELL  
ME POTTER'S PLAN.

SING TO ME,  
CHIGGER.



SING  
WHAT?  
STARS AN'  
STRIPES?

YOU KNOW ME,  
DEVIL--I'M A  
HEIST MAN. YOU  
HAVE APPREHENDED  
ME INNA COMMIT-  
MENT OF A  
HEIST. WHAT'S  
TO SING?



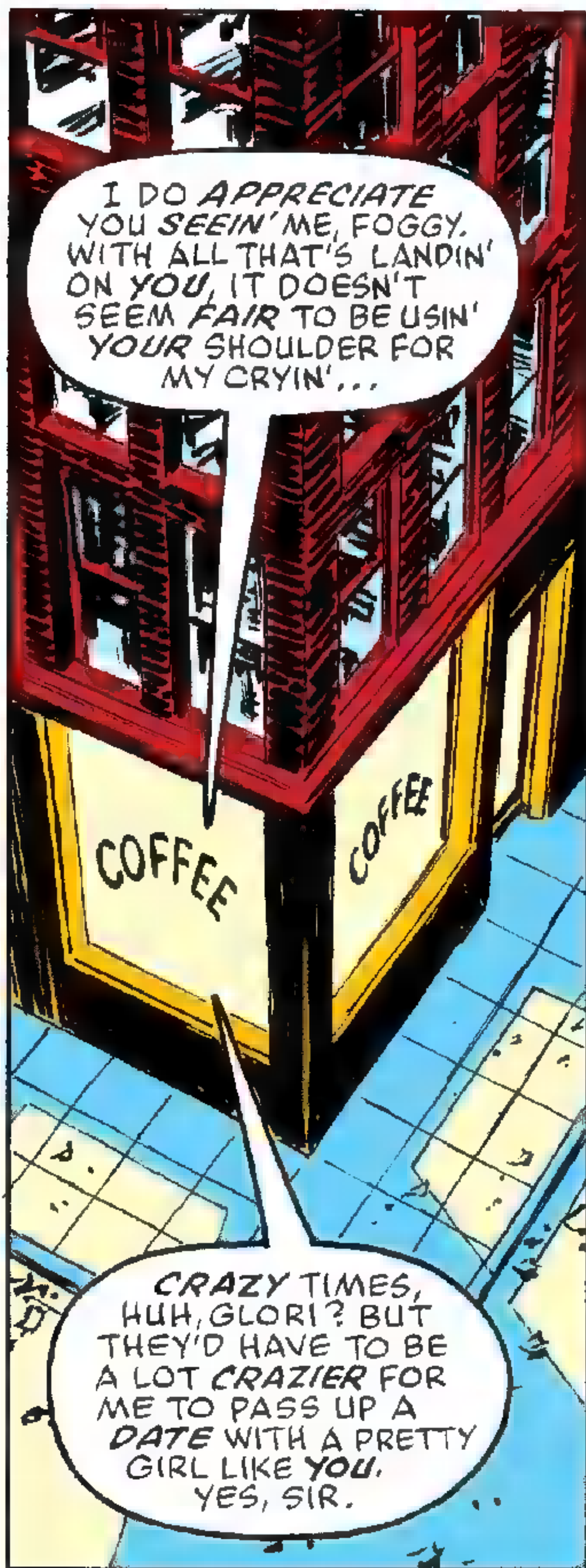
ANOTHER GIFT FROM  
LADY LUCK. ALL I DID  
WAS SAVE POTTER HIS  
HALLOWE'EN PROFITS.

WELL, I CAN'T WASTE ALL  
NIGHT ON MELVIN. I'VE  
GOT PROBLEMS OF MY OWN.  
LIKE CLEARING OUT MY DESK  
AT THE OFFICE BEFORE THE  
LANDLORD NAILS THE DOOR  
SHUT.

NOT THAT THAT  
WOULD STOP ME.



MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE NORTH OF EIGHTY-SIXTH STREET...



I DO APPRECIATE YOU SEEIN' ME, FOGGY. WITH ALL THAT'S LANDIN' ON YOU, IT DOESN'T SEEM FAIR TO BE USIN' YOUR SHOULDER FOR MY CRYIN'...

CRAZY TIMES, HUH, GLORI? BUT THEY'D HAVE TO BE A LOT CRAZIER FOR ME TO PASS UP A DATE WITH A PRETTY GIRL LIKE YOU. YES, SIR.



UH... DON'T TAKE THAT THE WRONG WAY...

YOU FLATTER ME, FOGGY. I DON'T MIND IT A BIT.

NOT A BIT.



MATT-- ME AND MATT, WE USED TO EAT HERE ALL THE TIME. THAT WAS BACK IN COLLEGE-- BEFORE THE PRACTICE AND THE MONEY AND ALL. BOY, THOSE WERE THE DAYS, I'LL TELL YOU.

YOU AND MATT-- YOU GO BACK A WAYS, DON'T YOU?

AND THIS-- THIS IS A CHEESEBURGER. GOOD A ONE AS YOU'LL FIND.

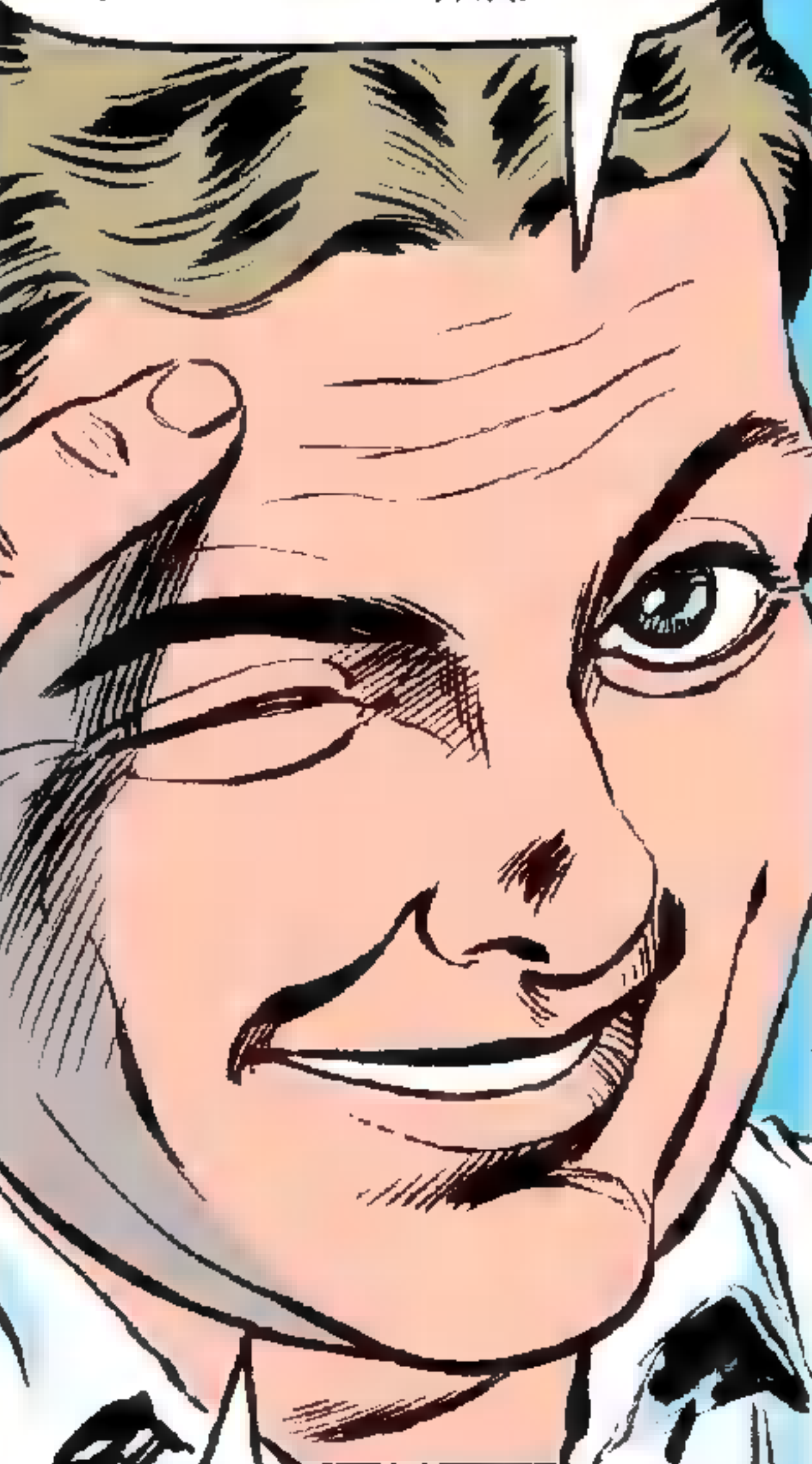
MET IN COLLEGE. COLUMBIA, RIGHT UP THE STREET. ROOMED TOGETHER THROUGH GRAD SCHOOL. MATT WAS THE WHIZ, NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. YOU READ HIM FOUR WORDS AND MATT, HE'D DO YOU A SPEECH ON IT THAT'D MAKE JEFFERSON CRAWL UP OUT OF HIS GRAVE AND TAKE NOTICE.

Y'SEE, JEFFERSON WAS AN AMERICAN PRESIDENT. WROTE THE--

EVEN IN IRELAND WE HEARD OF JEFFERSON, FOGGY.



SPOSE YOU HAVE, COME TO THINK OF IT. ANYWAY, THE ONLY THING MATT WASN'T MUCH GOOD ON WAS THE DETAILS. NEVER HAD THE PATIENCE. THAT'S WHERE I CAME IN, WITH MY STEEL-TRAP MIND.



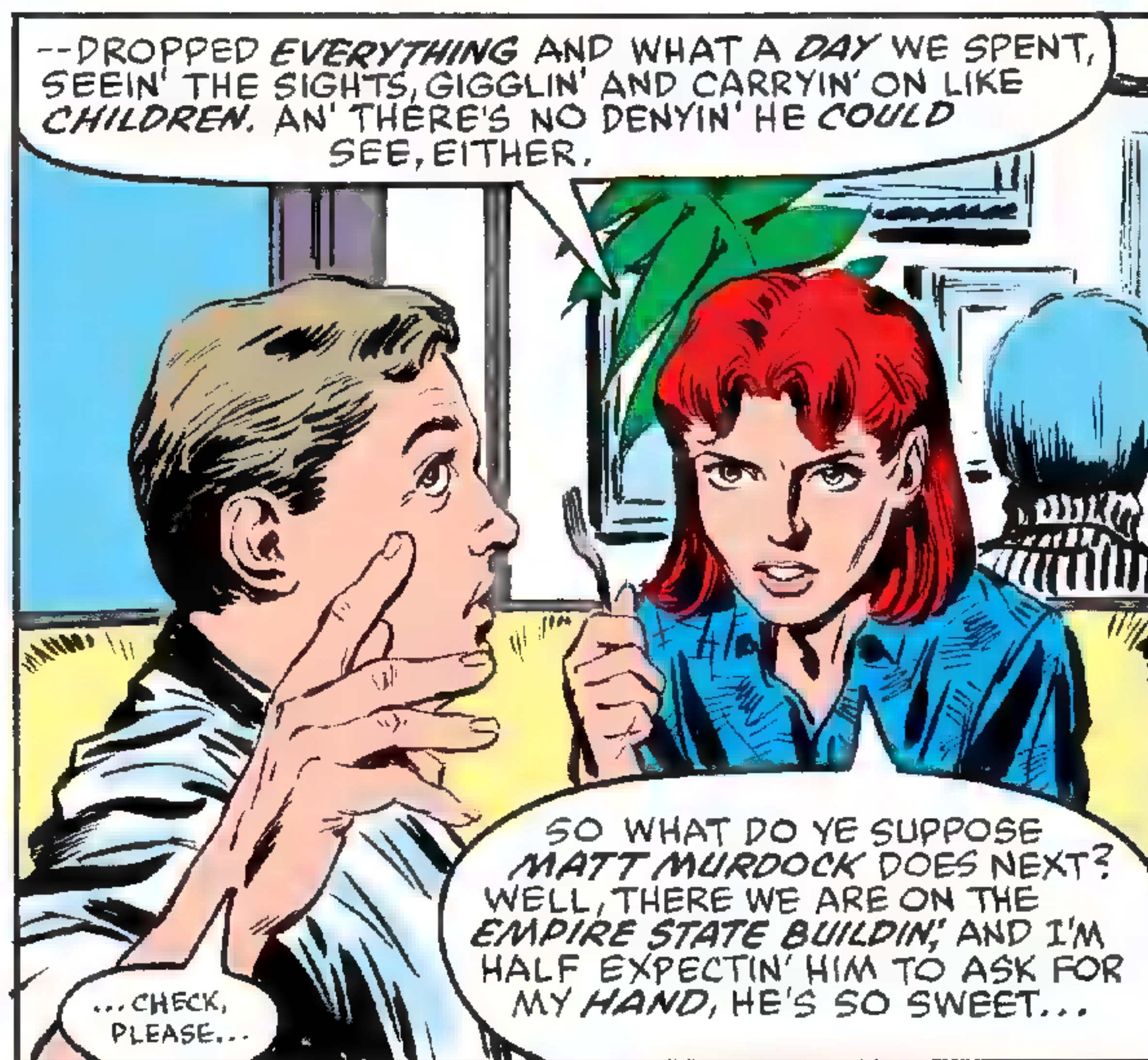
WAY I ALWAYS PUT IT, MATT WAS INSPIRATION, AND ME, I WAS PERSPIRATION...



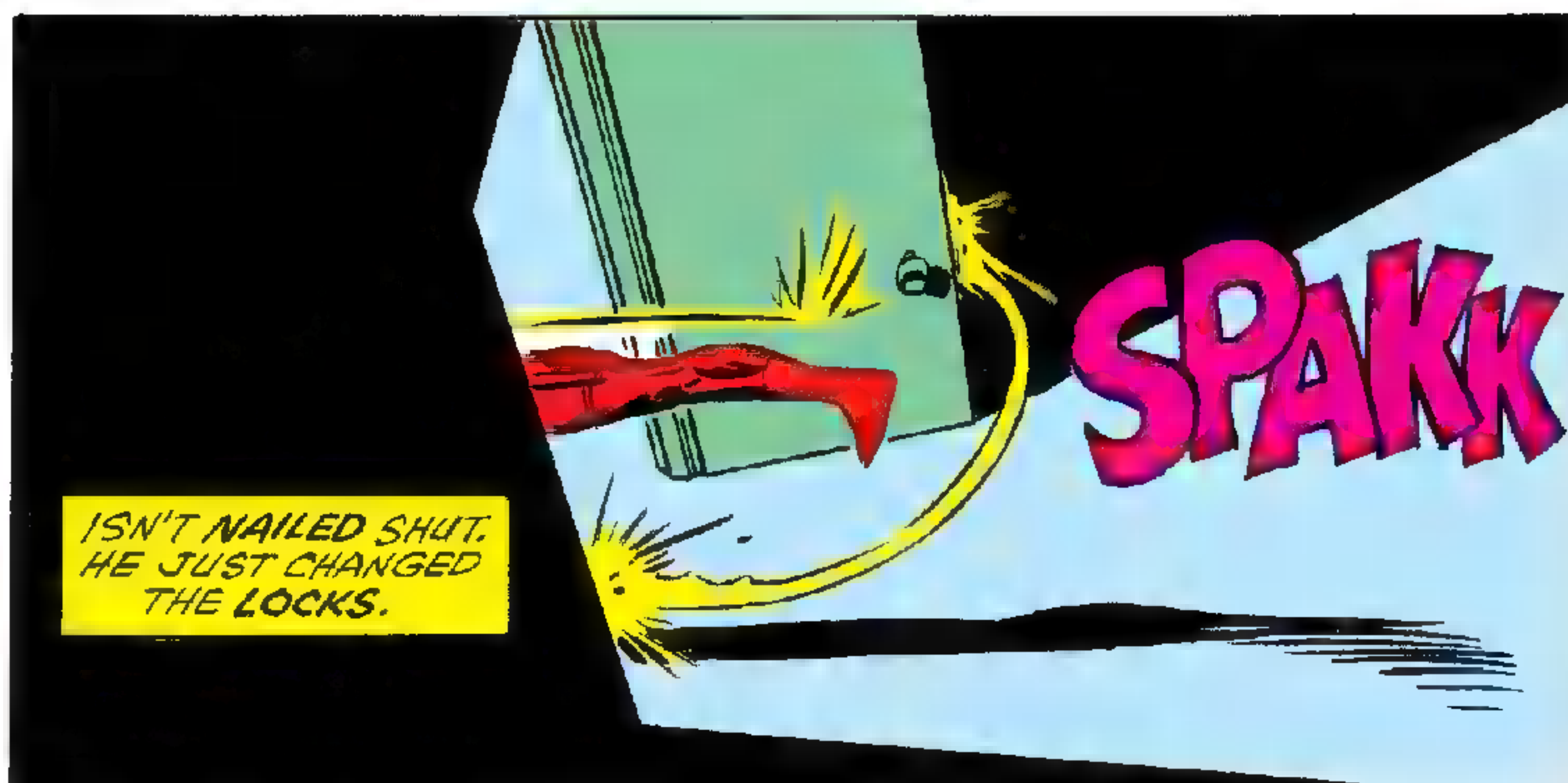
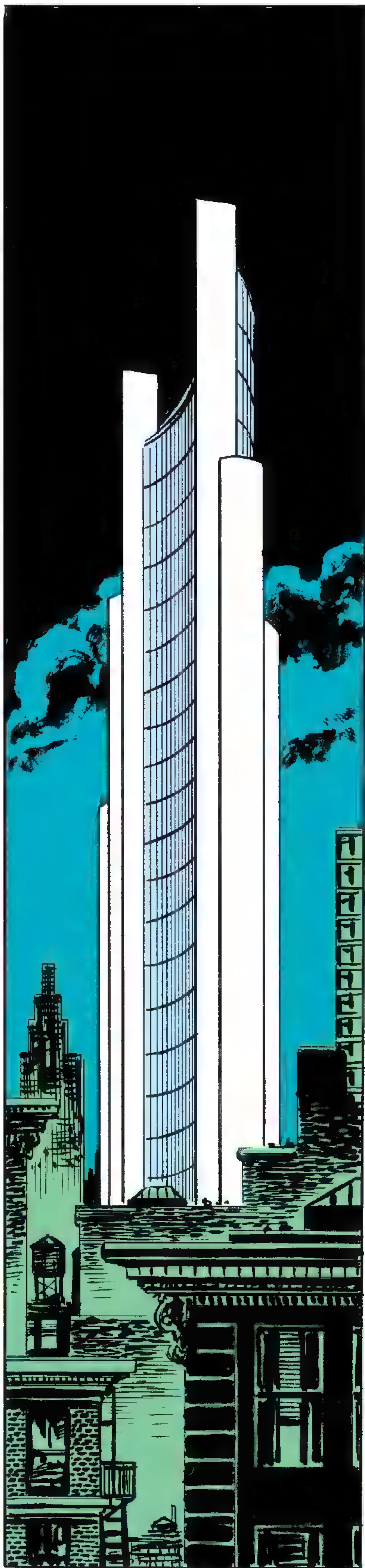
HE'S LET YOU DOWN PRETTY ROUGH, HASN'T HE?

...HE'S HAD A LOT ON HIS MIND, GLORI. NEVER MIND ALL THAT STUFF I SAID LATELY. I JUST LET THINGS GET TO ME. TRUTH IS, I SAW ALL THIS COMING WHEN... I MEAN, MATT JUST HASN'T BEEN ALL THERE SINCE...

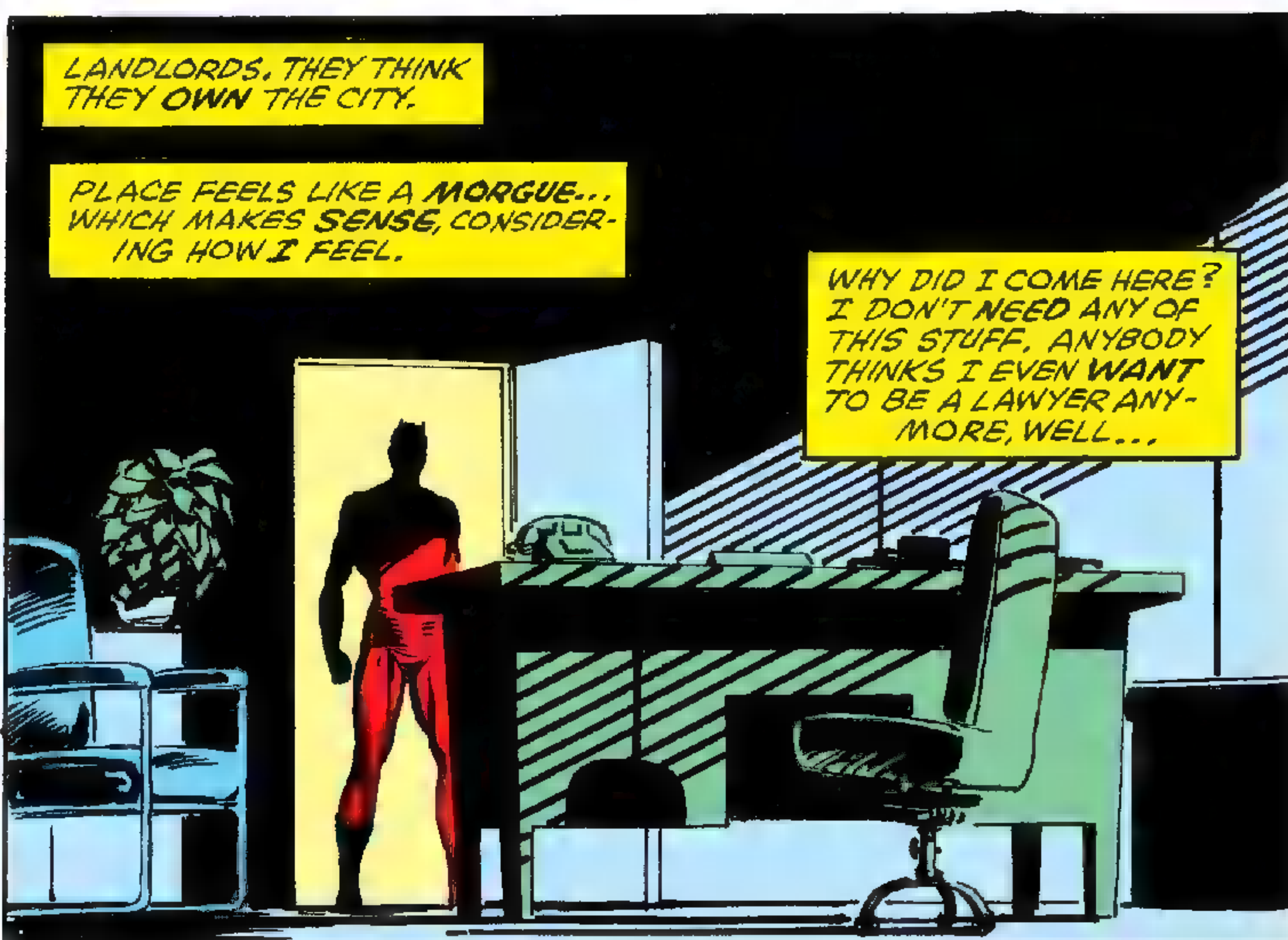








ISN'T NAILED SHUT.  
HE JUST CHANGED  
THE LOCKS.



LANDLORDS. THEY THINK  
THEY OWN THE CITY.

PLACE FEELS LIKE A MORGUE...  
WHICH MAKES SENSE, CONSIDER-  
ING HOW I FEEL.

WHY DID I COME HERE?  
I DON'T NEED ANY OF  
THIS STUFF. ANYBODY  
THINKS I EVEN WANT  
TO BE A LAWYER ANY-  
MORE, WELL...



...WELL, I'D HAVE TO BE  
ASKED PRETTY NICELY,  
THAT'S FOR SURE.

I NEVER LIKED THIS JOB.  
HELPING CRIMINALS  
GET OFF THE HOOK...  
HELPING HUSBANDS AND  
WIVES, WHO DIDN'T HAVE  
THE NERVE TO FACE EACH  
OTHER, FIGHT OVER THEIR  
CHILDREN...



IT WAS A LOUSY  
JOB, DAD, AND I  
DID IT FOR YOU.

I WANTED TO PLAY,  
LIKE THE OTHER  
KIDS. BUT YOU...  
YOU NEVER LET ME...



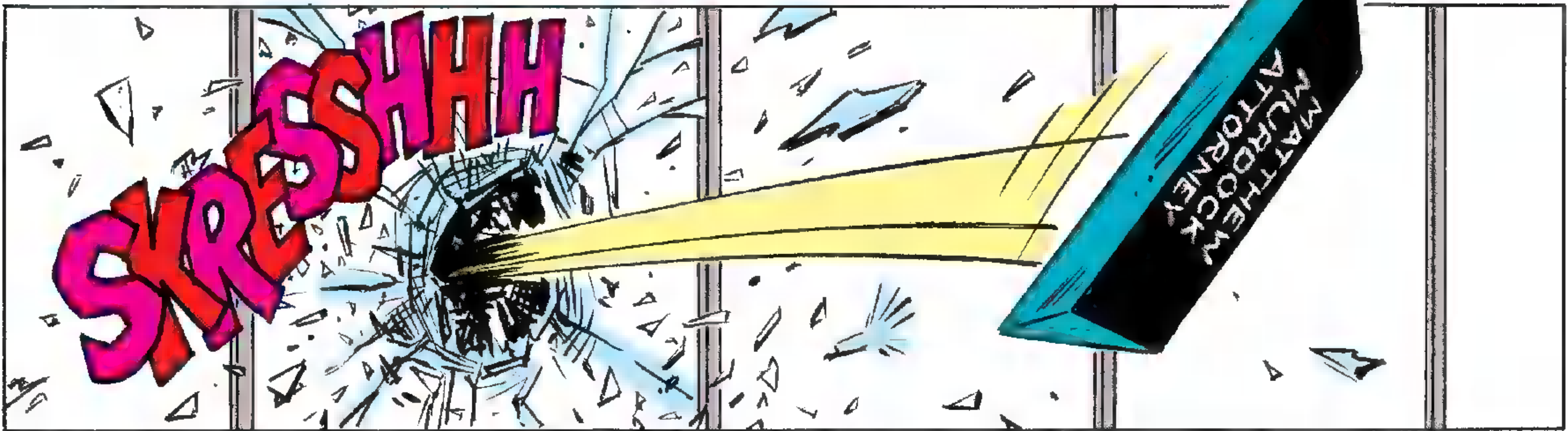


"STUDY EVERY CHANCE YOU GET!!"  
"BE A DOCTOR OR A LAWYER!!..."  
"SOMEBODY IMPORTANT!!..."  
"BE THE SOMEBODY I NEVER COULD"  
...STUDY STUDY STUDY STUDY...

...NO, YOU NEVER  
GAVE ME A BREAK,  
EITHER, DAD--



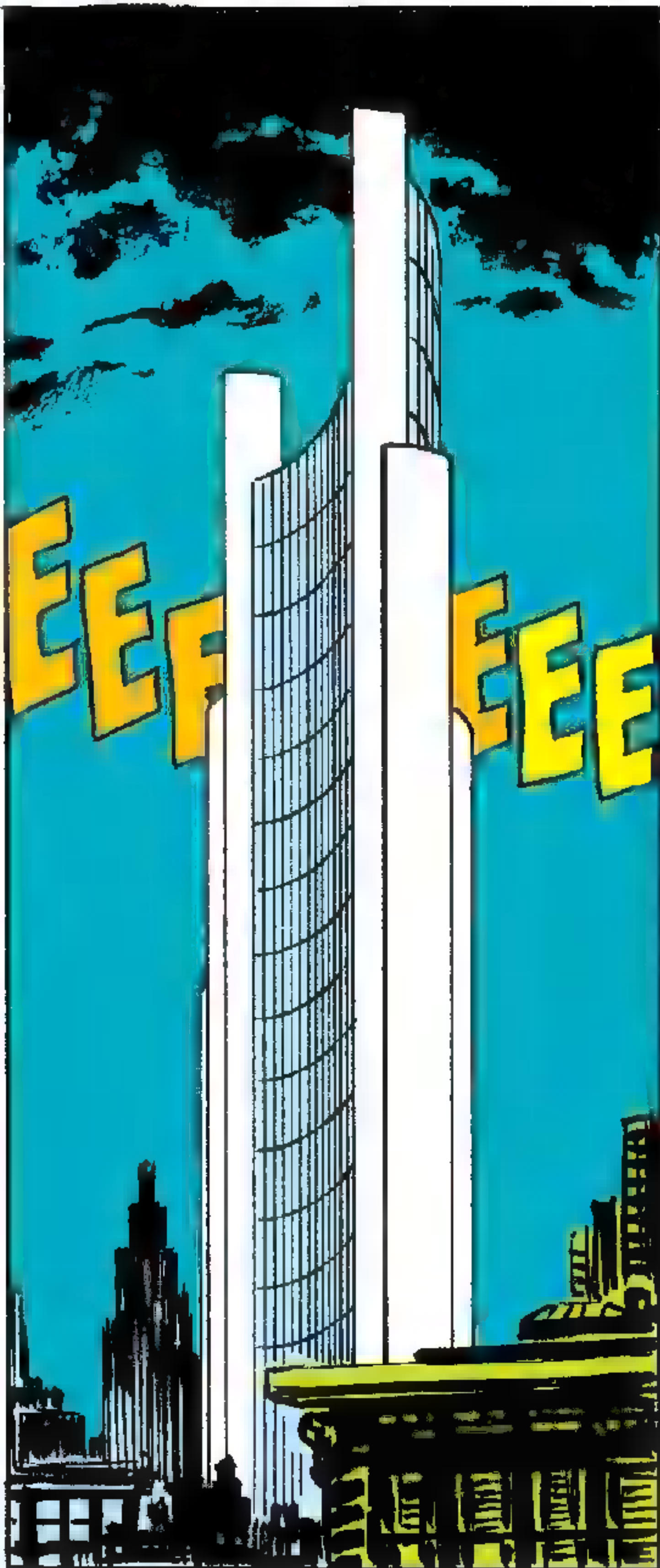
-- ALWAYS  
PUSHING ME--



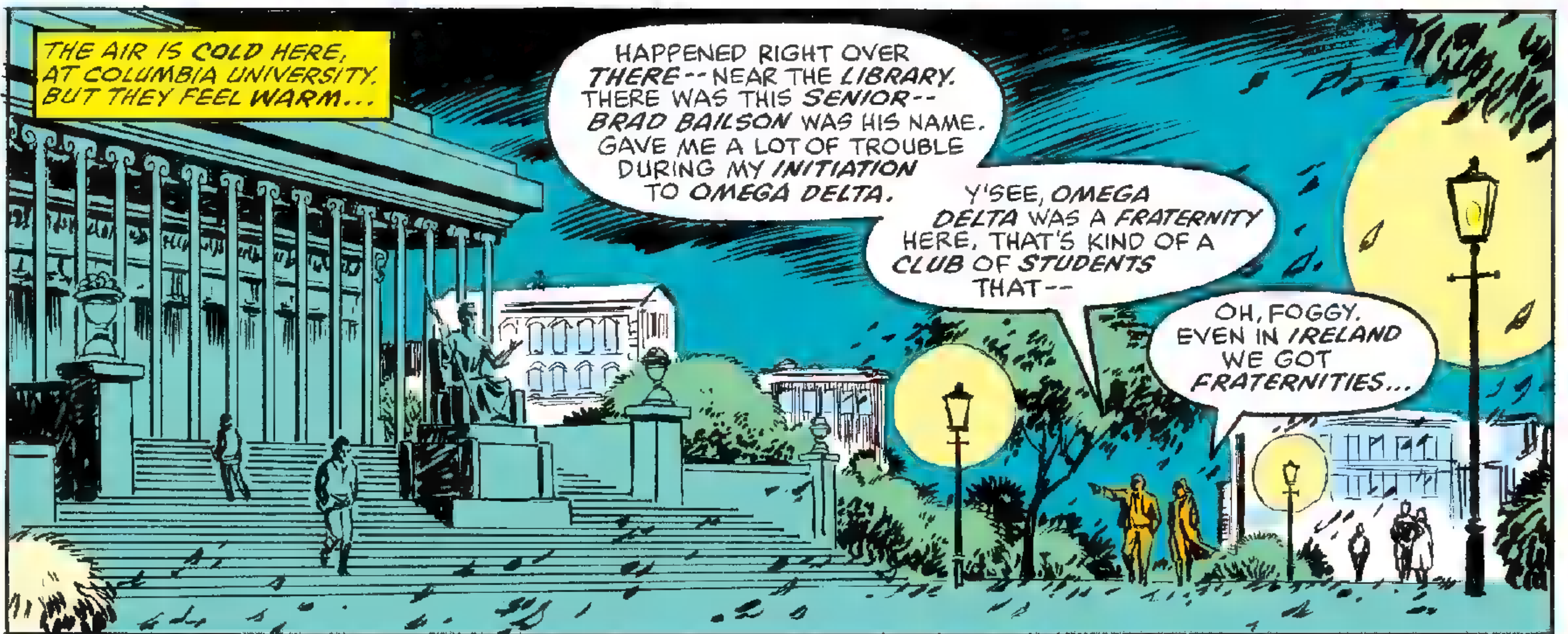
SO OF COURSE THE BURGLAR  
ALARM GOES OFF. PAID ENOUGH  
TO INSTALL IT.



LET IT RING.  
LET IT RING  
ALL NIGHT.







THE AIR IS COLD HERE,  
AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.  
BUT THEY FEEL WARM...

HAPPENED RIGHT OVER  
THERE-- NEAR THE LIBRARY.  
THERE WAS THIS SENIOR--  
BRAD BAILSON WAS HIS NAME.  
GAVE ME A LOT OF TROUBLE  
DURING MY INITIATION  
TO OMEGA DELTA.

Y'SEE, OMEGA  
DELTA WAS A FRATERNITY  
HERE. THAT'S KIND OF A  
CLUB OF STUDENTS  
THAT--

OH, FOGGY.  
EVEN IN IRELAND  
WE GOT  
FRATERNITIES...



SPOSE YOU DO, COME TO THINK OF IT.  
ANYWAY, THEY MADE ME DO LOTS OF  
DUMB STUFF, AND BRAD, HE WAS  
ALWAYS MAKING IT WORSE,  
ALWAYS RIDING ME.

THERE'S THIS NARROW  
PIPE THAT RUNS FROM THE  
BASEMENT UNDERGROUND  
OUT TO THE RIVER. WASN'T  
USED FOR ANYTHING ANY-  
MORE, AND THE DELTA BOYS,  
WELL, THEY TOLD ME I  
HAD TO CRAWL THROUGH  
IT.

BOY, WAS IT SCARY, DARK, AND TIGHT  
--Y'SEE, I WAS PRETTY CHUBBY  
BACK THEN. MATT, HE TOLD ME  
NOT TO DO IT. MATT NEVER HAD  
ANY USE FOR FRATERNITIES...



SO I WAS IN THERE, PUFFING AND  
SQUEEZING ALONG, AND, WELL, BEST I  
CAN FIGURE IT, BRAD HAD GOTTEN AN  
INDUSTRIAL WATER HOSE, AND WAS  
GOING TO FILL THE PIPE UP.  
I COULD'VE DROWNED.

BUT LIKE I SAID, I FIGURED  
THAT OUT LATER. 'CAUSE  
NOTHING HAPPENED TO ME  
WHILE I WAS IN THE PIPE,  
AND WHEN I CAME OUT, I  
HEARD EVERYBODY LAUGHING  
...NATURALLY I THOUGHT  
THEY WERE LAUGHING  
AT ME...



...BUT THEY WEREN'T, IT WAS  
BRAD, HANGING FROM THE THIRD  
FLOOR WINDOW, TIED HEAD TO  
TOE IN THAT HOSE OF HIS, CURSING  
AND SWEARING TO BEAT THE  
BAND. GOLLY, IT WAS SO FUNNY...

...TO THIS DAY MATT WON'T ADMIT  
HE DID IT, OR TELL ME HOW. BUT  
NOBODY ELSE WOULD'VE... I WISH  
YOU'D KNOWN MATT BACK THEN,  
GLORI... HE WAS...



Y'KNOW, I NEVER NOTICED HOW  
ROMANTIC THIS PLACE LOOKS  
AT NIGHT...

STRANGE HOW THAT  
WORKS, ISN'T IT?...

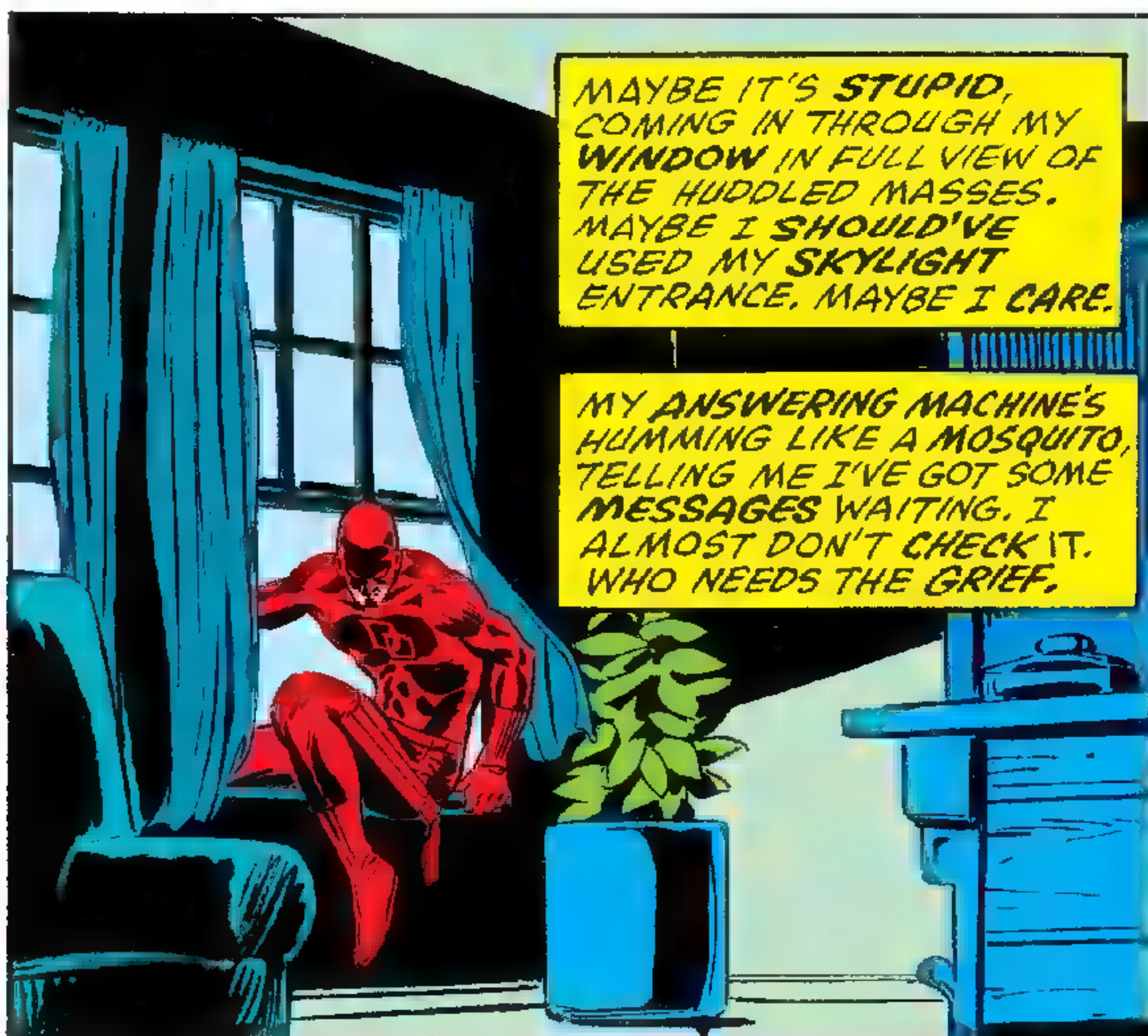




I GET ANOTHER LESSON IN INGRATITUDE ON MY WAY HOME. CATCH A JUNKIE PULLING A KNIFE ON SOME WOMAN AND GIVE IT TO HIM, HARD ENOUGH SO HE MIGHT THINK TWICE THE NEXT TIME.

SO WHAT'S THE WOMAN DO? YOU'D THINK I'M DRACULA THE WAY SHE SCREAMS.

I DON'T KNOW WHY I BOTHER.



MAYBE IT'S STUPID, COMING IN THROUGH MY WINDOW IN FULL VIEW OF THE HUDDLED MASSES. MAYBE I SHOULD'VE USED MY SKYLIGHT ENTRANCE, MAYBE I CARE.

MY ANSWERING MACHINE'S HUMMING LIKE A MOSQUITO, TELLING ME I'VE GOT SOME MESSAGES WAITING. I ALMOST DON'T CHECK IT. WHO NEEDS THE GRIEF.



WELL, IT MIGHT BE SOME GOOD NEWS, SURE, AND CHRISTMAS MIGHT COME TWICE THIS YEAR.

BEEP MATT, THIS IS GLORI AGAIN. I... OH, NEVER MIND. KLIK

OOOH. COLD.



ONE MESSAGE. BEEN GONE ALL DAY AND ONE LOUSY MESSAGE.

THEN IT RINGS, LIKE AN OLD WOMAN YELLING. I JUST LEAVE THE MACHINE RUNNING. IT'S MY RIGHT.

RING



BESIDES, I JUST DON'T FEEL LIKE DEALING WITH FOGGY OR GLORI OR...

... MELVIN, MR. MURDOCK. MELVIN POTTER... UM... I... I NEED HELP...

YOU AND THE REST OF THE WORLD. ALWAYS COMING TO ME...

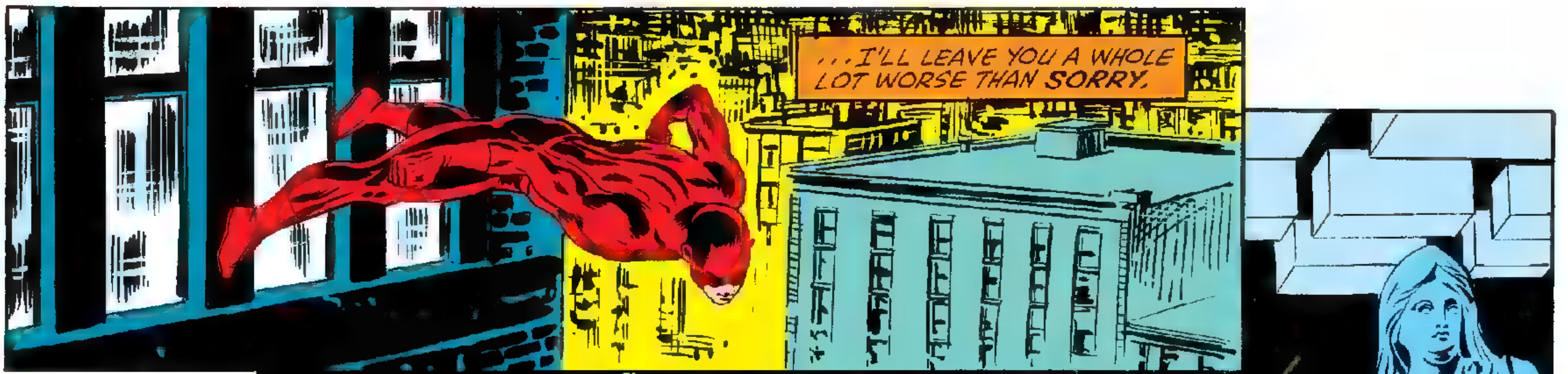


... I KNOW YOU KNOW DAREDEVIL ... UM... AND... IF YOU COULD ASK HIM TO... TO COME TO THE DIBNEY MUSEUM... I NEED... I DON'T WANNA...

... NO, DON'T TELL HIM THAT ... JUST SAY I'M... I'M SORRY ... KLIK

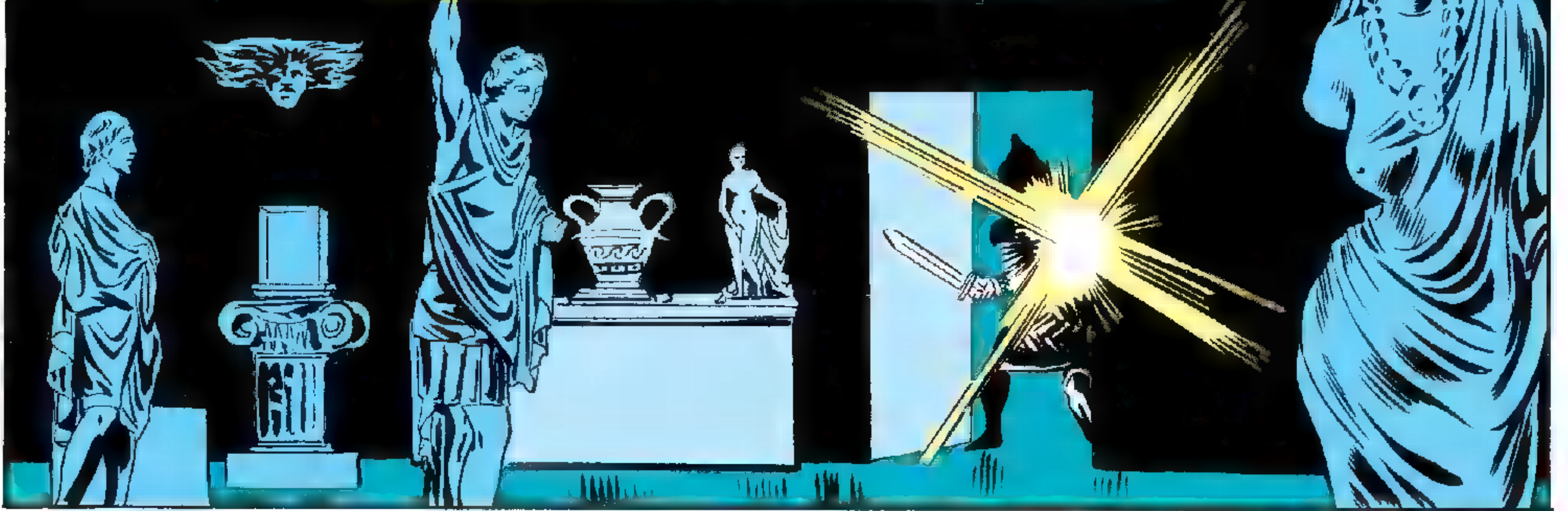
SORRY, ARE YOU, MELVIN? AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR YOU...





...I'LL LEAVE YOU A WHOLE LOT WORSE THAN SORRY.

IT'S ALMOST AN HOUR BEFORE MELVIN MAKES IT TO THE MUSEUM, SOMEHOW BUMBLING THROUGH THE LOCKS AND PAST THE ALARMS, MOVING WITH ALL THE GRACE OF YOUR AVERAGE COW...

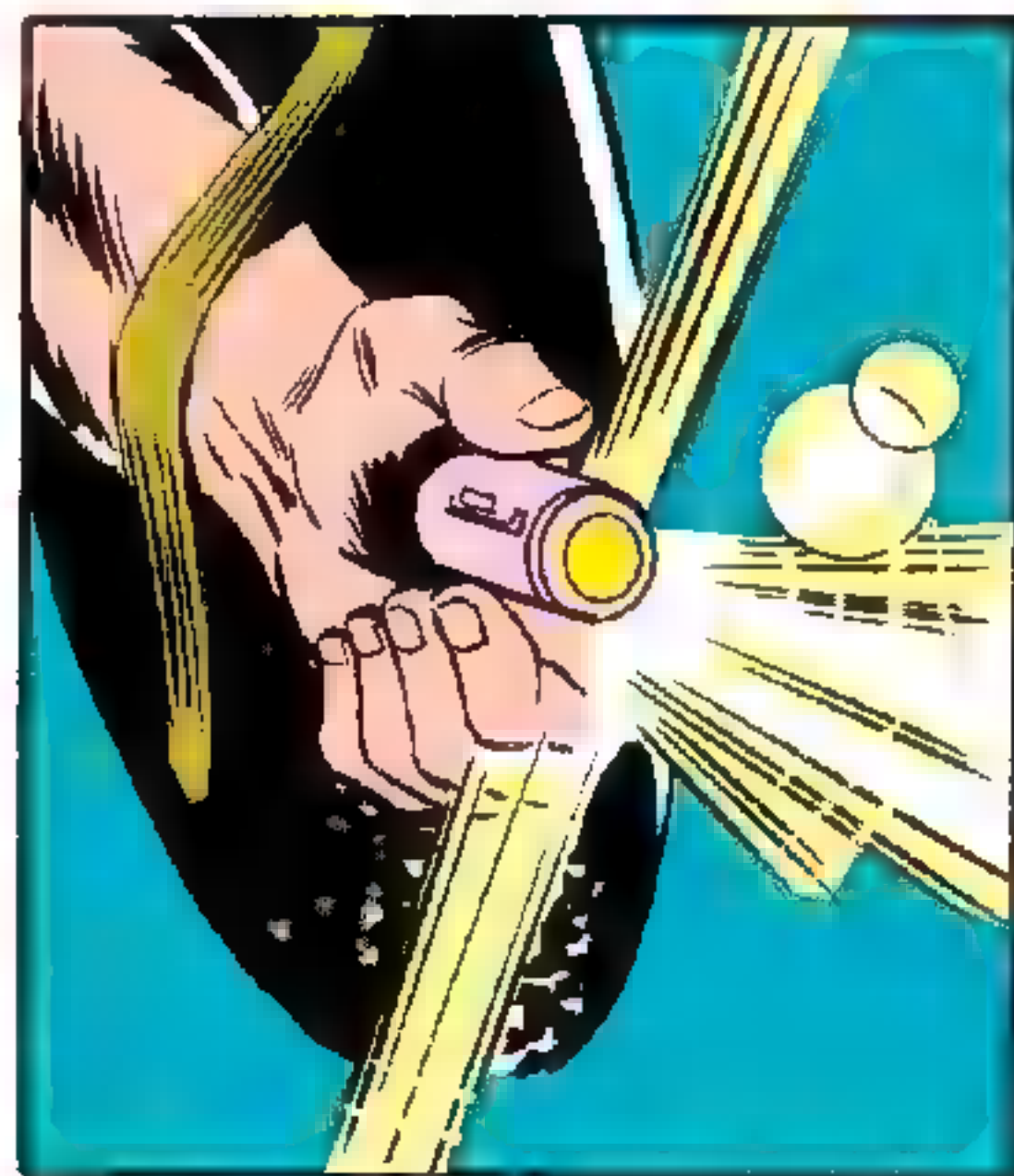


... SANDALS SCUFFING ON THE TILE FLOOR...

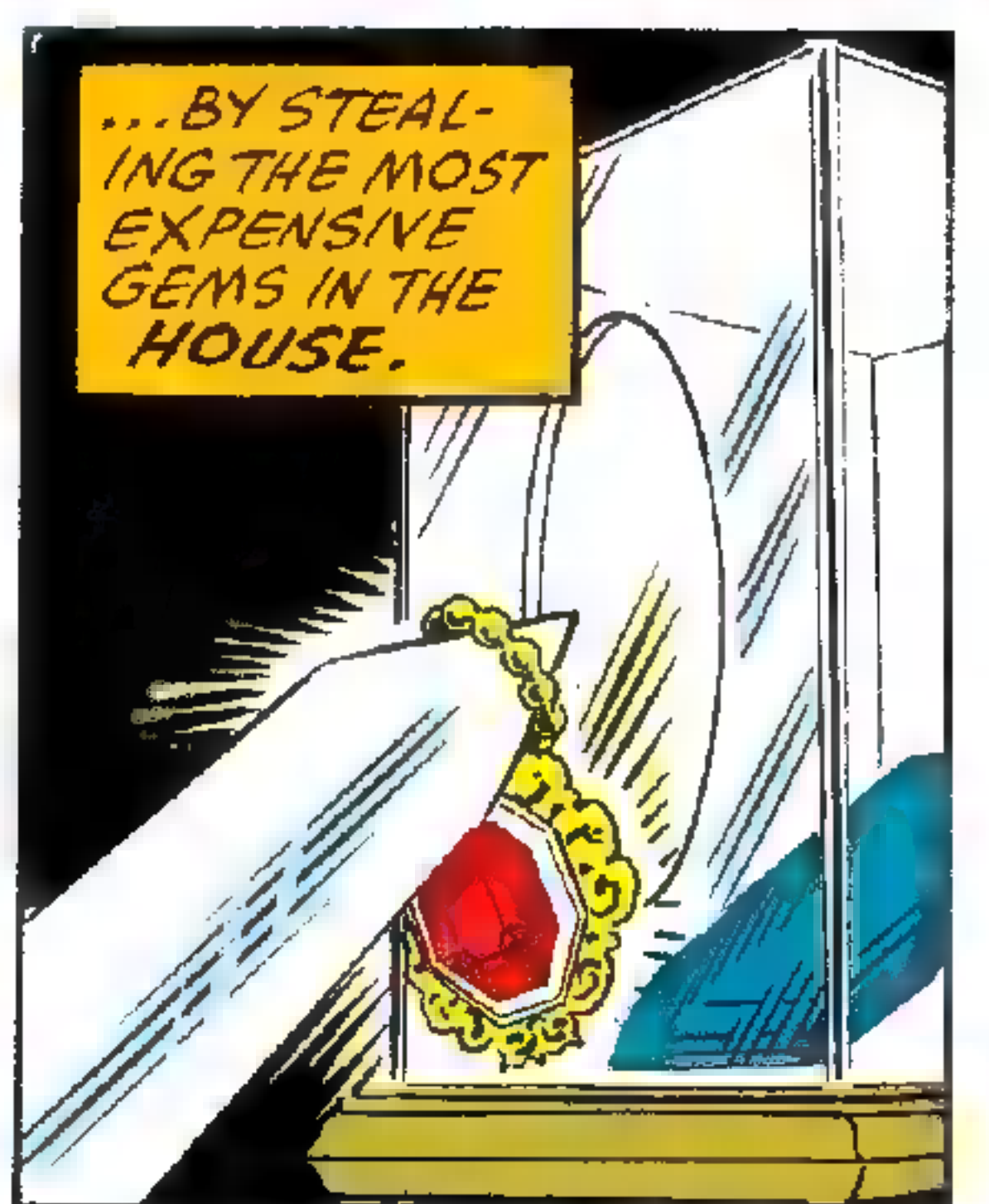
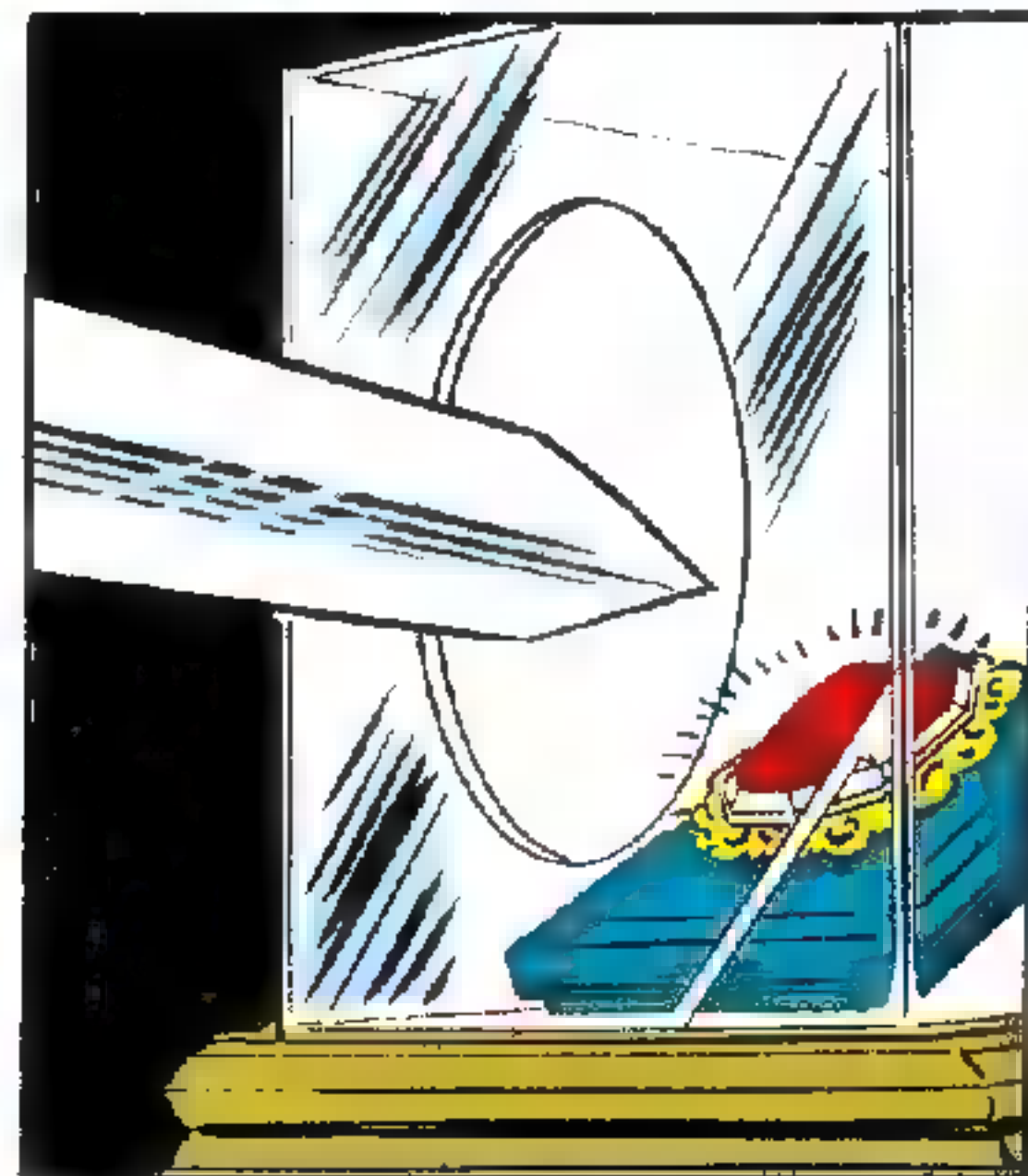


... BREATHING LIKE A BELLOWS...

... STILL MUMBLING HOW SORRY HE IS...



...AND SHOWING THE DEPTH OF HIS SORROW...



...BY STEALING THE MOST EXPENSIVE GEMS IN THE HOUSE.

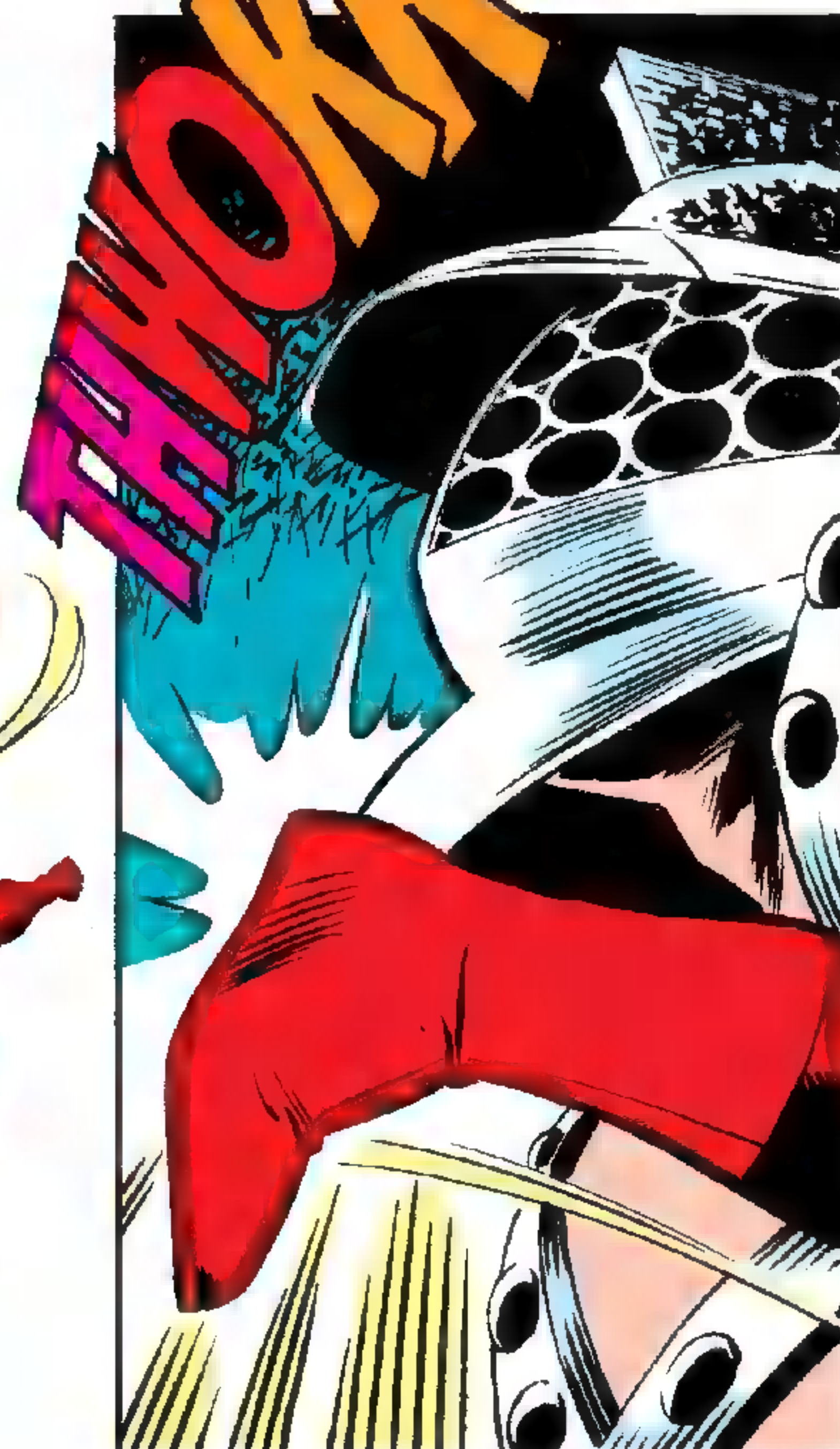


GOT YOUR MESSAGE, MELVIN.

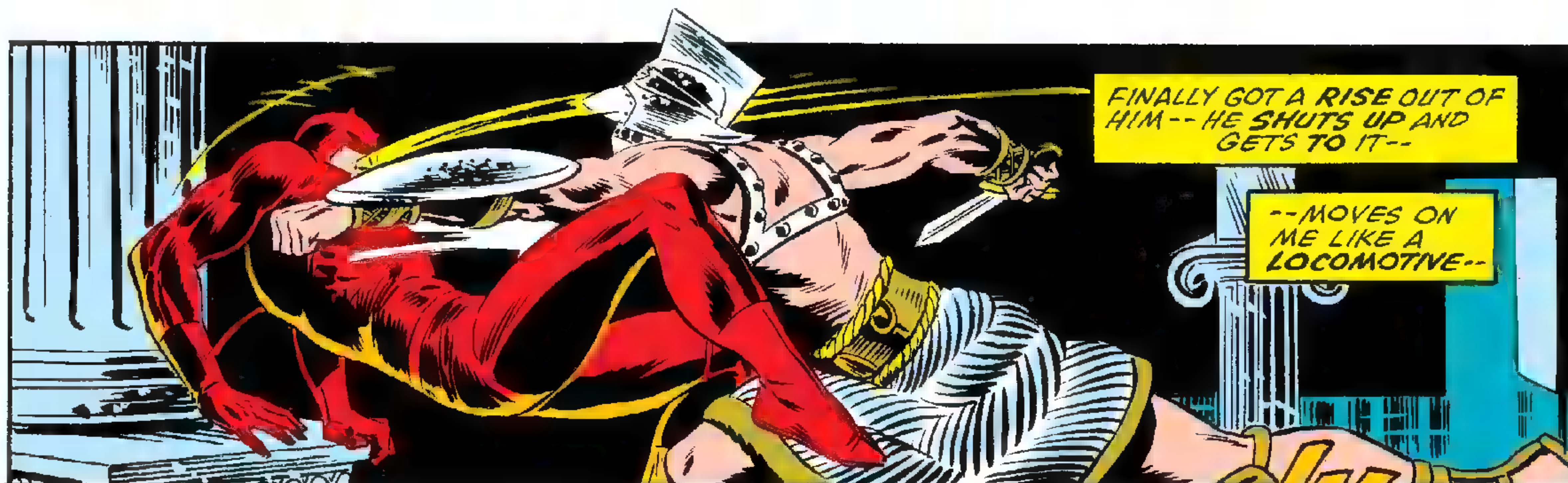
AND, JUST IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING, THE ANSWERS ARE NO, AND YES.

NO, I DON'T WANT TO HEAR YOUR EXCUSES-- AND YES, I'M HERE TO KICK YOUR FACE IN.









FINALLY GOT A RISE OUT OF HIM-- HE SHUTS UP AND GETS TO IT--

--MOVES ON ME LIKE A LOCOMOTIVE--



I MAKE LIKE A SPEEDING BULLET.

WHOKK



CHUNKK

THWAKK



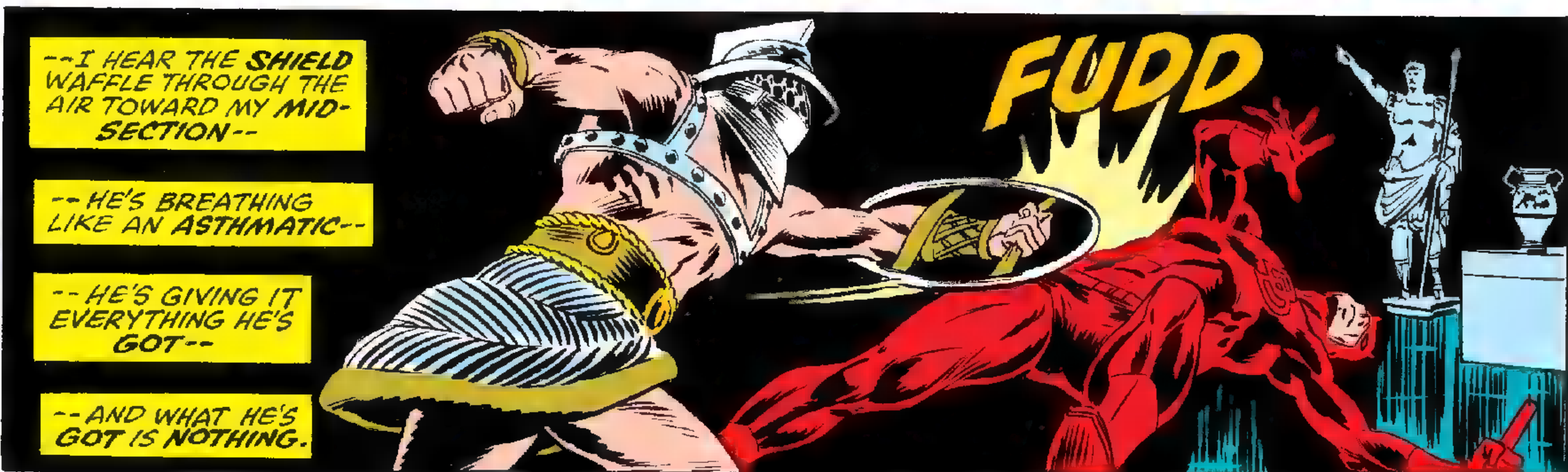
TOO EASY-- MAYBE HE ISN'T WARMED UP--

--I'M STILL WAITING TO BREAK A SWEAT MYSELF--

-- NO, HE'S WARMED UP ALL RIGHT -- BRINGING ONE UP FROM THE FLOOR--

--I COULD BE ACROSS THE ROOM IN THE TIME IT TAKES HIS FIST TO REACH MY JAW--

--I LET IT HIT ME JUST TO SEE WHAT'S IN IT--



--I HEAR THE SHIELD WAFFLE THROUGH THE AIR TOWARD MY MID-SECTION--

-- HE'S BREATHING LIKE AN ASTHMATIC--

-- HE'S GIVING IT EVERYTHING HE'S GOT--

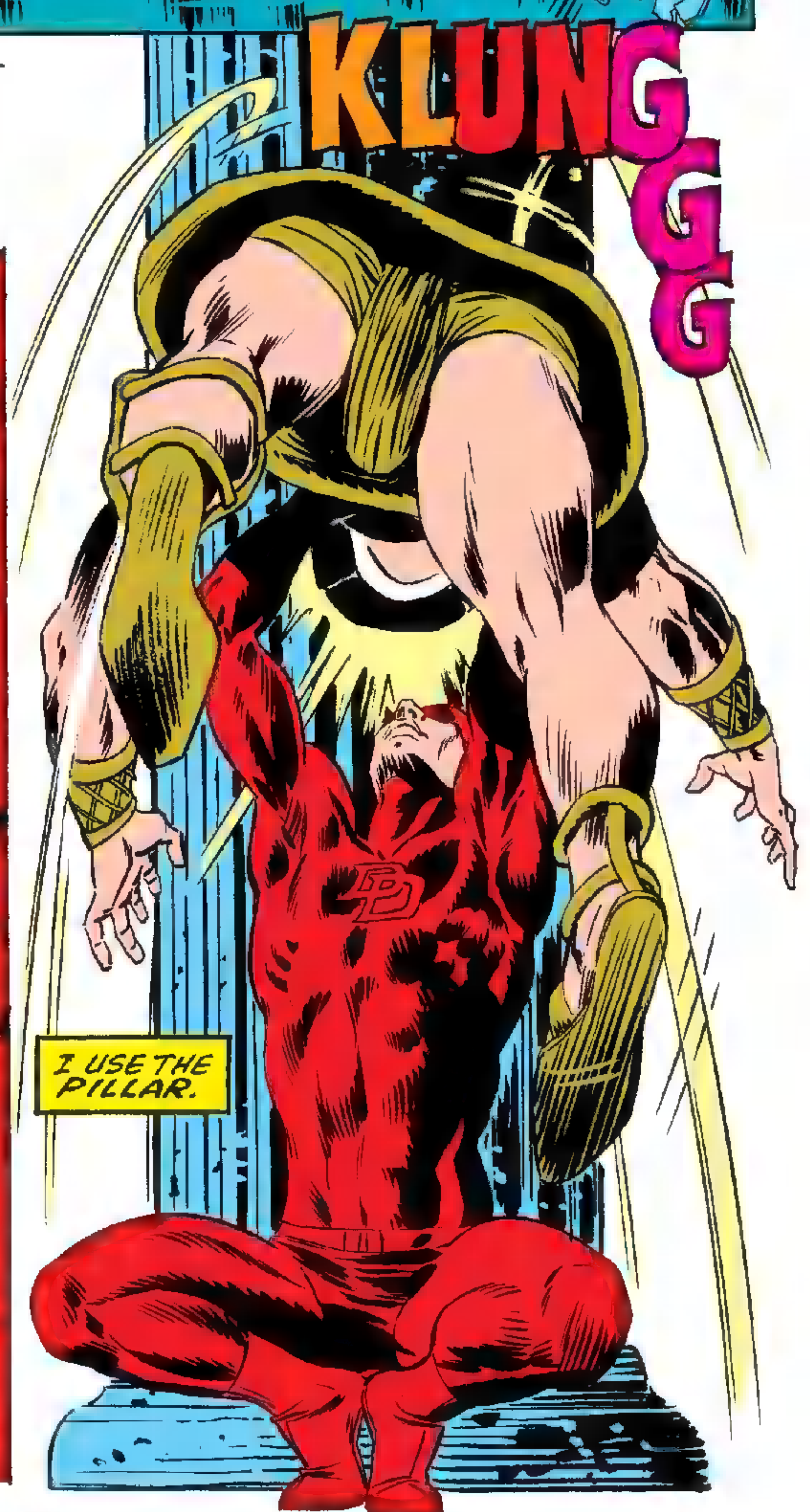
-- AND WHAT HE'S GOT IS NOTHING.

FUDD



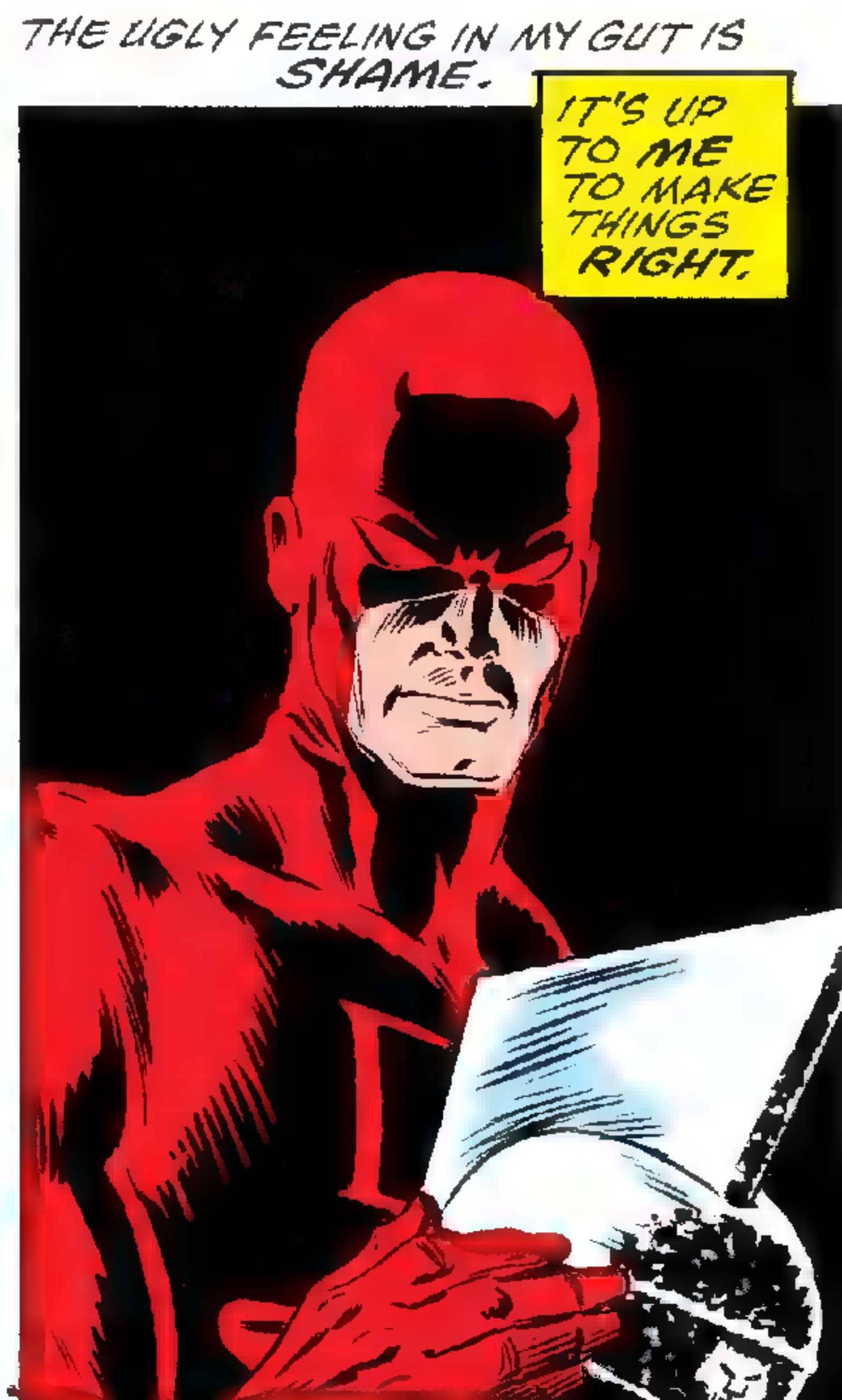
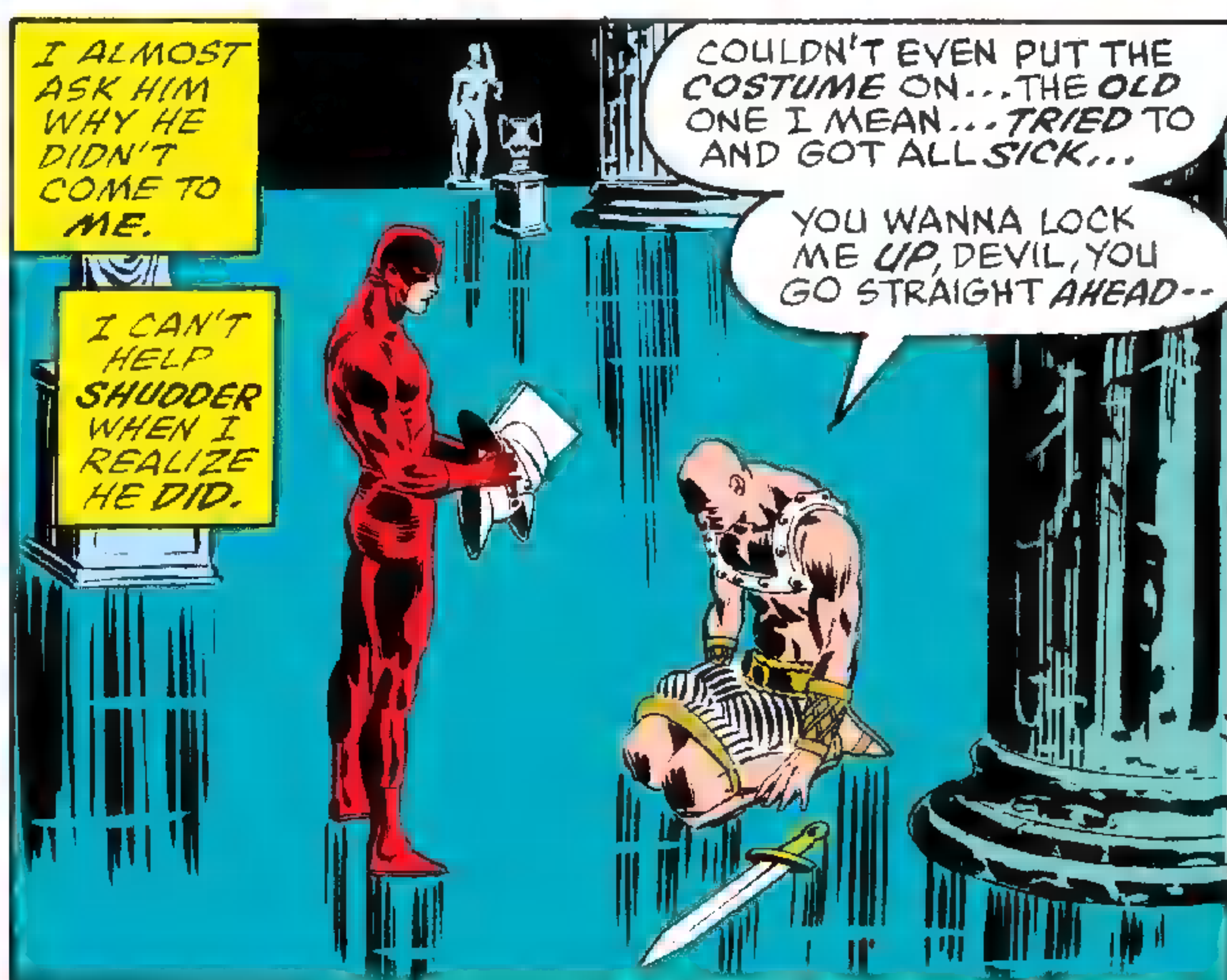
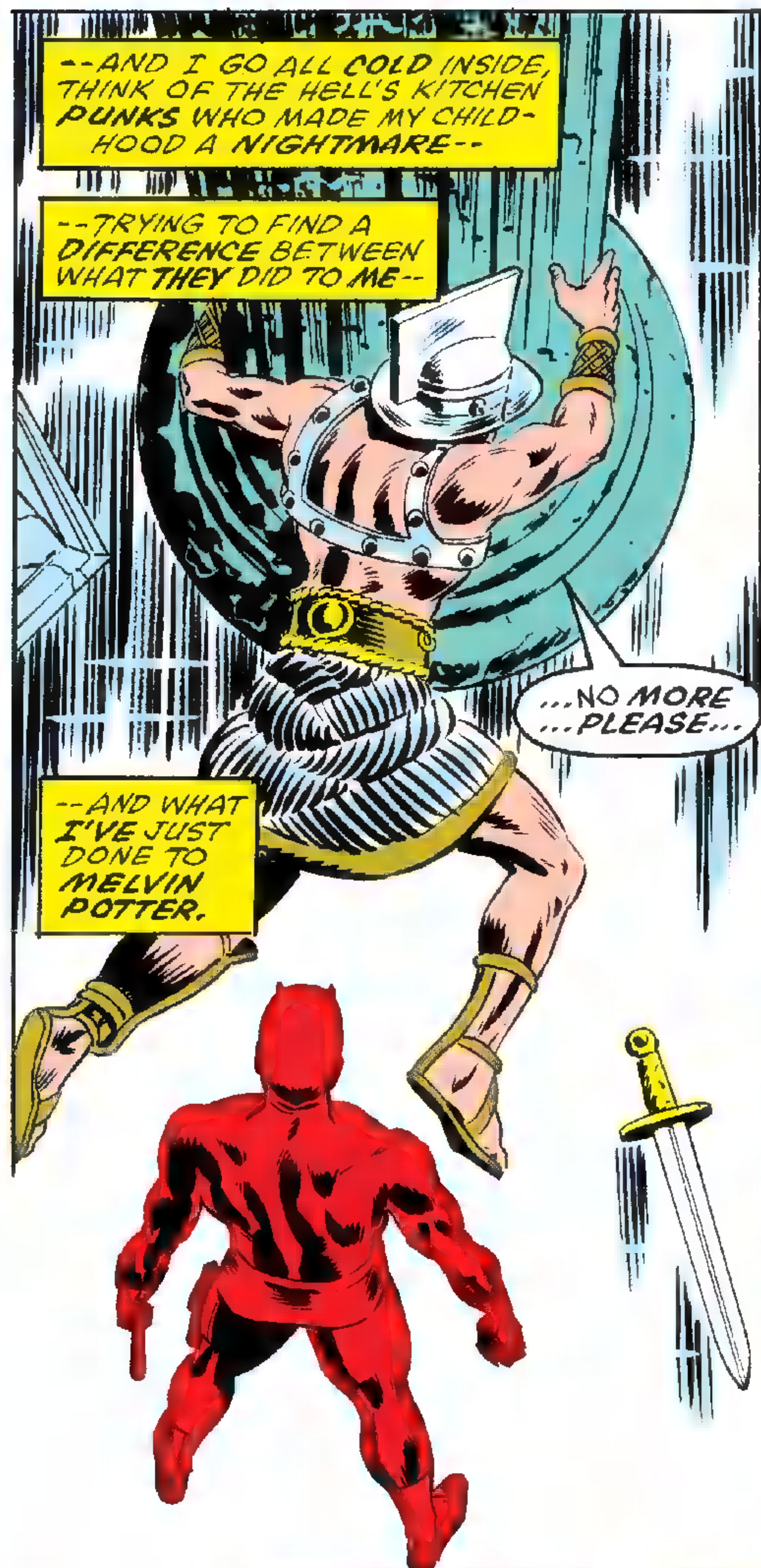


I GET BORED AND LET THE WAVES OUT-- MY OWN PRIVATE RADAR. I DRAW A PICTURE IN MY MIND OF HIM, LUMBERING AT ME LIKE AN AMATEUR.





HE LIES THERE, CRYING, HUGGING THE PILLAR LIKE IT'S HIS MOTHER--

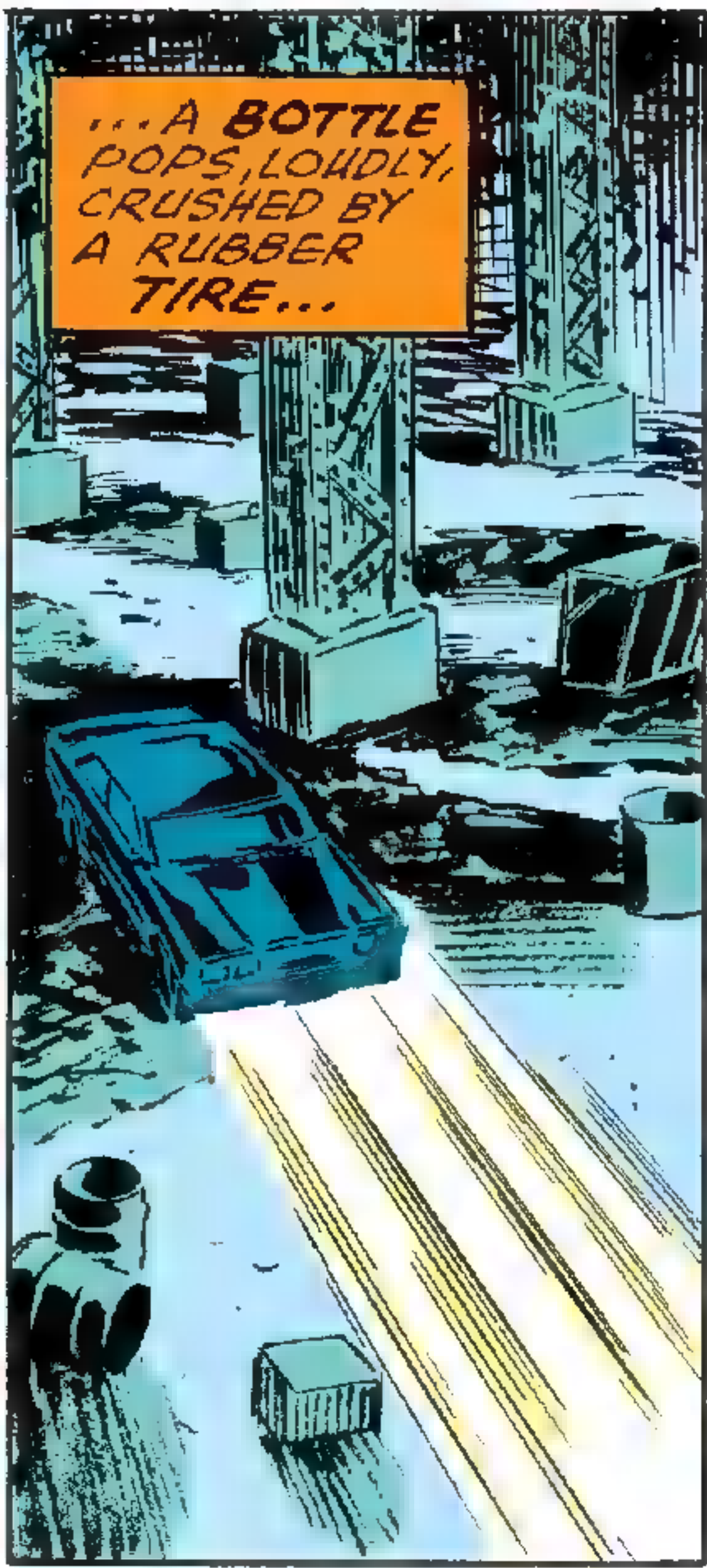






MELVIN GIVES ME THE DETAILS ON THE PICK-UP. I SEND HIM HOME AND TELL HIM NOT TO WORRY ABOUT THE COPS.

A FEW HOURS LATER, A NASTY WIND WHIPS ACROSS THE PAVEMENT UNDERNEATH THE WEST SIDE HIGHWAY...



...A BOTTLE POPS, LOUDLY, CRUSHED BY A RUBBER TIRE...

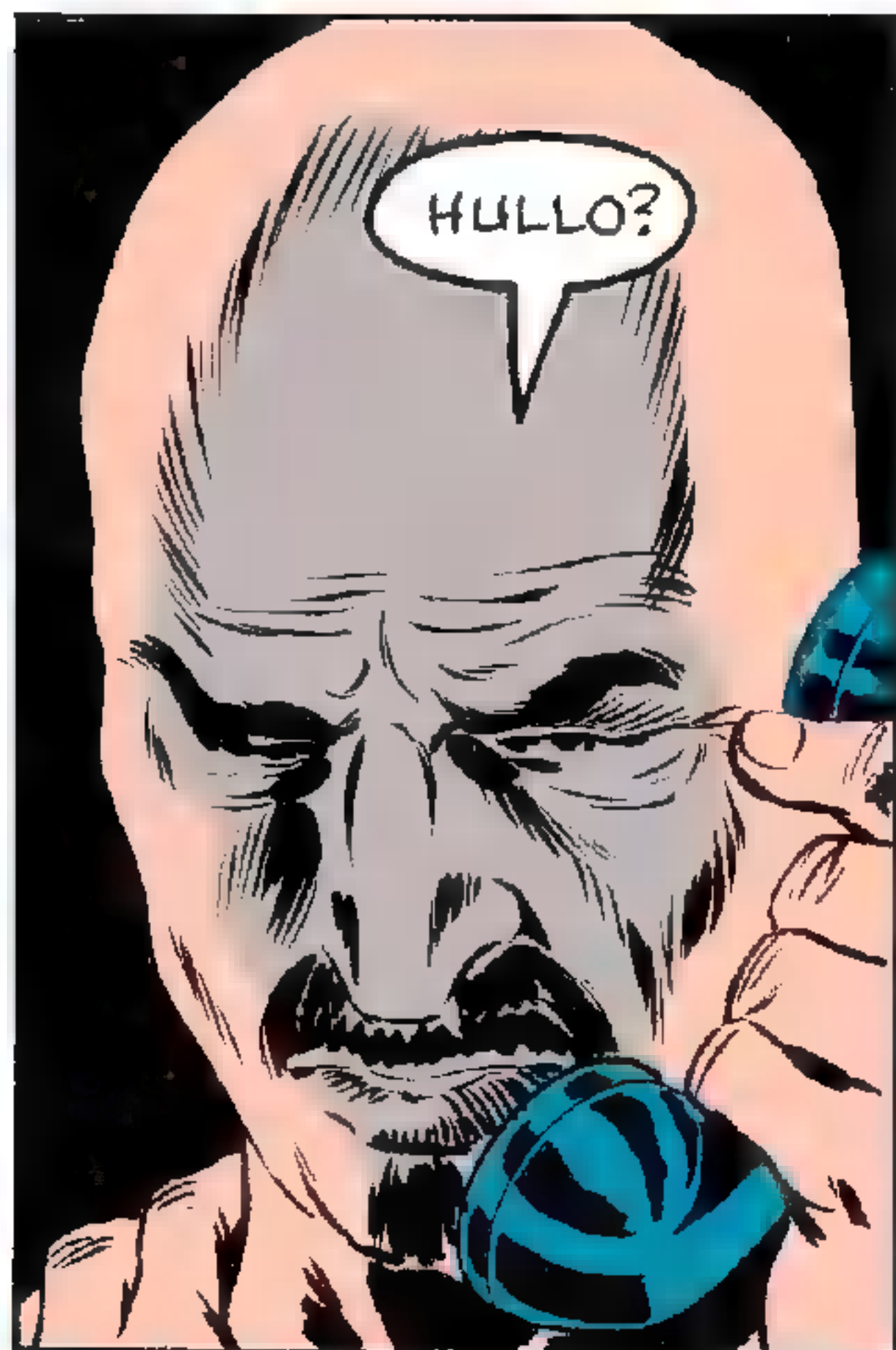
...QUICK, NERVOUS FOOTSTEPS ECHO AGAINST THE DISTANT ROAR OF THE LIVING PARTS OF THE CITY...



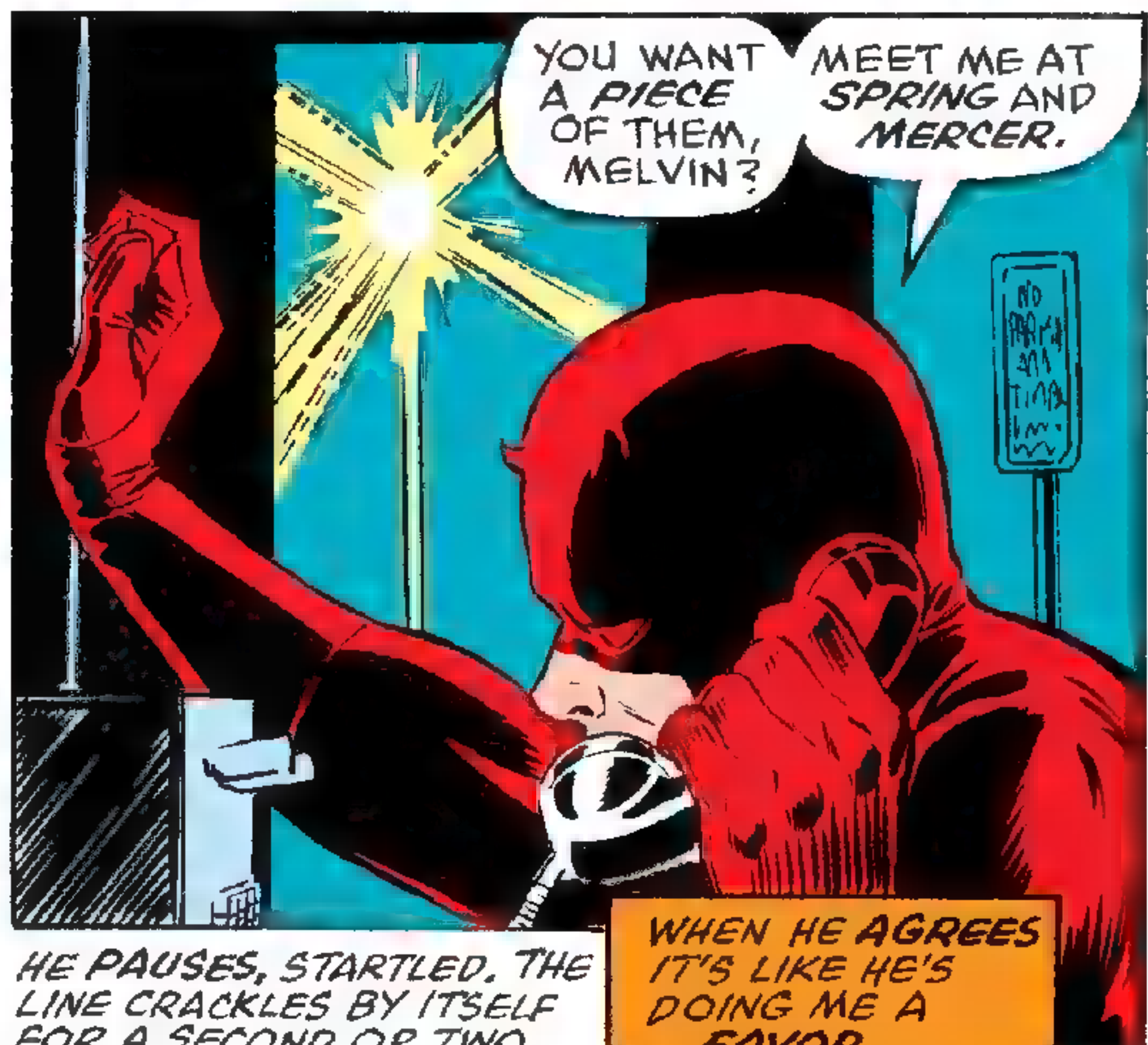
...A FULL-GROWN MAN GIGGLES LIKE A GIRL...



FORTY MINUTES PASS.



HULLO?



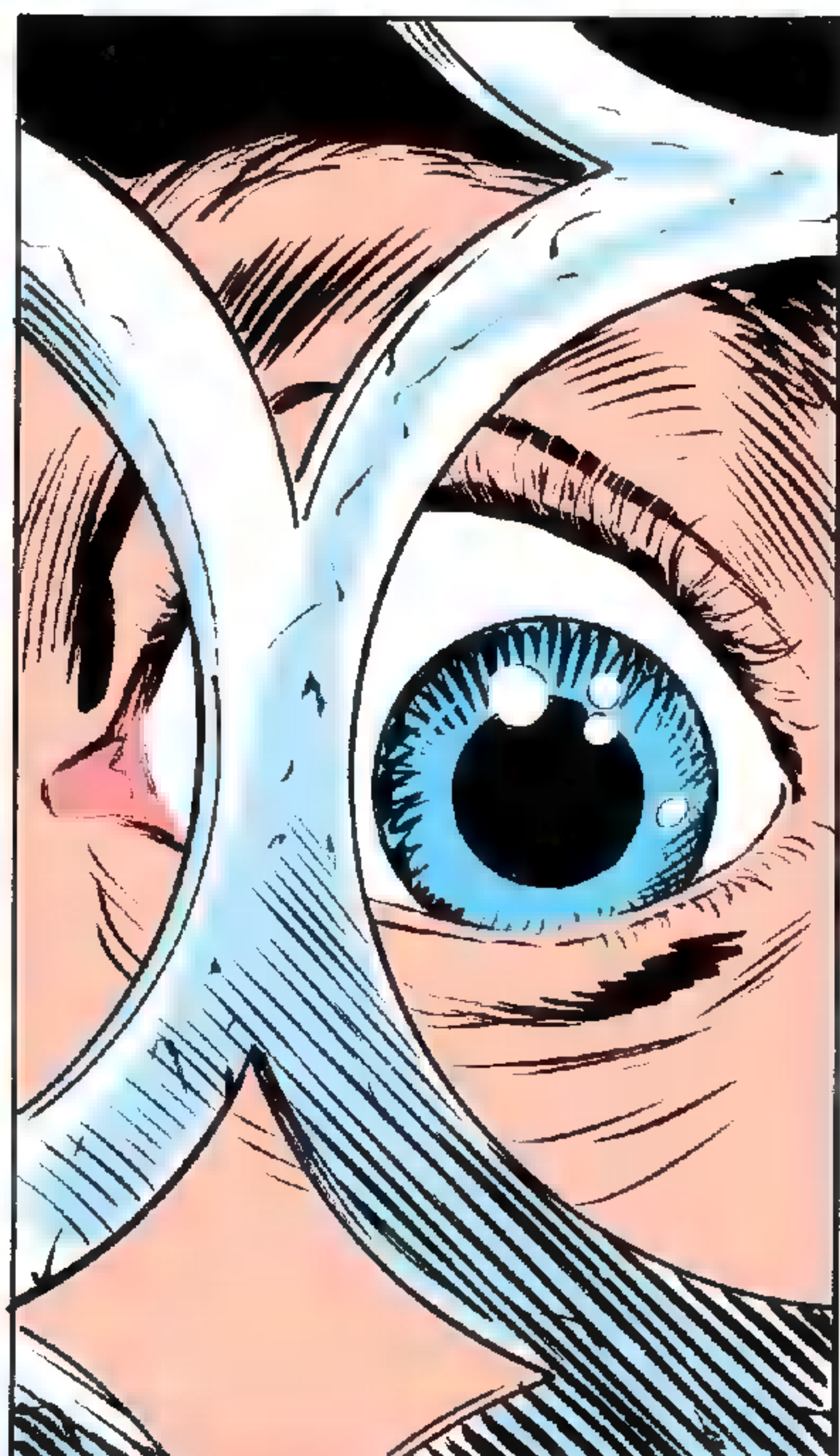
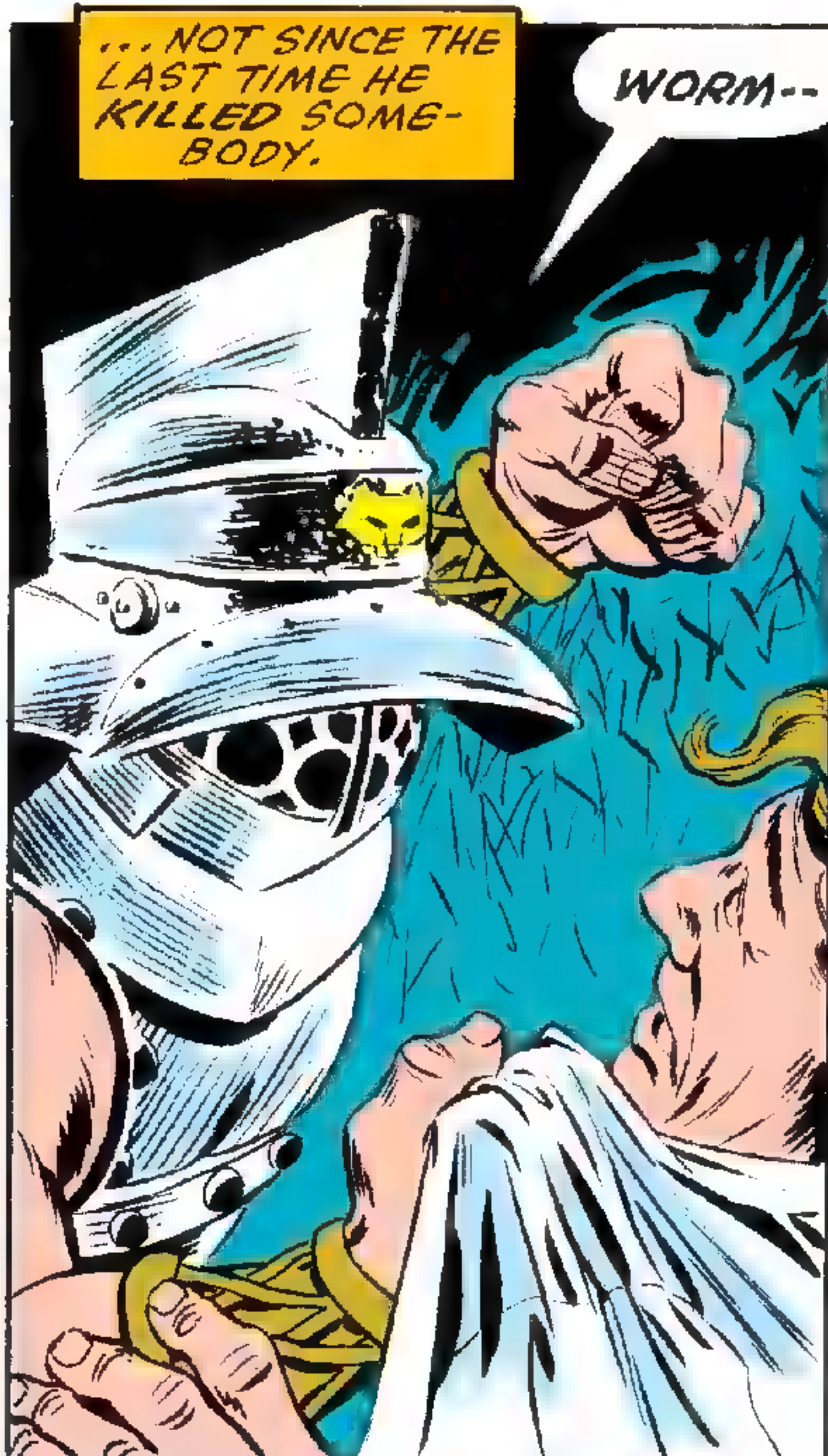
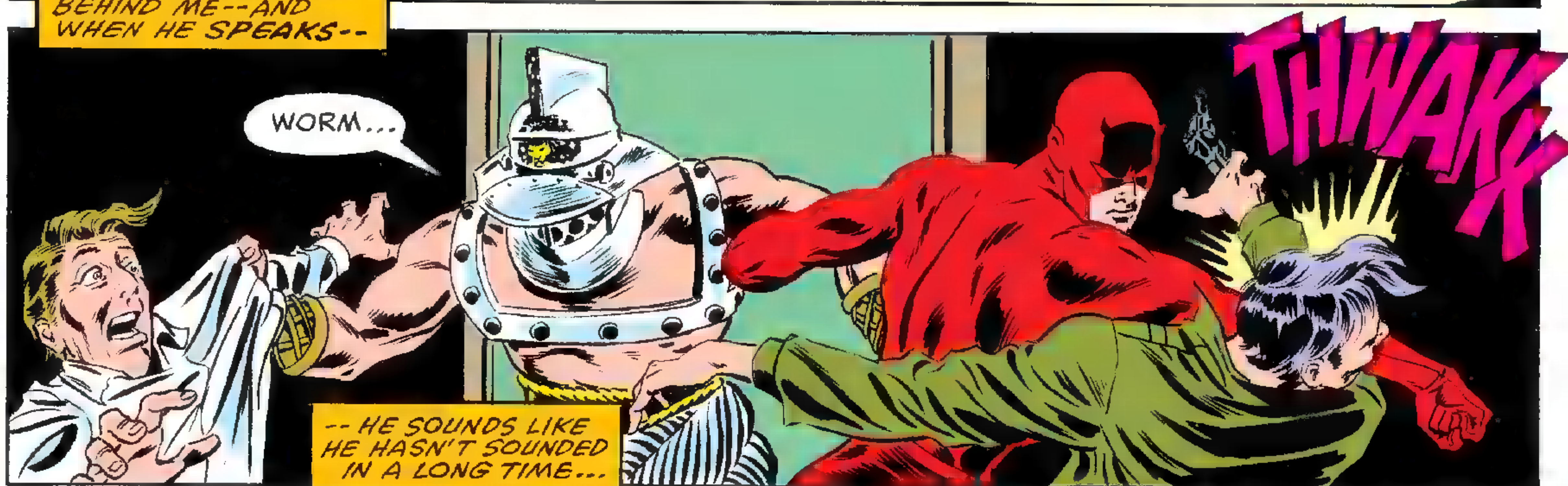
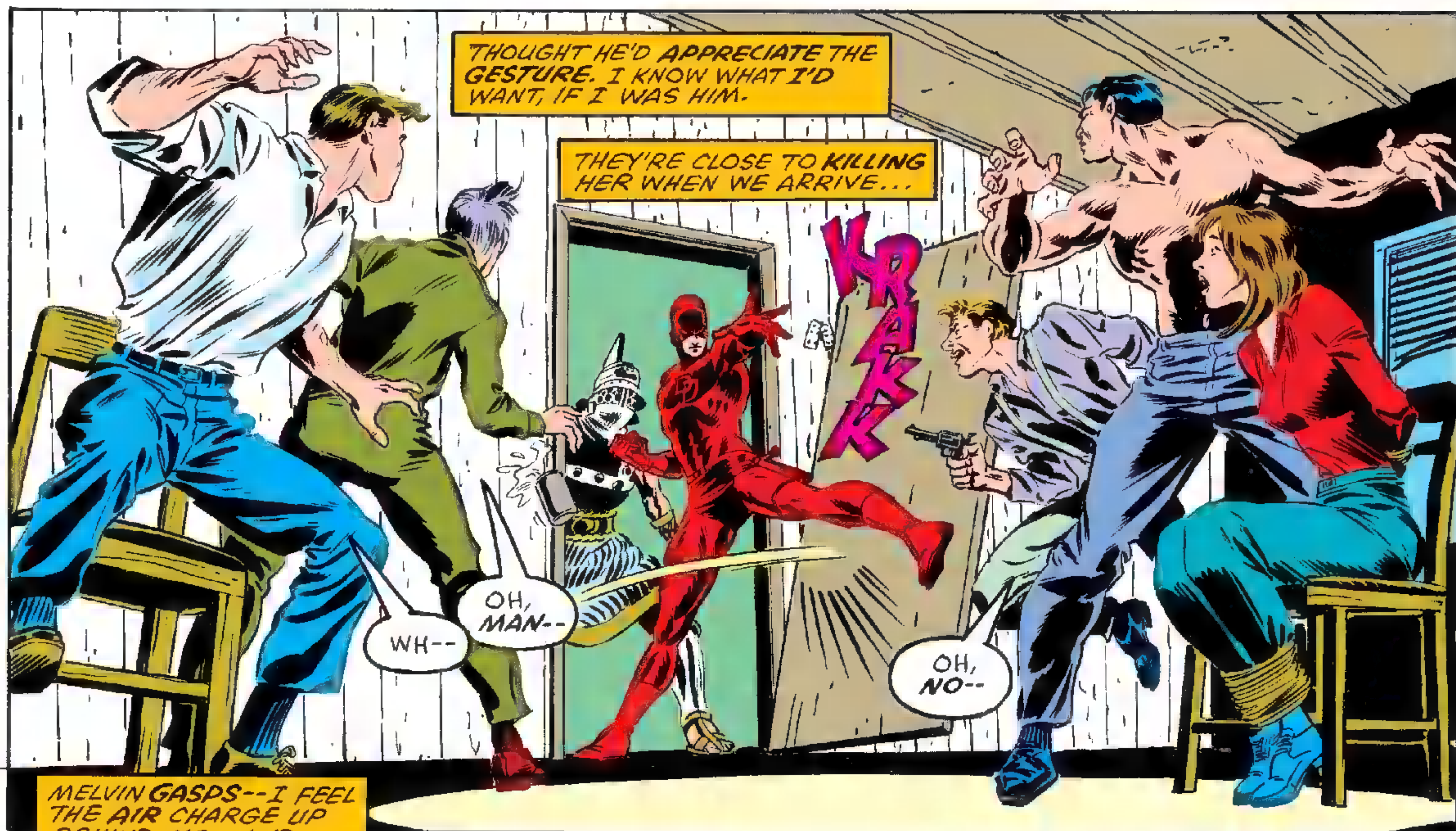
YOU WANT A PIECE OF THEM, MELVIN?

MEET ME AT SPRING AND MERCER.

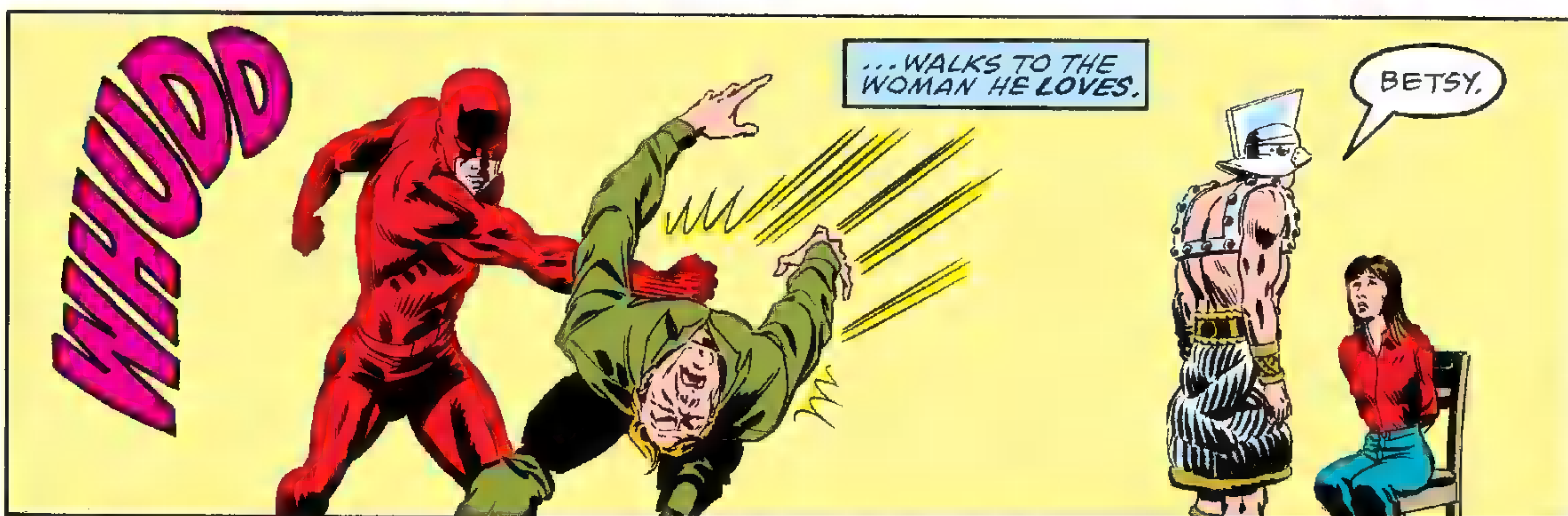
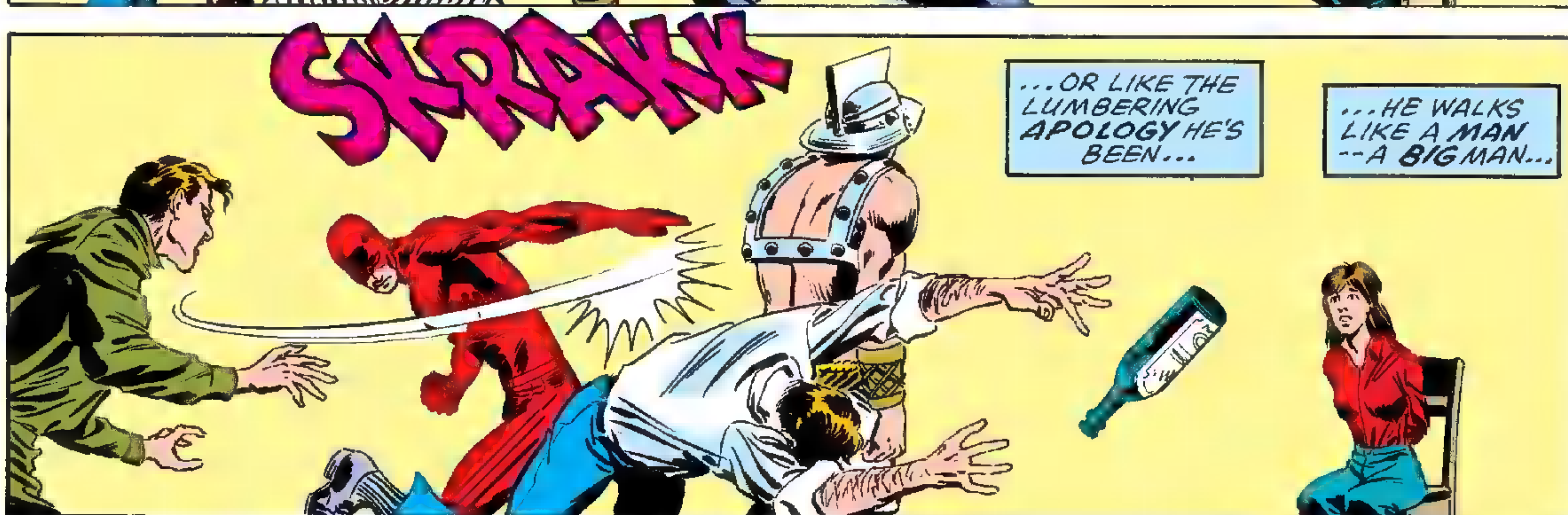
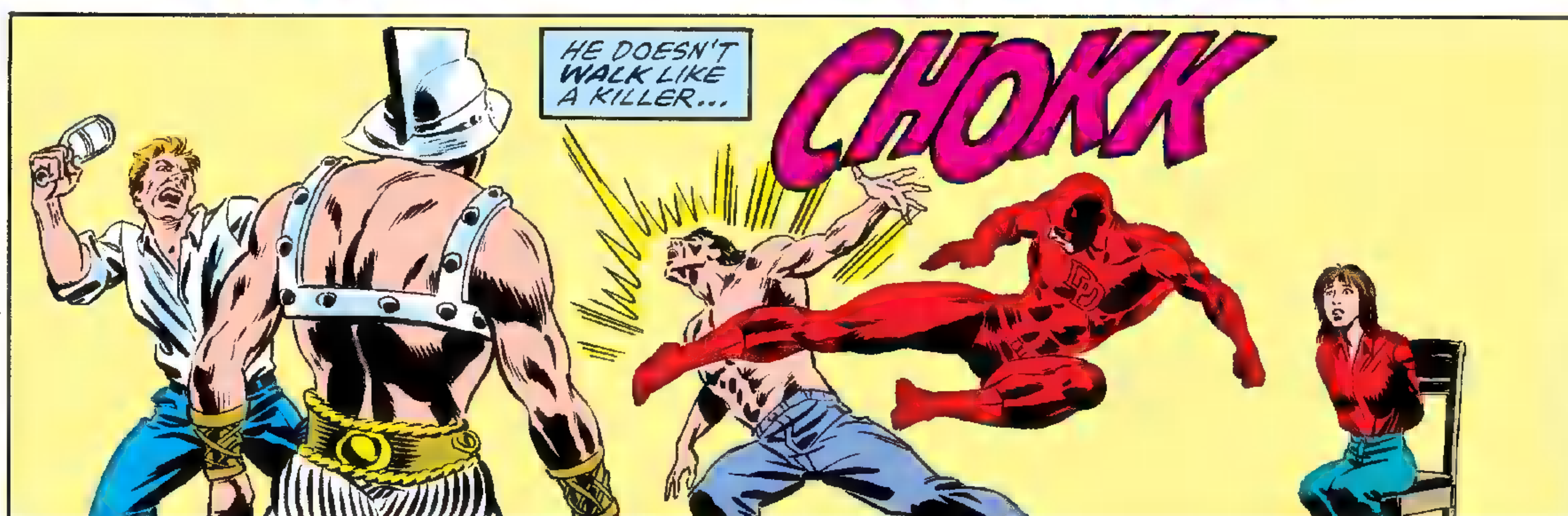
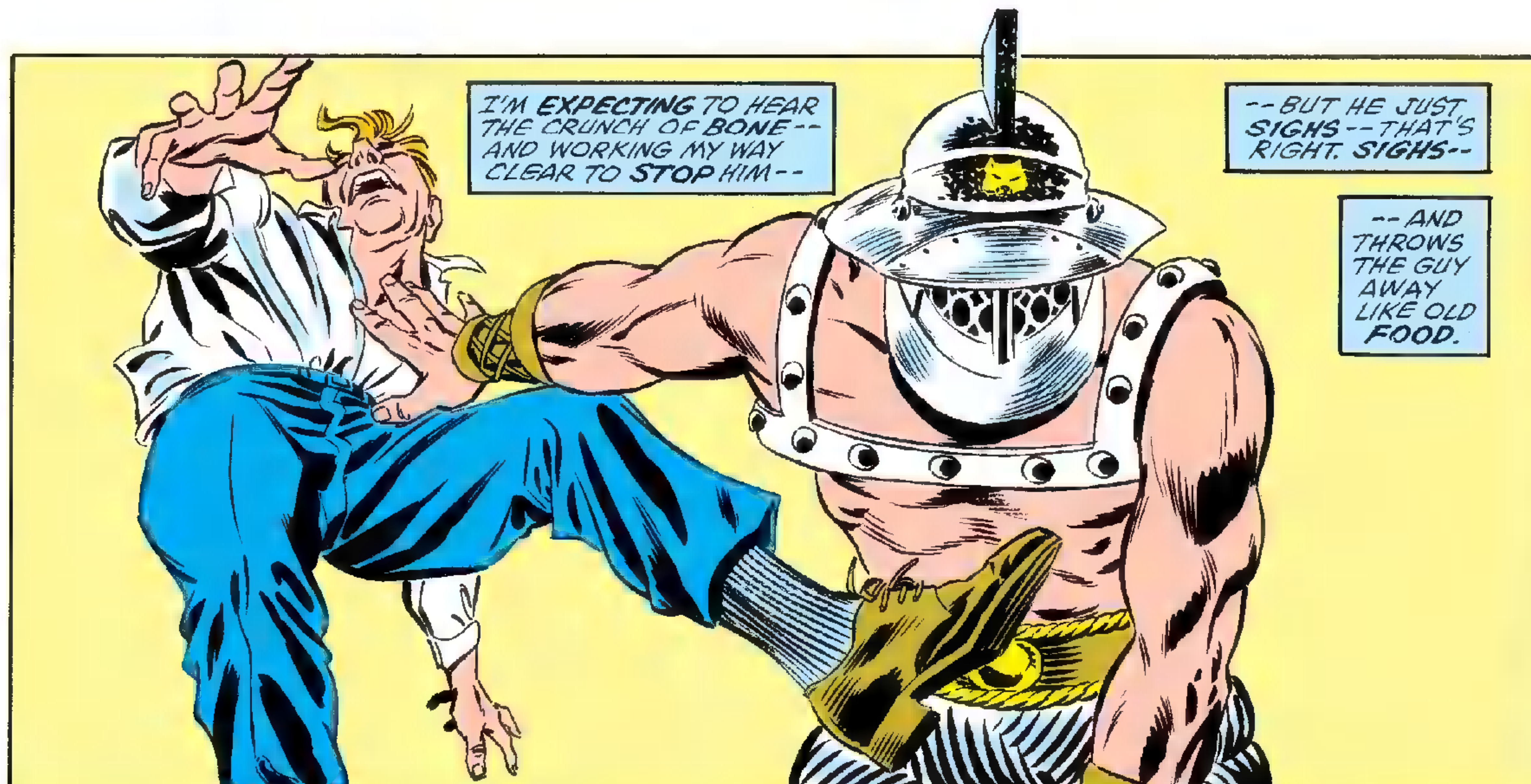
HE PAUSES, STARTLED. THE LINE CRACKLES BY ITSELF FOR A SECOND OR TWO.

WHEN HE AGREES IT'S LIKE HE'S DOING ME A FAVOR.















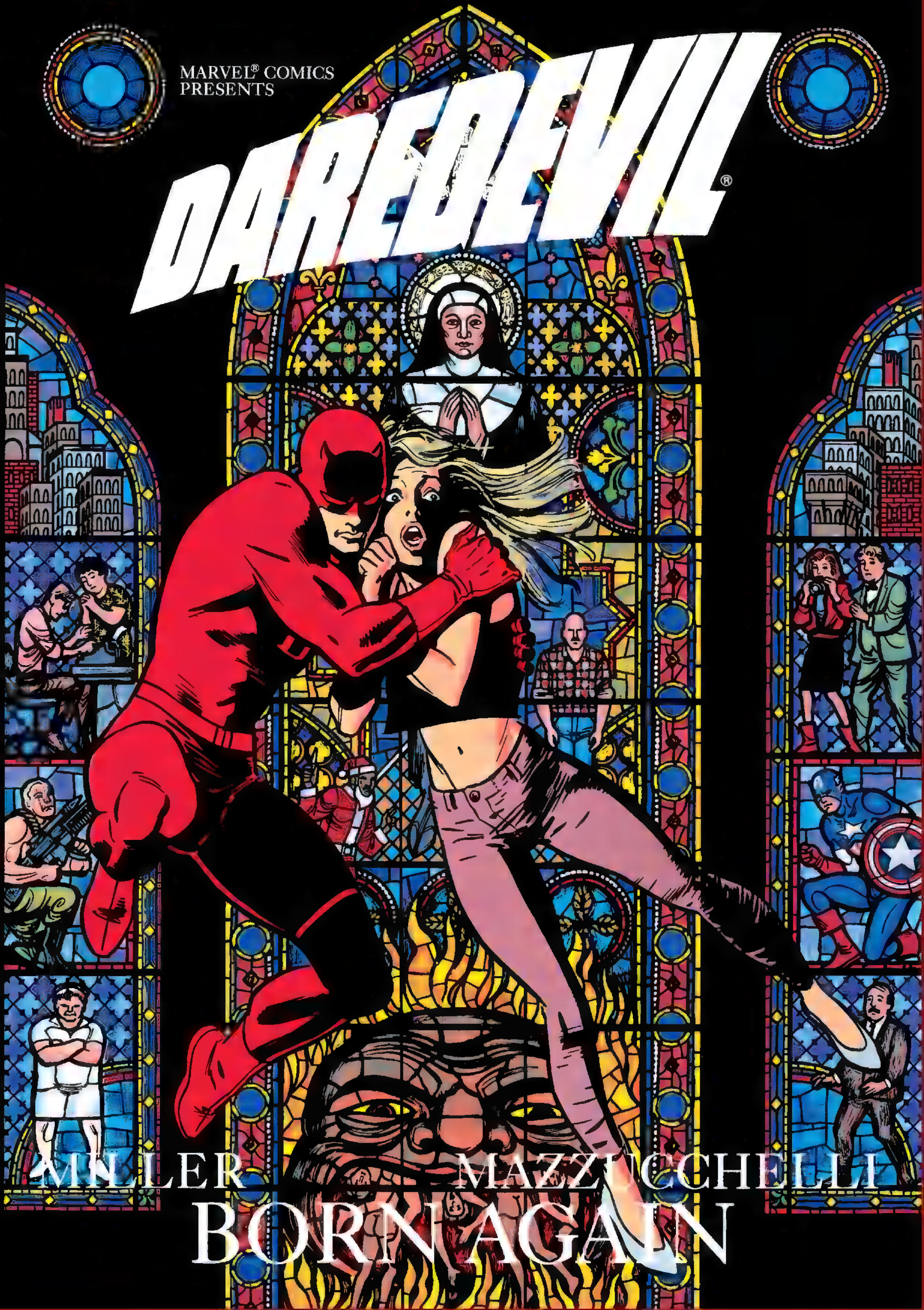


“And I—I have shown  
him...that a man without  
hope is a man without fear.”



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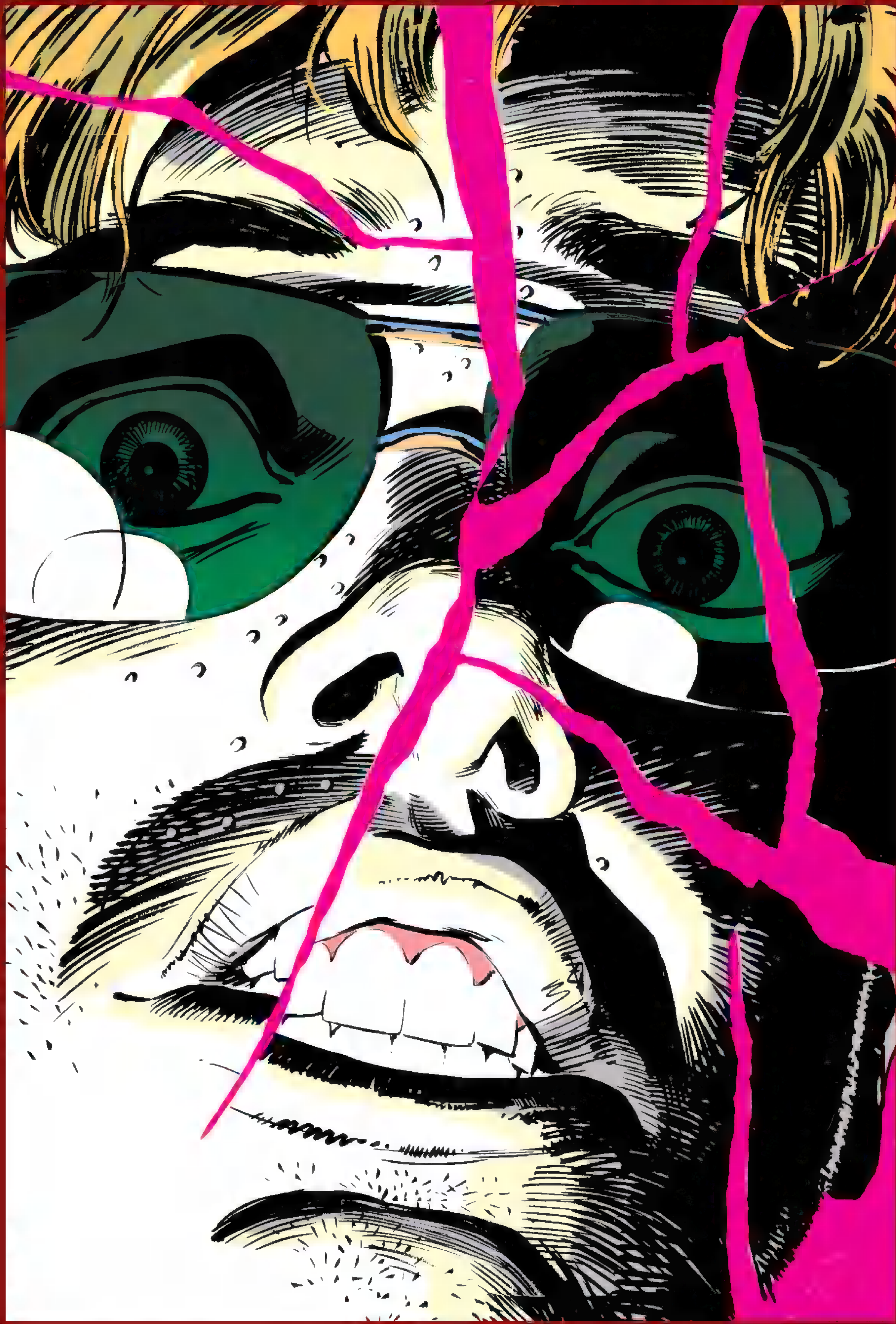


For the *Daredevil: Born Again TPB*, the original issue covers were modified to remove the trade dress and recolored by David Mazzucchelli. They're presented here.



DM













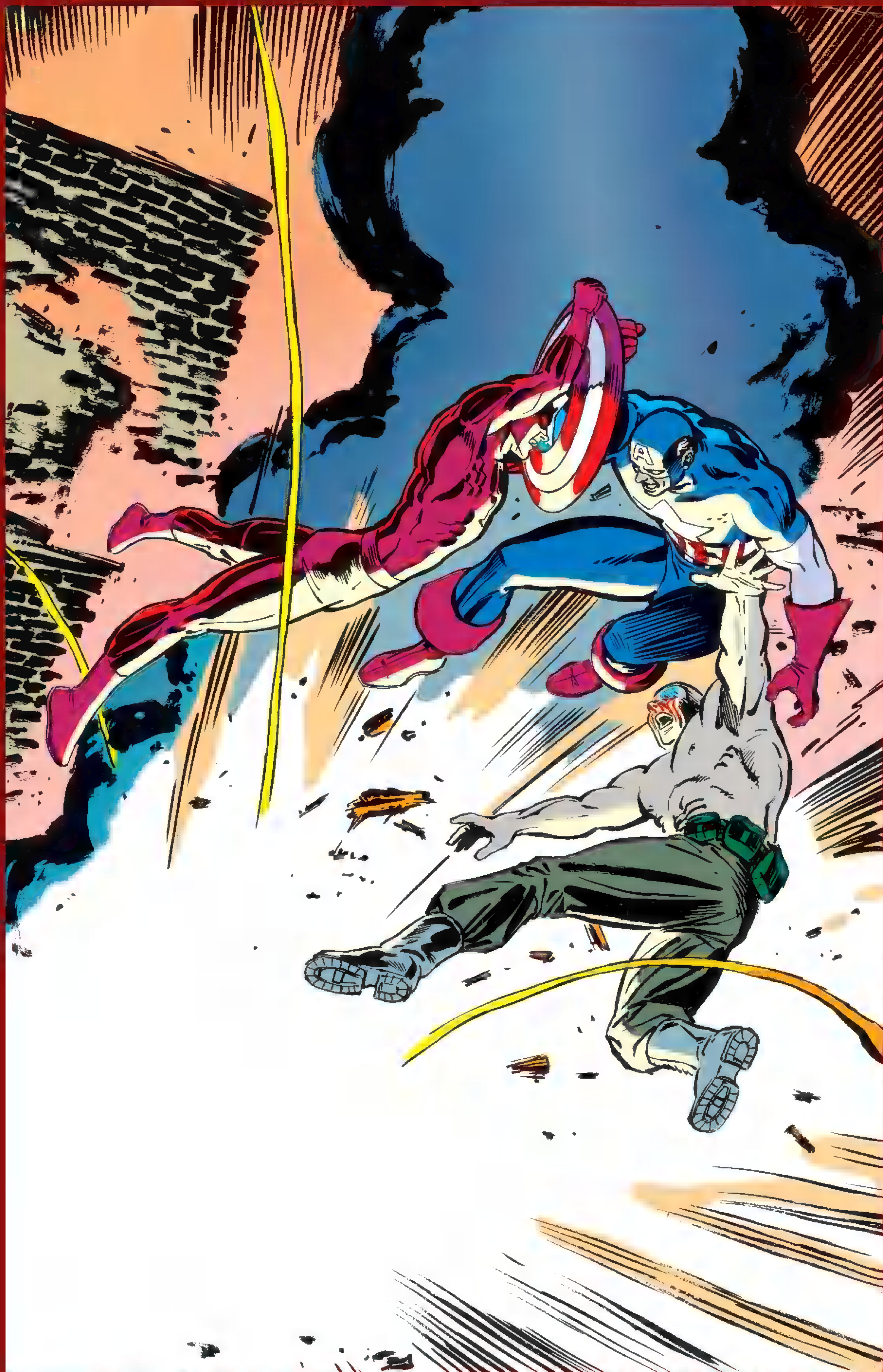














*Daredevil #232*, page 6 was art-corrected in the original comic to soften Karen Page's features at the request of then-Editor in Chief Jim Shooter and also was placed incorrectly so that the artwork did not run full bleed. The page as it originally ran is presented here for the sake of completeness..

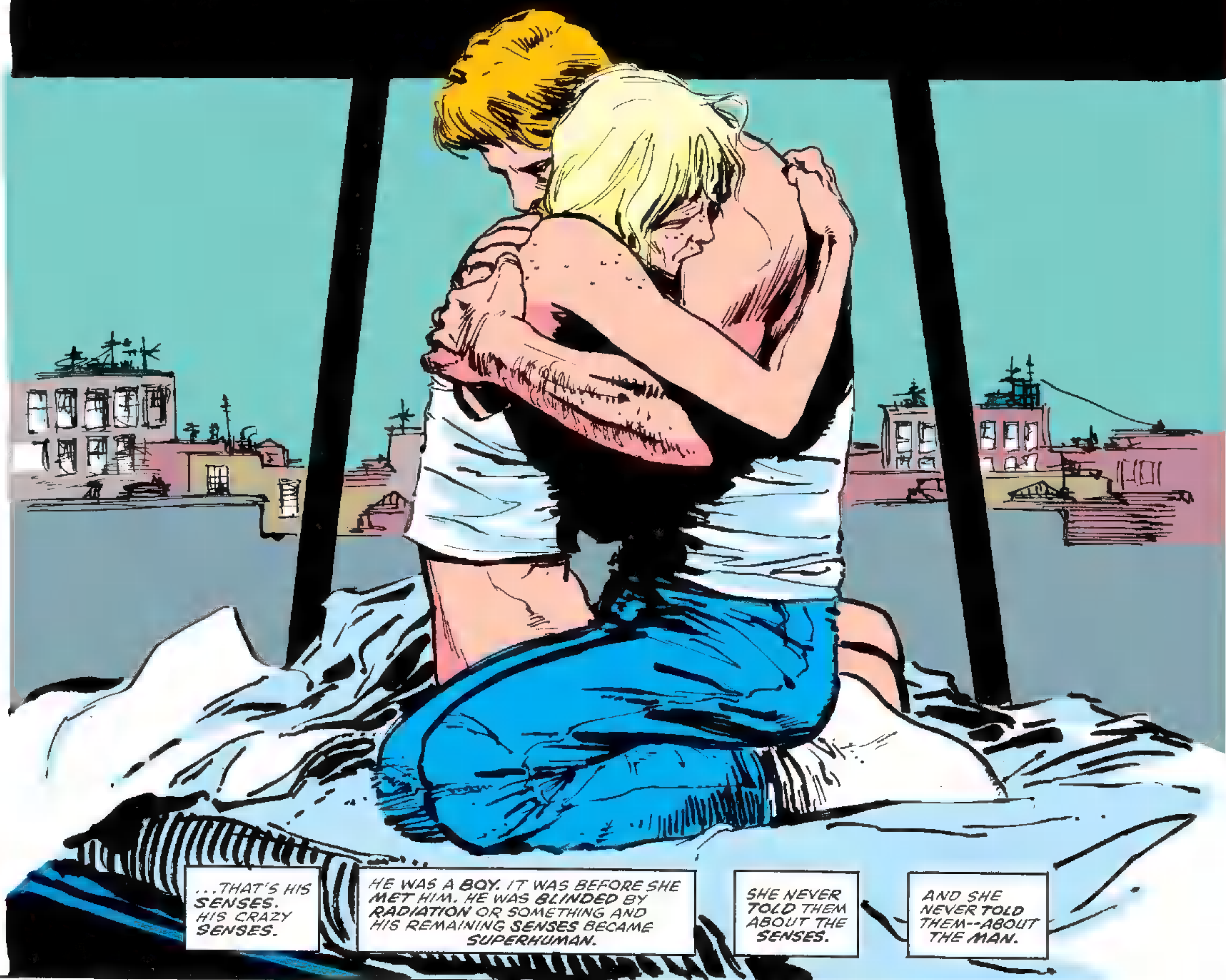
--"NOTHING" HE'D SAID, MATT DID, WHEN SHE TOLD HIM WHAT SHE'D DONE--

--"I'VE LOST NOTHING," MATT SAID, AND LAUGHED LIKE A BOY--

--AND KAREN DIDN'T UNDERSTAND--AND MATT KISSED HER--

--AND HELD HER...

... AND KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT TO SAY AND WHEN TO MAKE HER EAT AND HOW TO TOUCH THE MUSCLES IN HER BACK TO MAKE HER SLEEP...



...THAT'S HIS SENSES. HIS CRAZY SENSES.

HE WAS A BOY. IT WAS BEFORE SHE MET HIM. HE WAS BLINDED BY RADIATION OR SOMETHING AND HIS REMAINING SENSES BECAME SUPERHUMAN.

SHE NEVER TOLD THEM ABOUT THE SENSES.

AND SHE NEVER TOLD THEM--ABOUT THE MAN.

STAN LEE presents

# GOD AND COUNTRY

by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

MAX SCHEELE  
COLORS

JOE ROSEN  
LETTERS

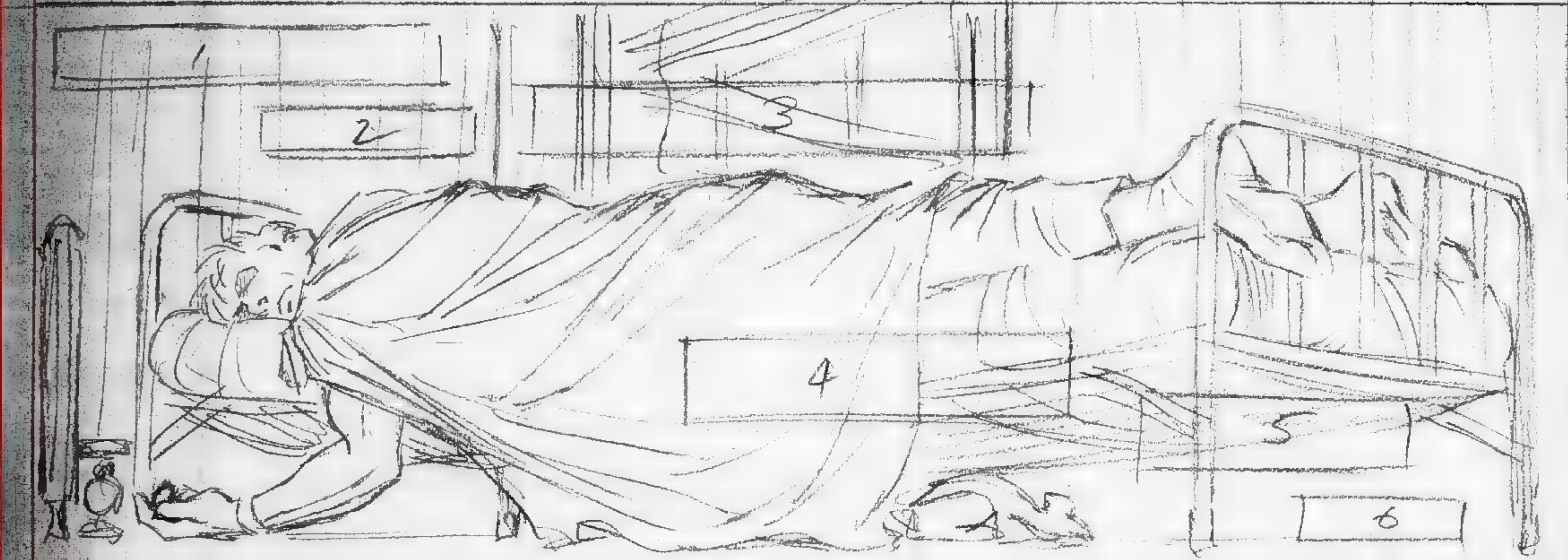
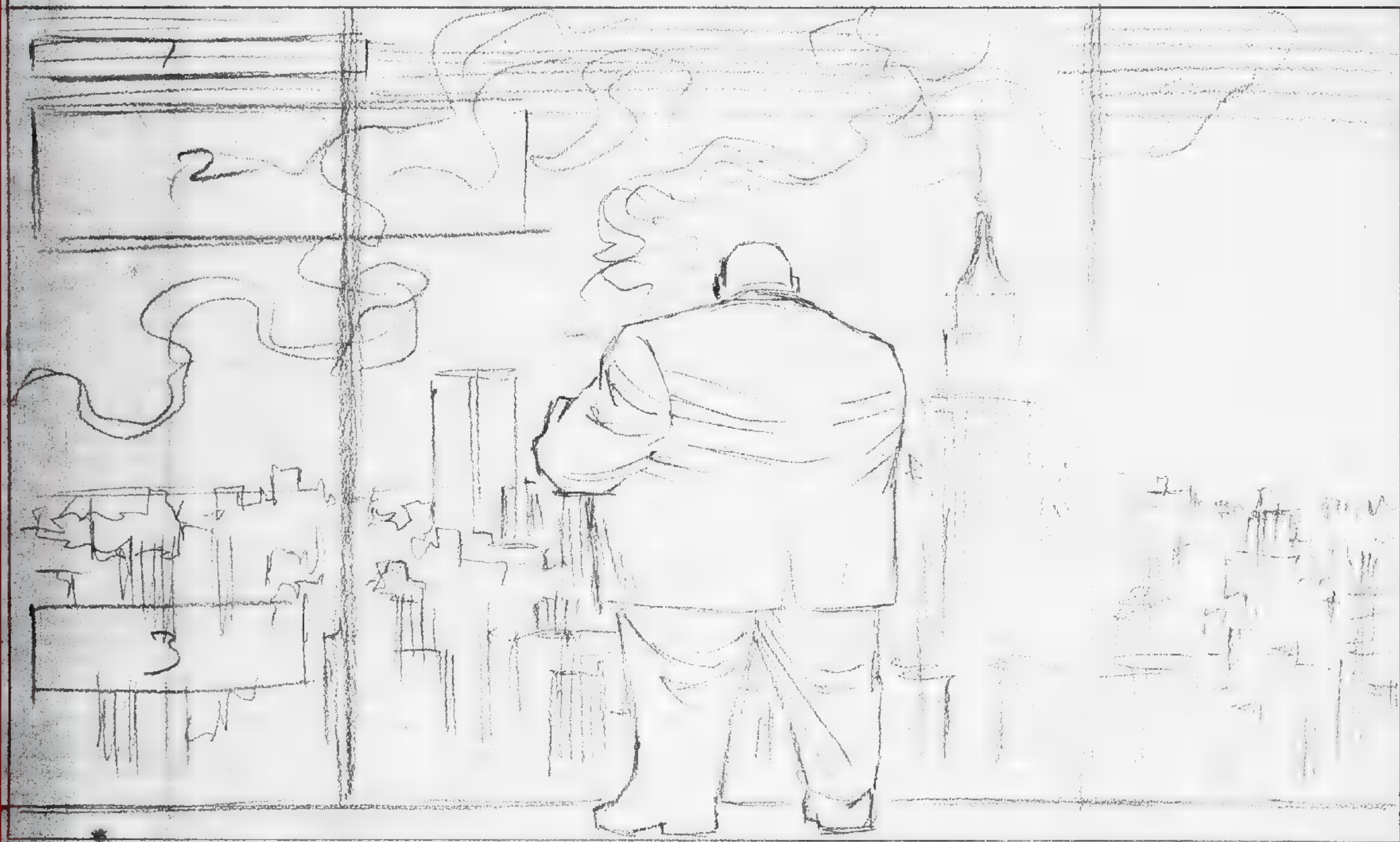
RALPH MACCHIO  
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER  
EDITOR IN CHIEF



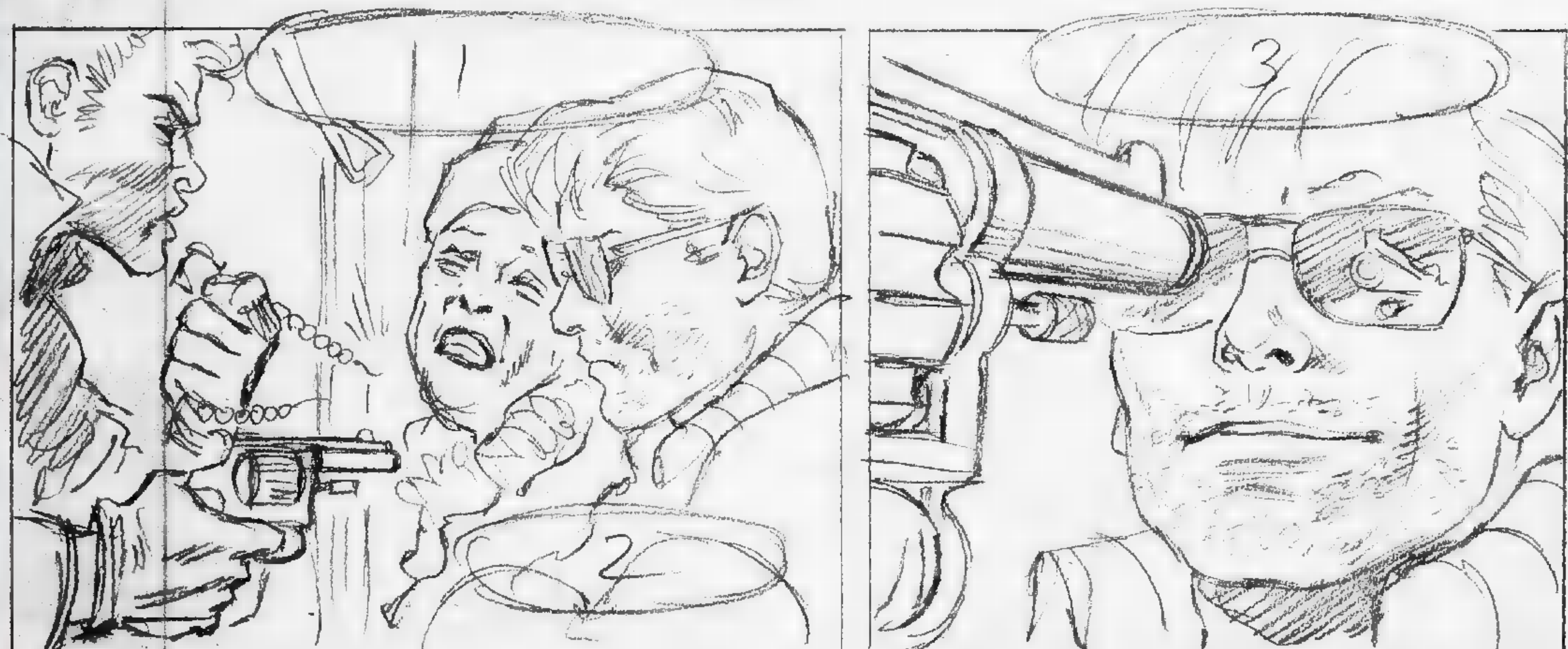




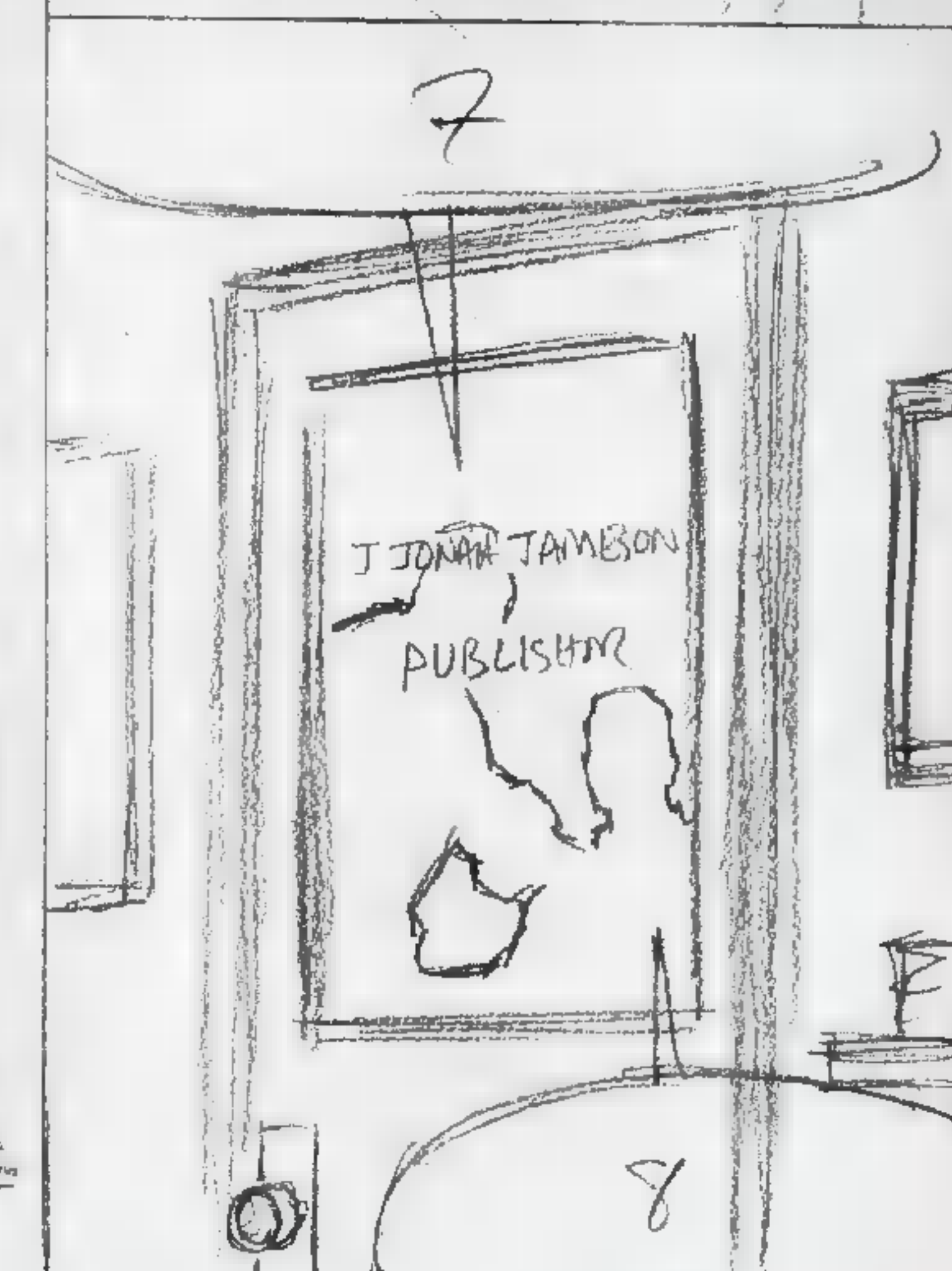
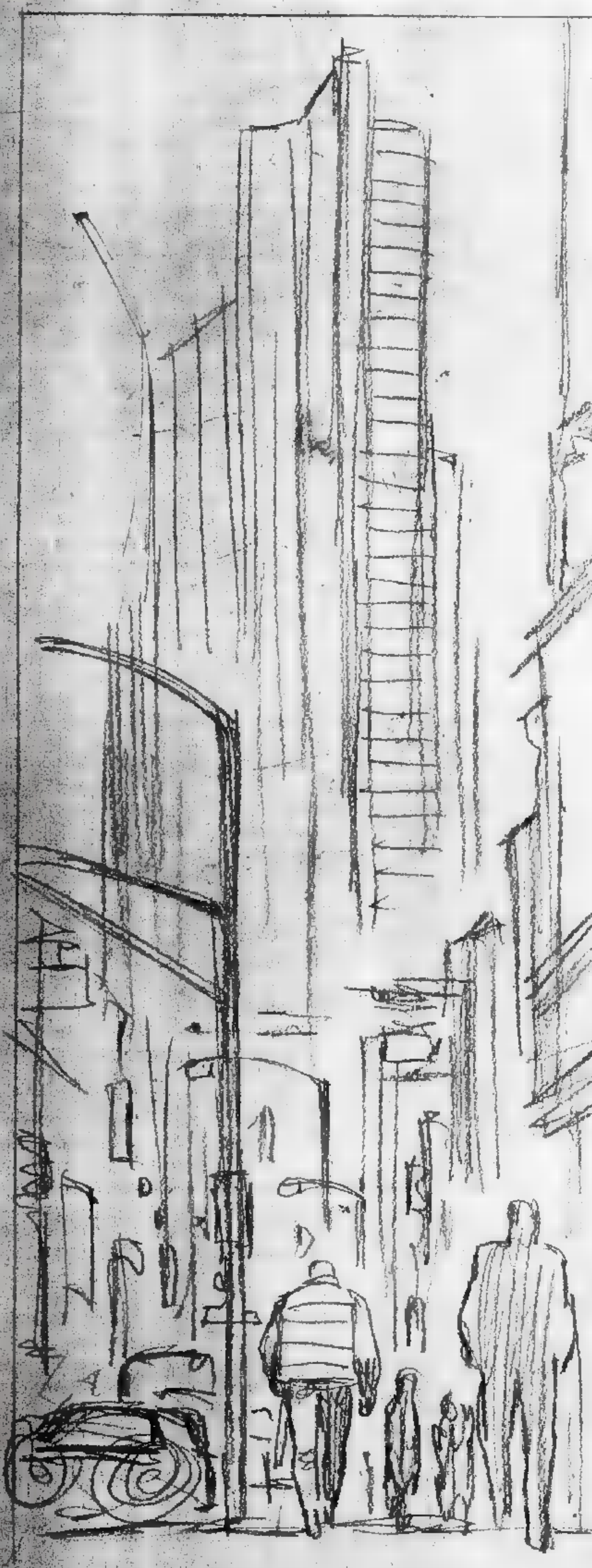
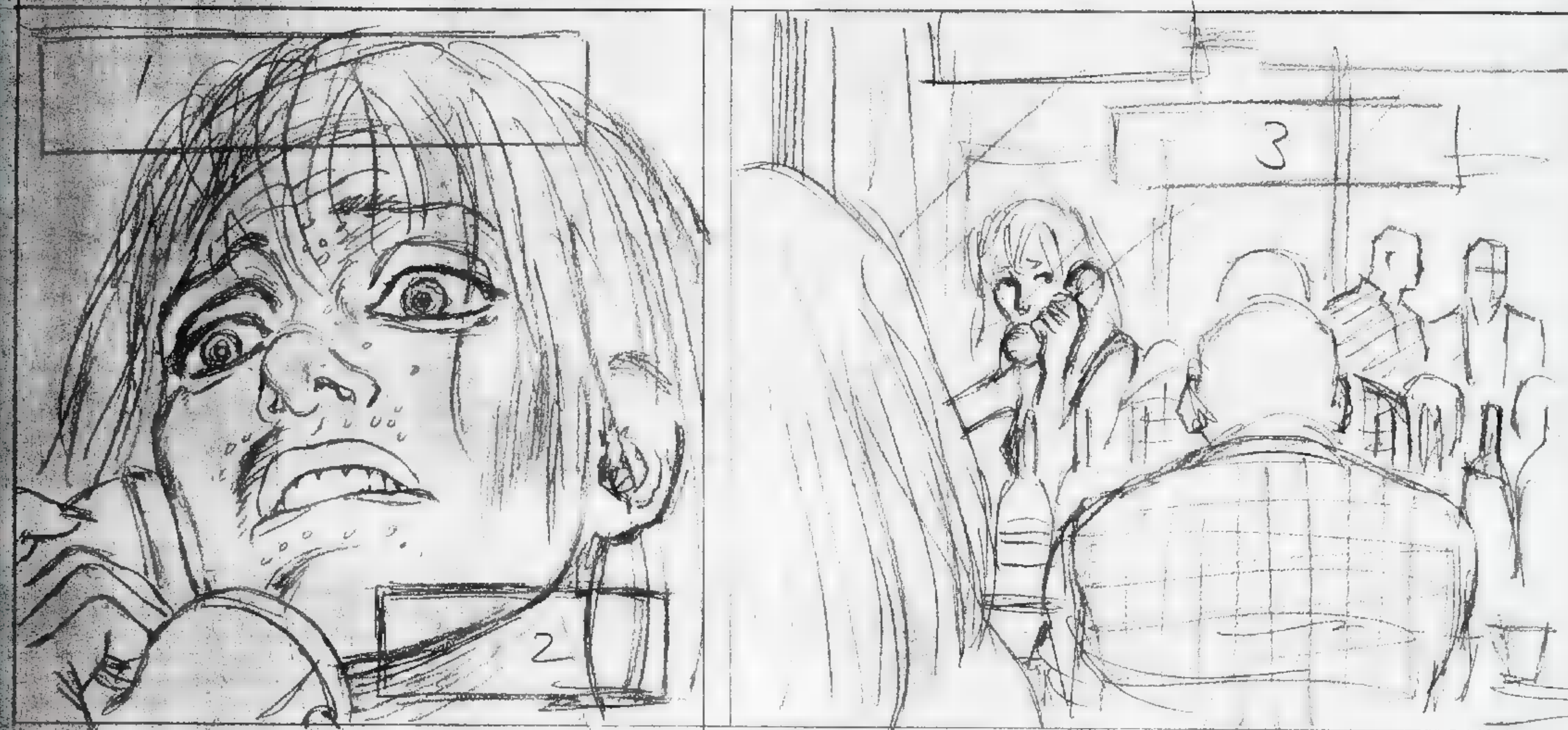
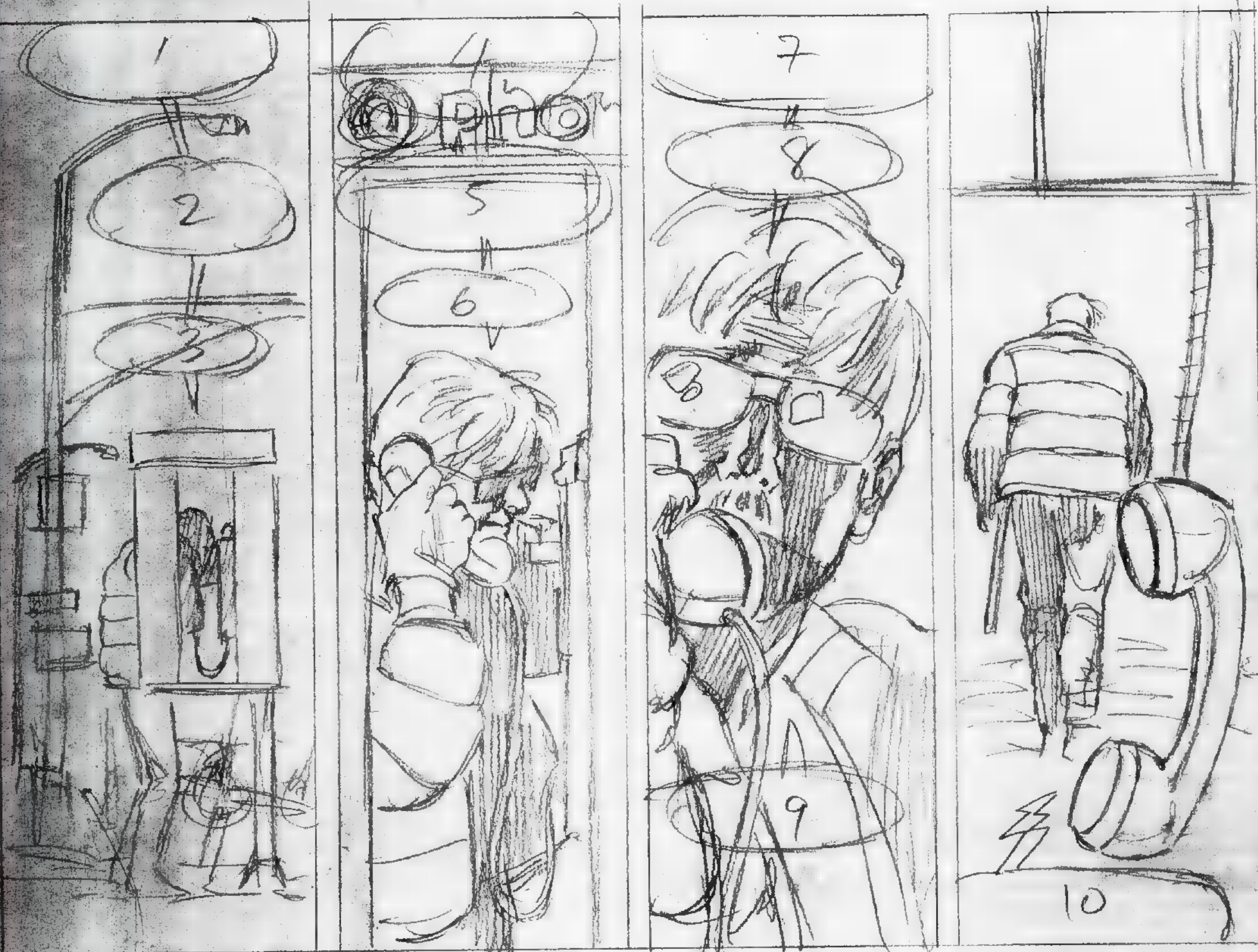


SPACES NARROW













THWAKK

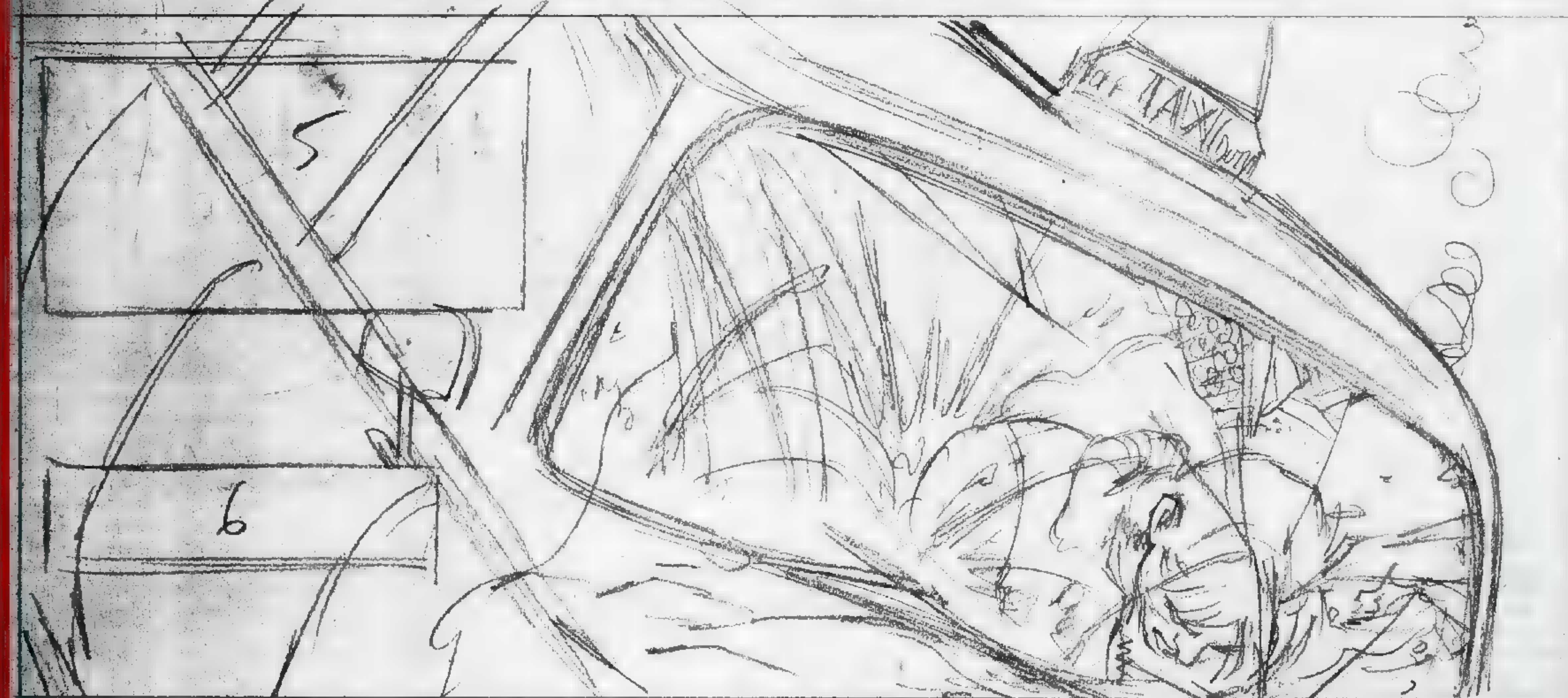
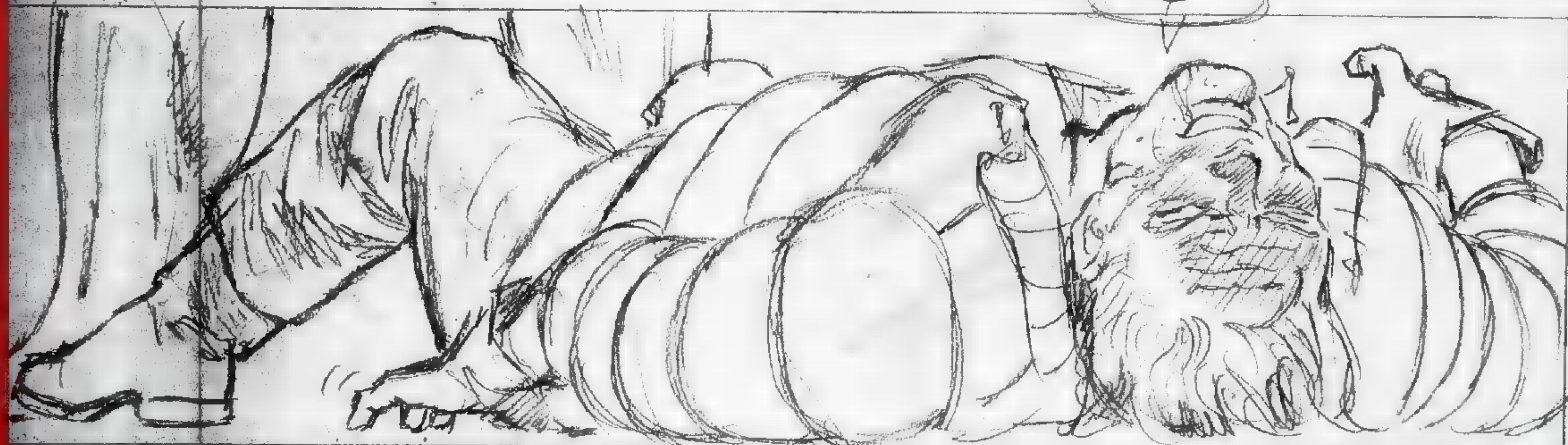
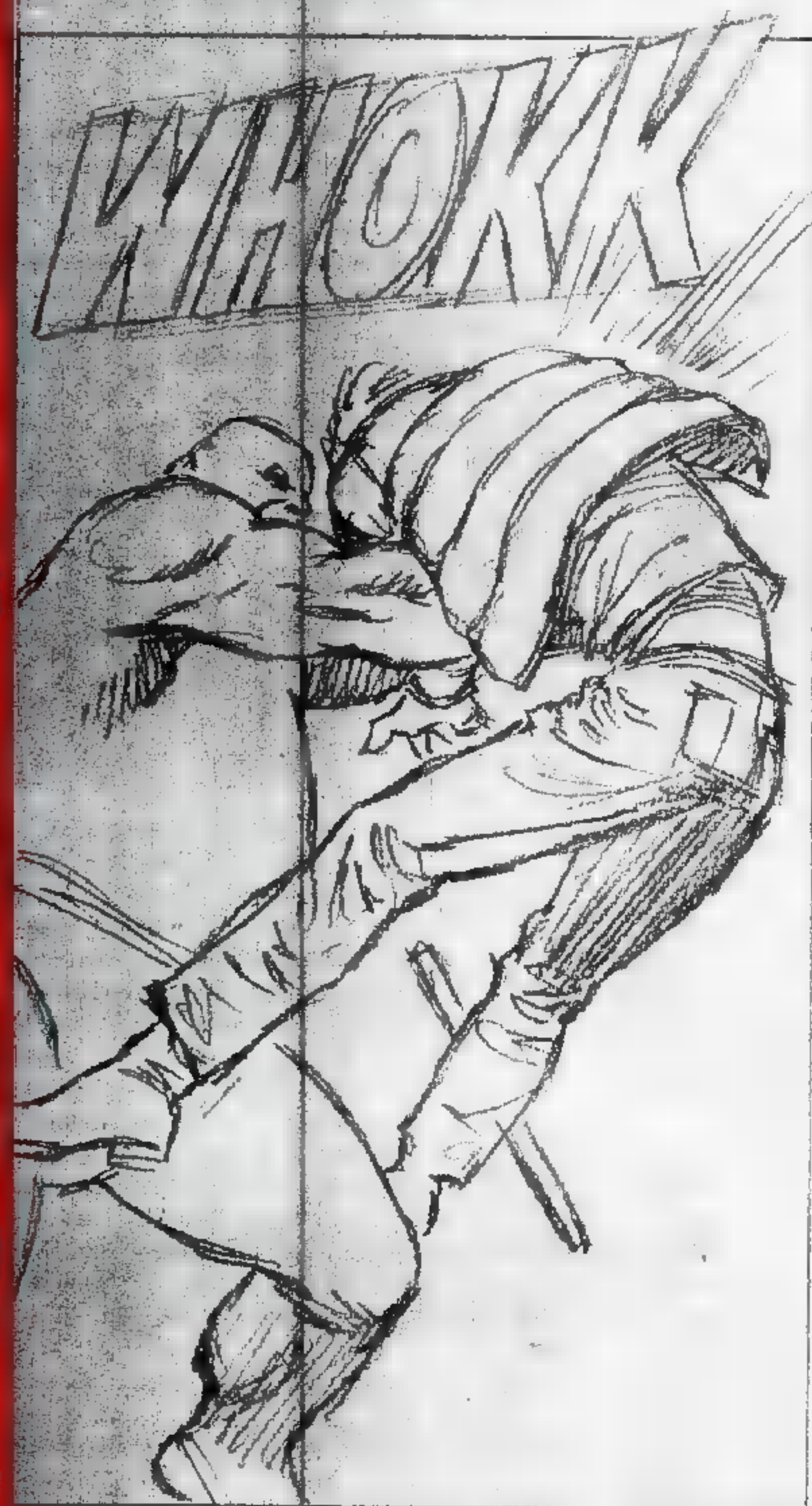


KRAKKK

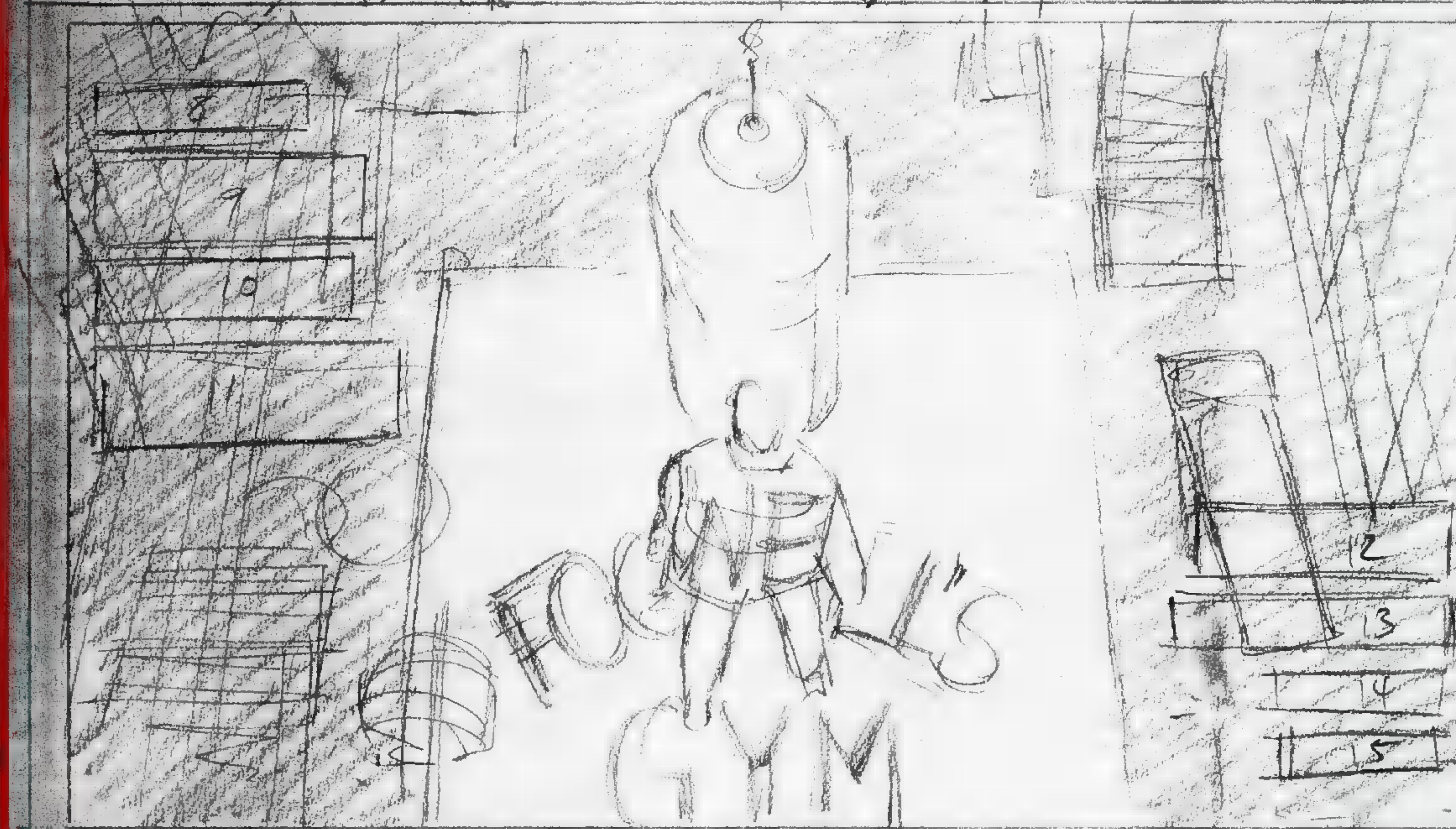
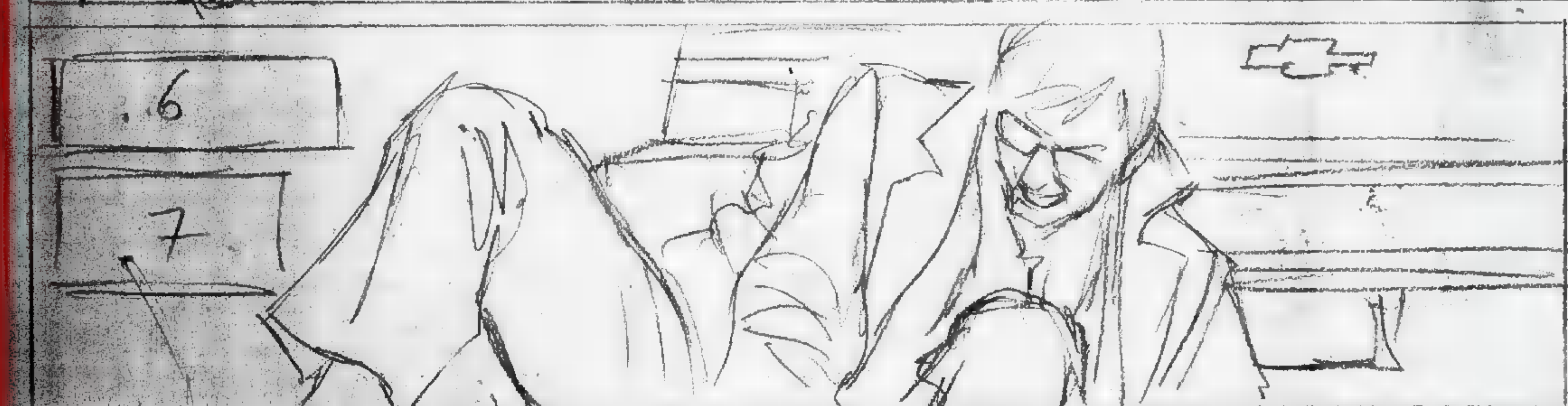
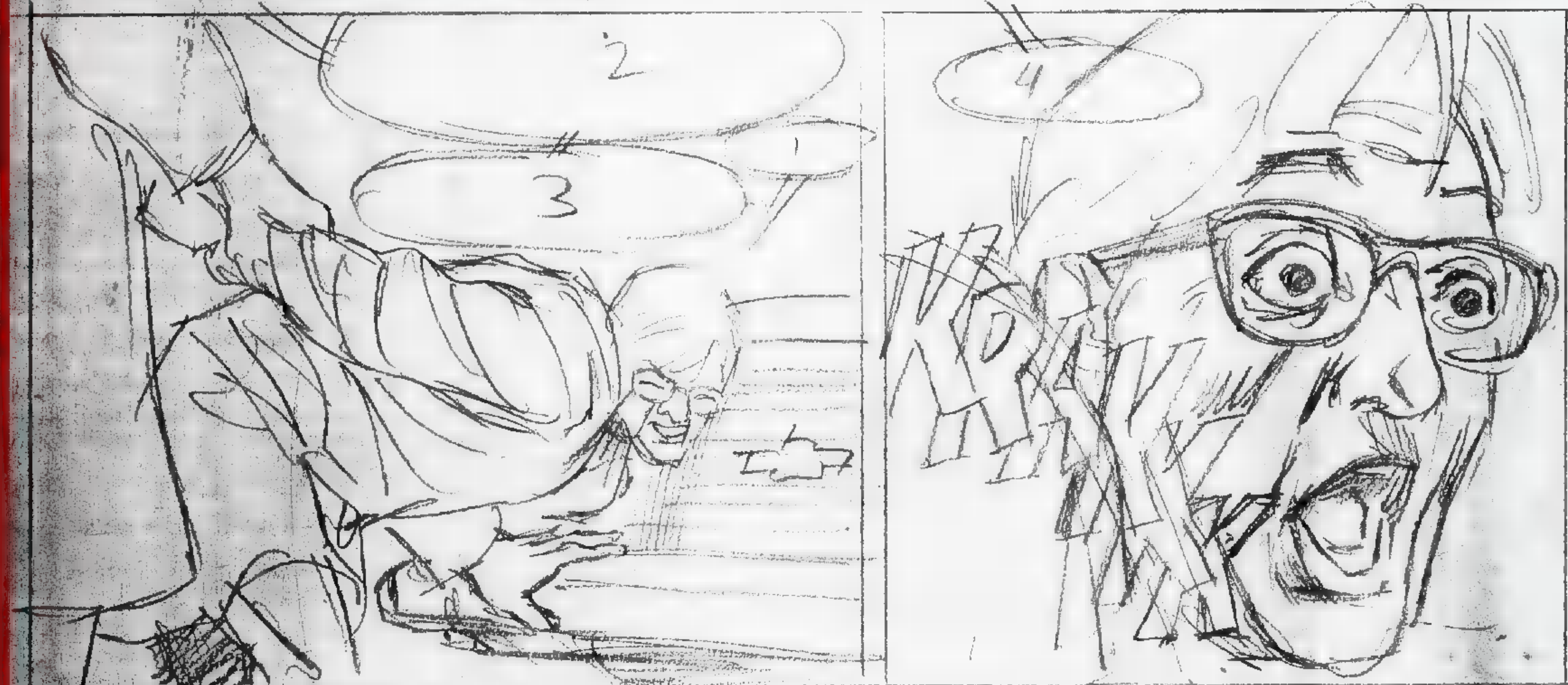
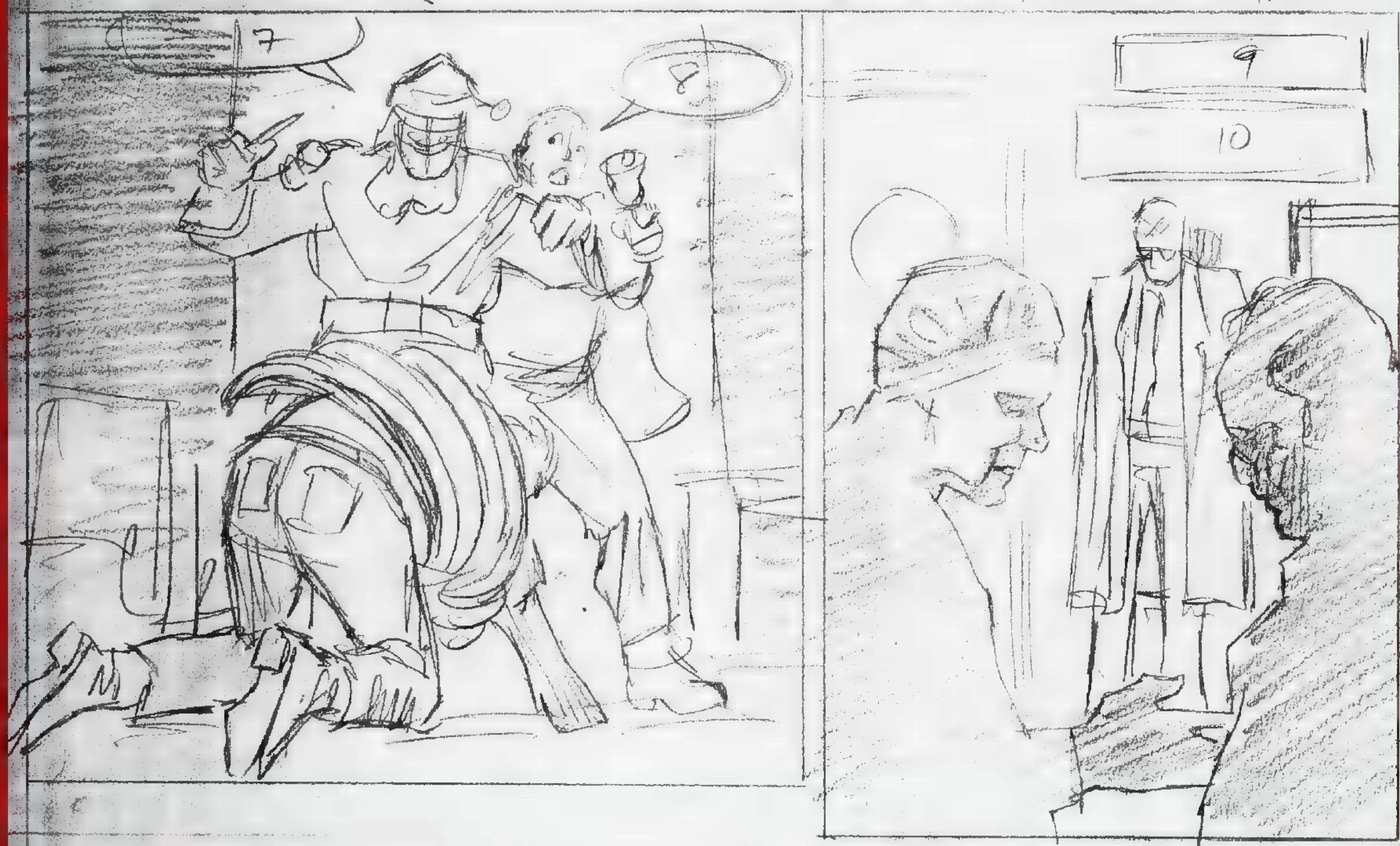
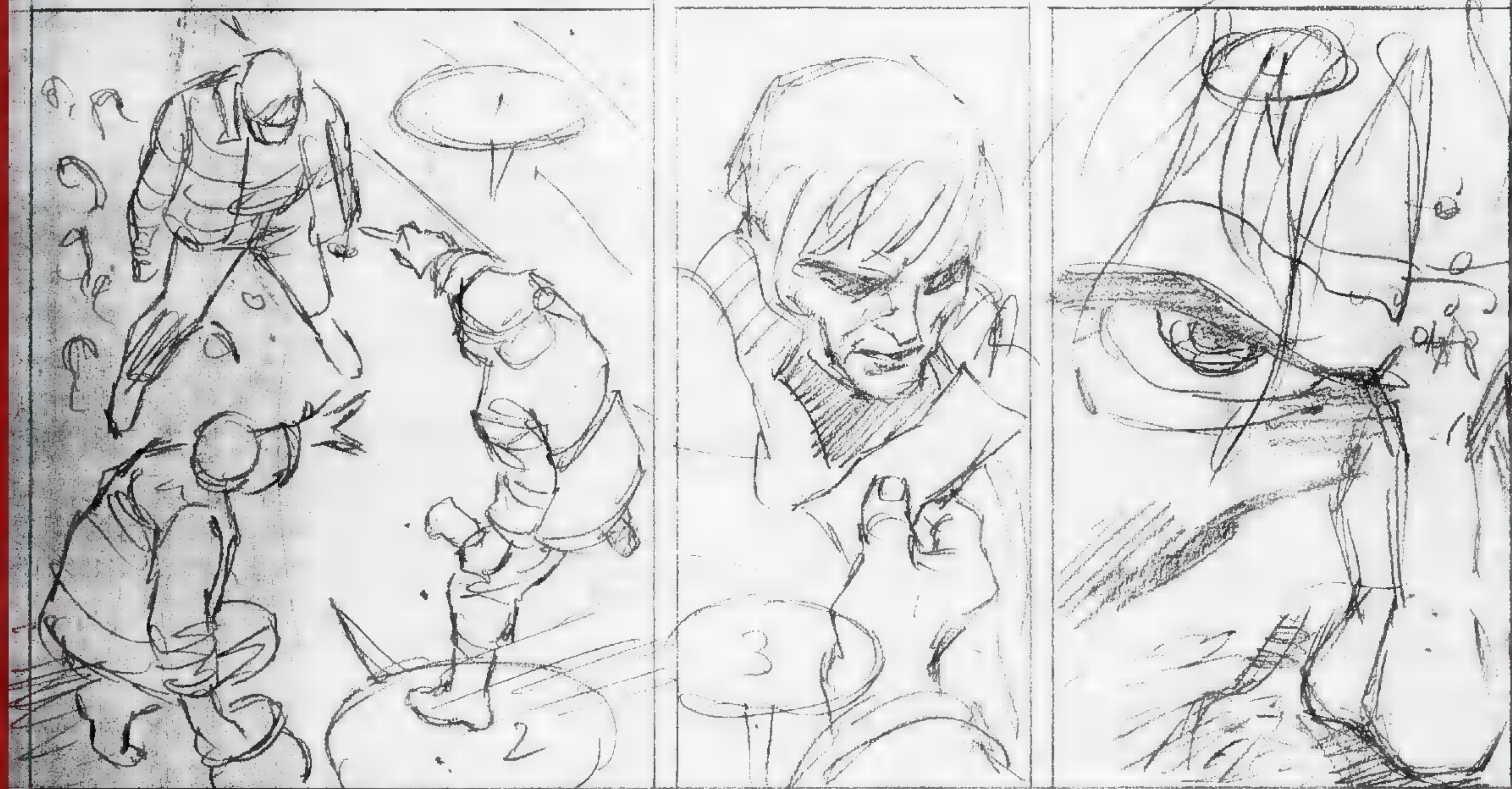


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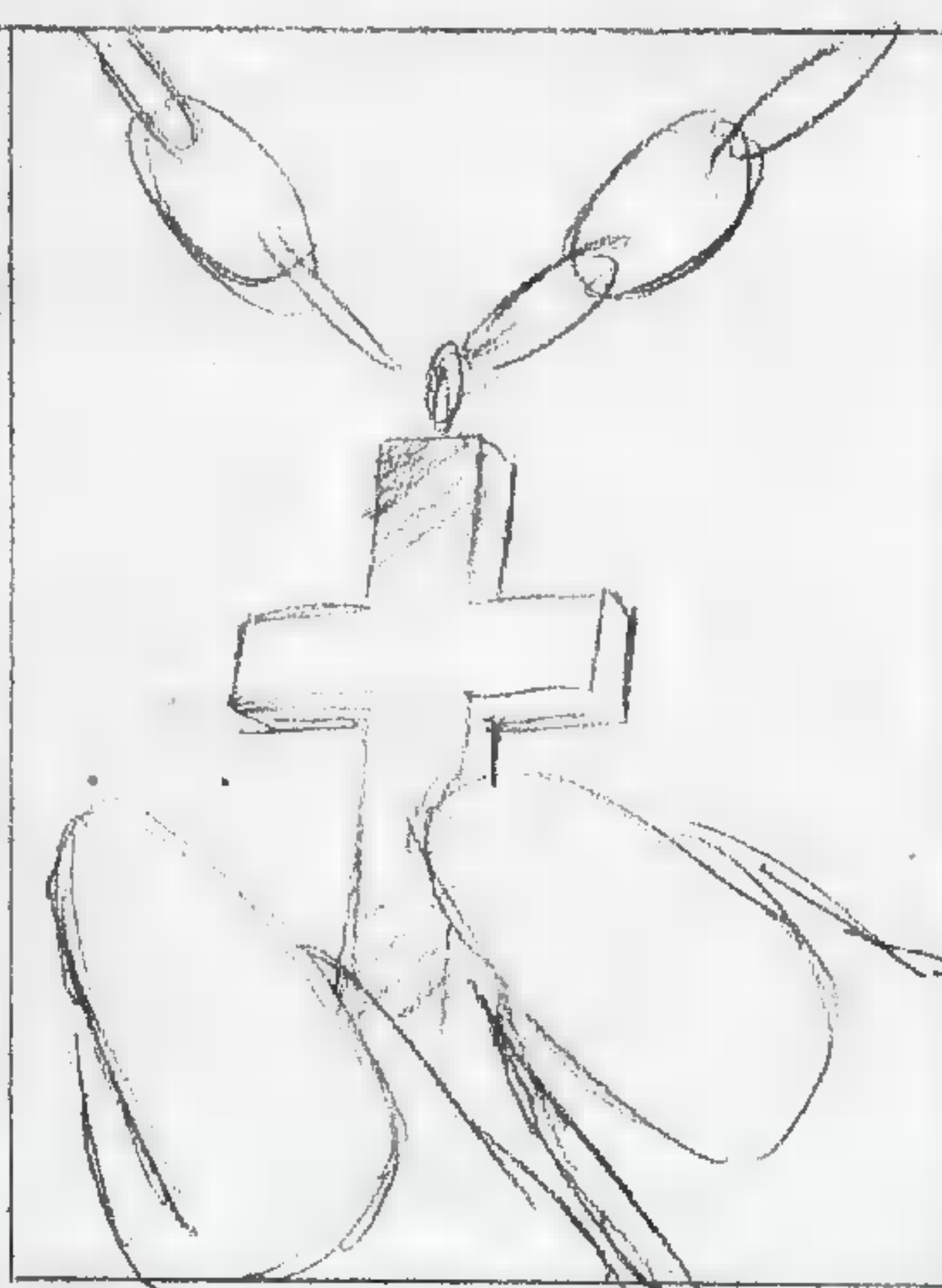
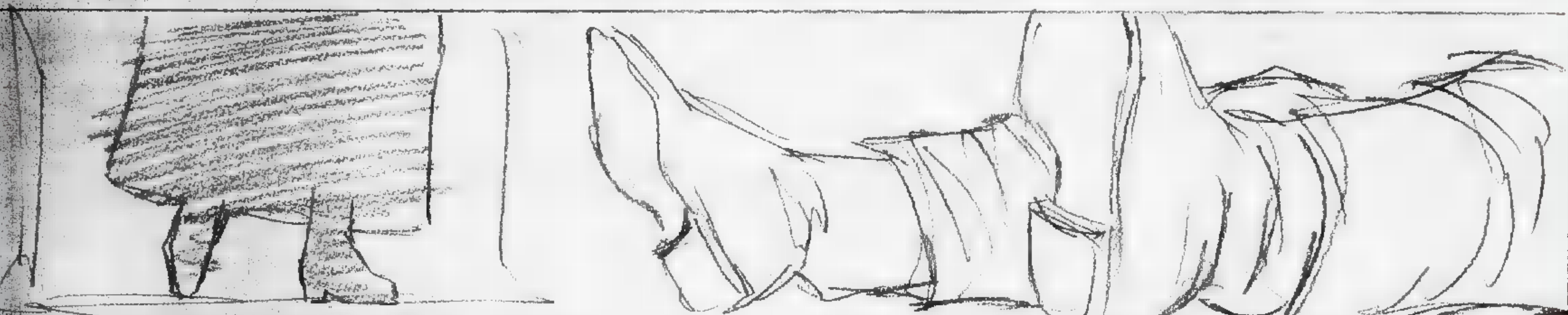
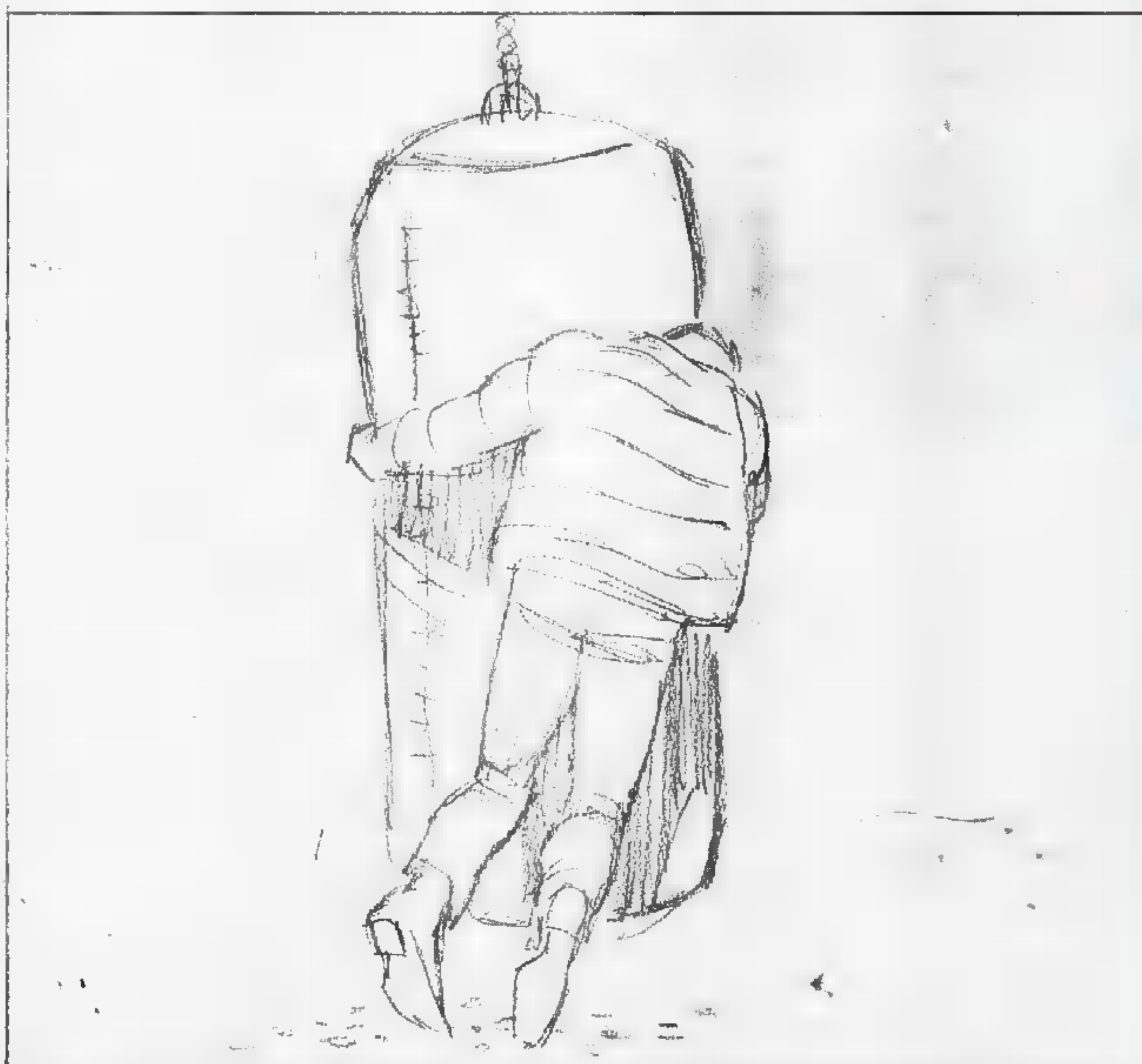




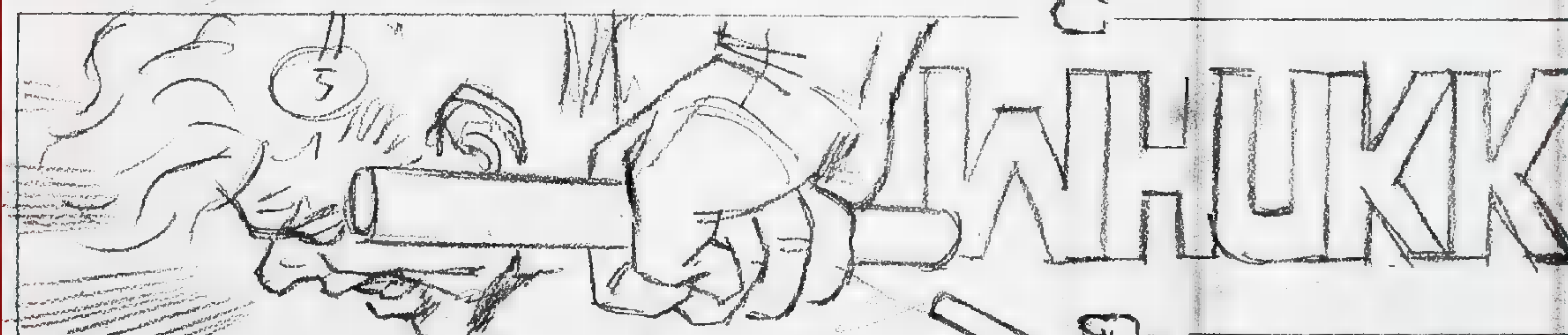
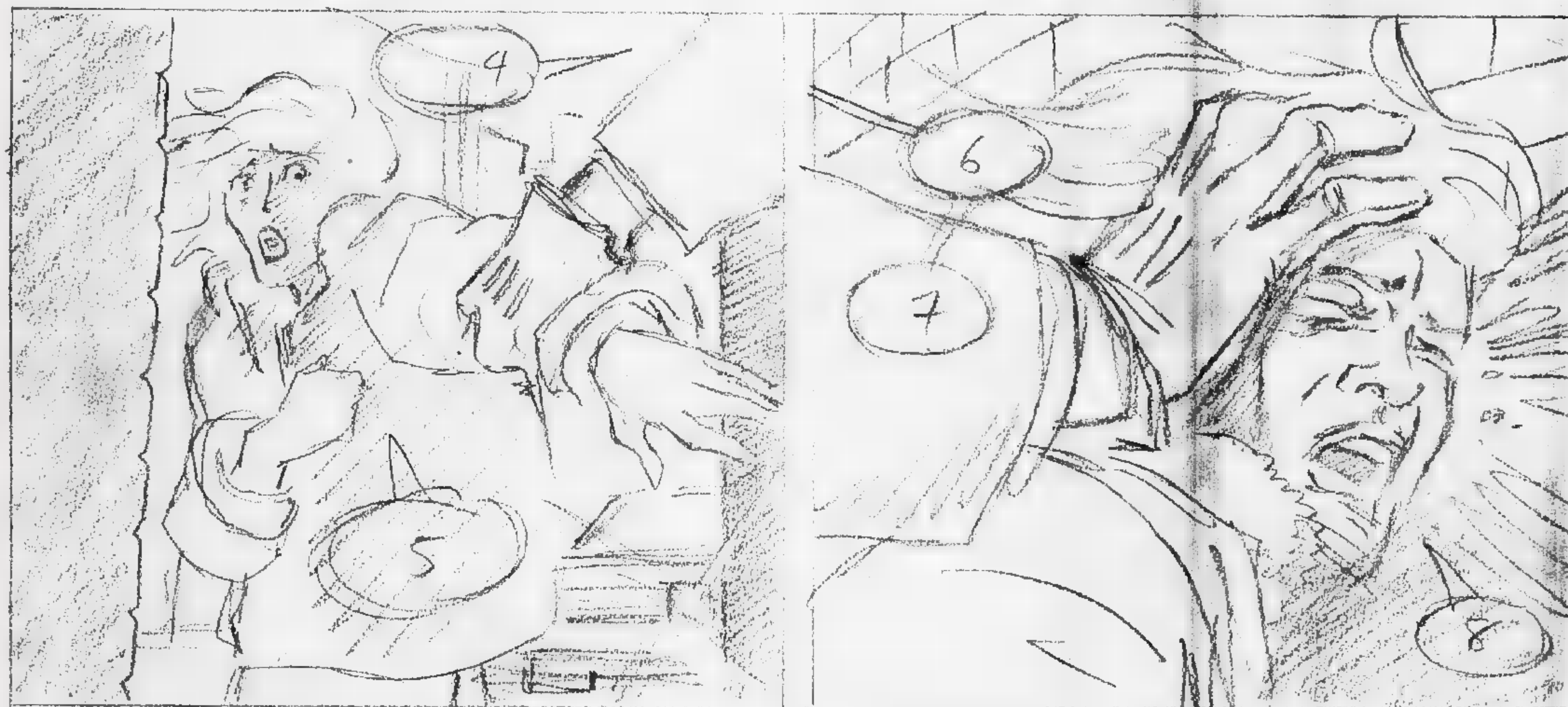




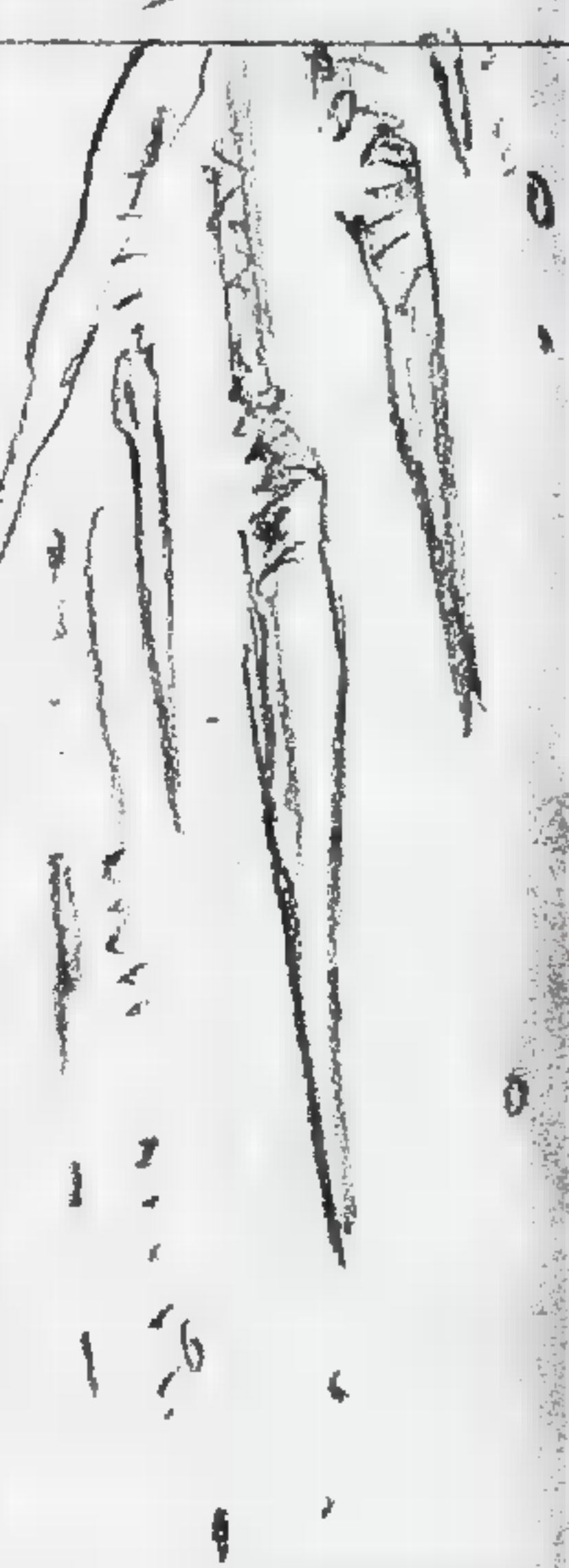
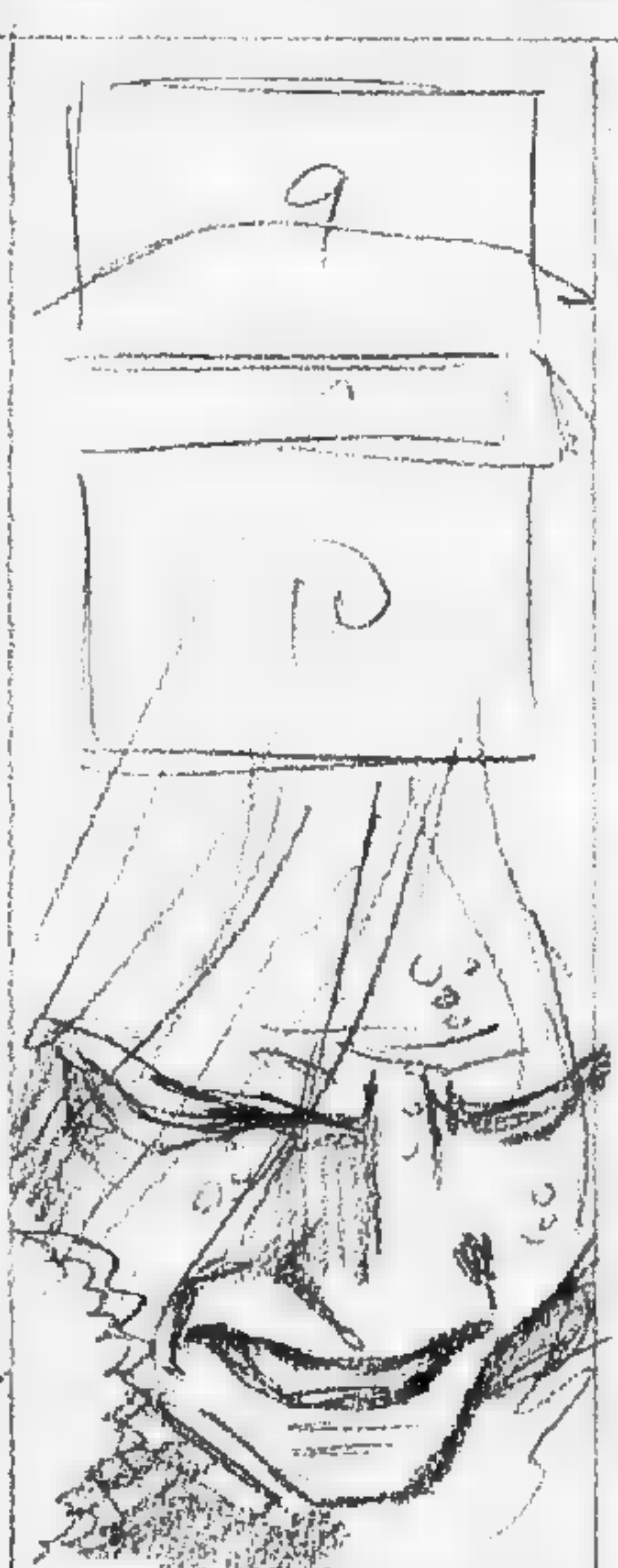








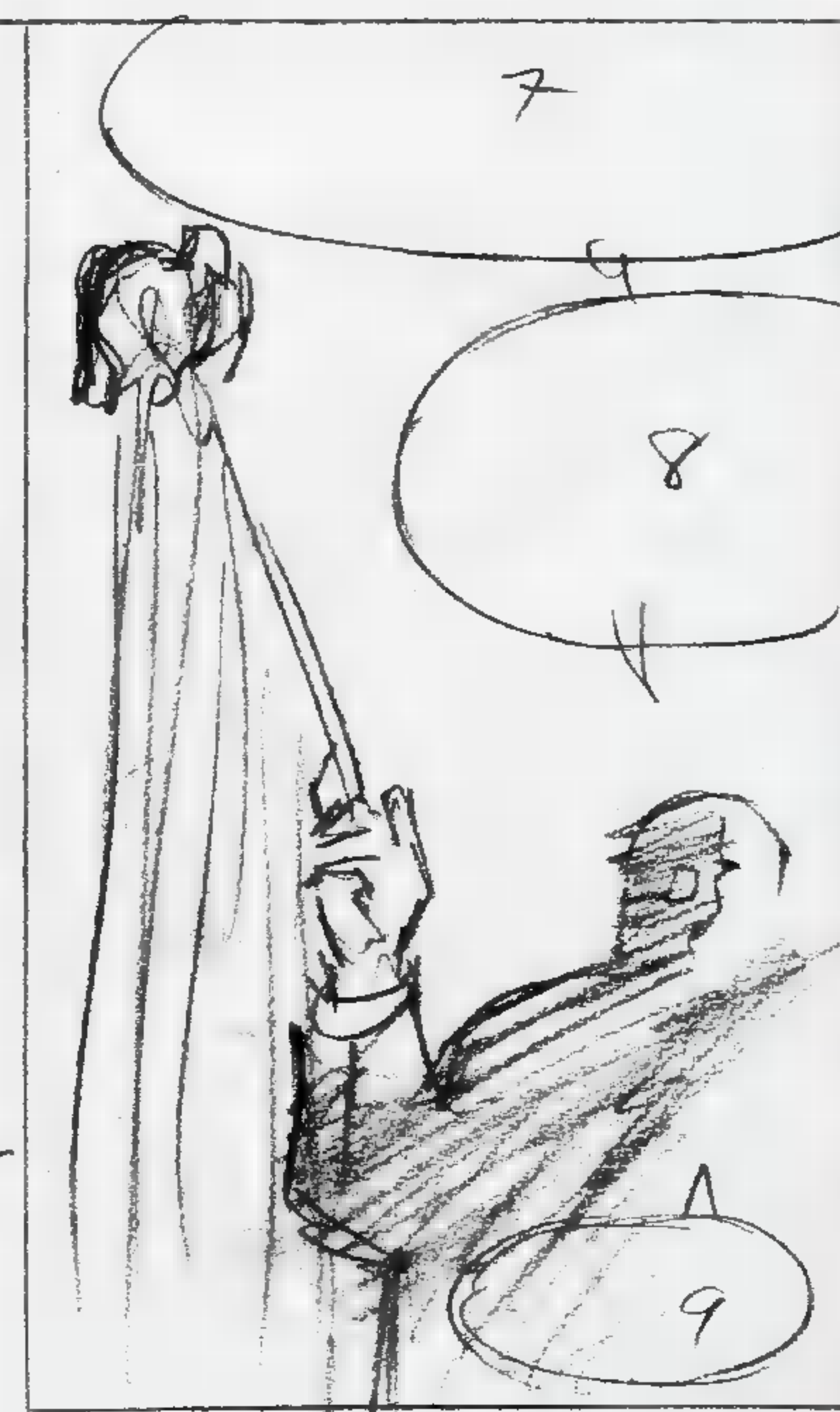
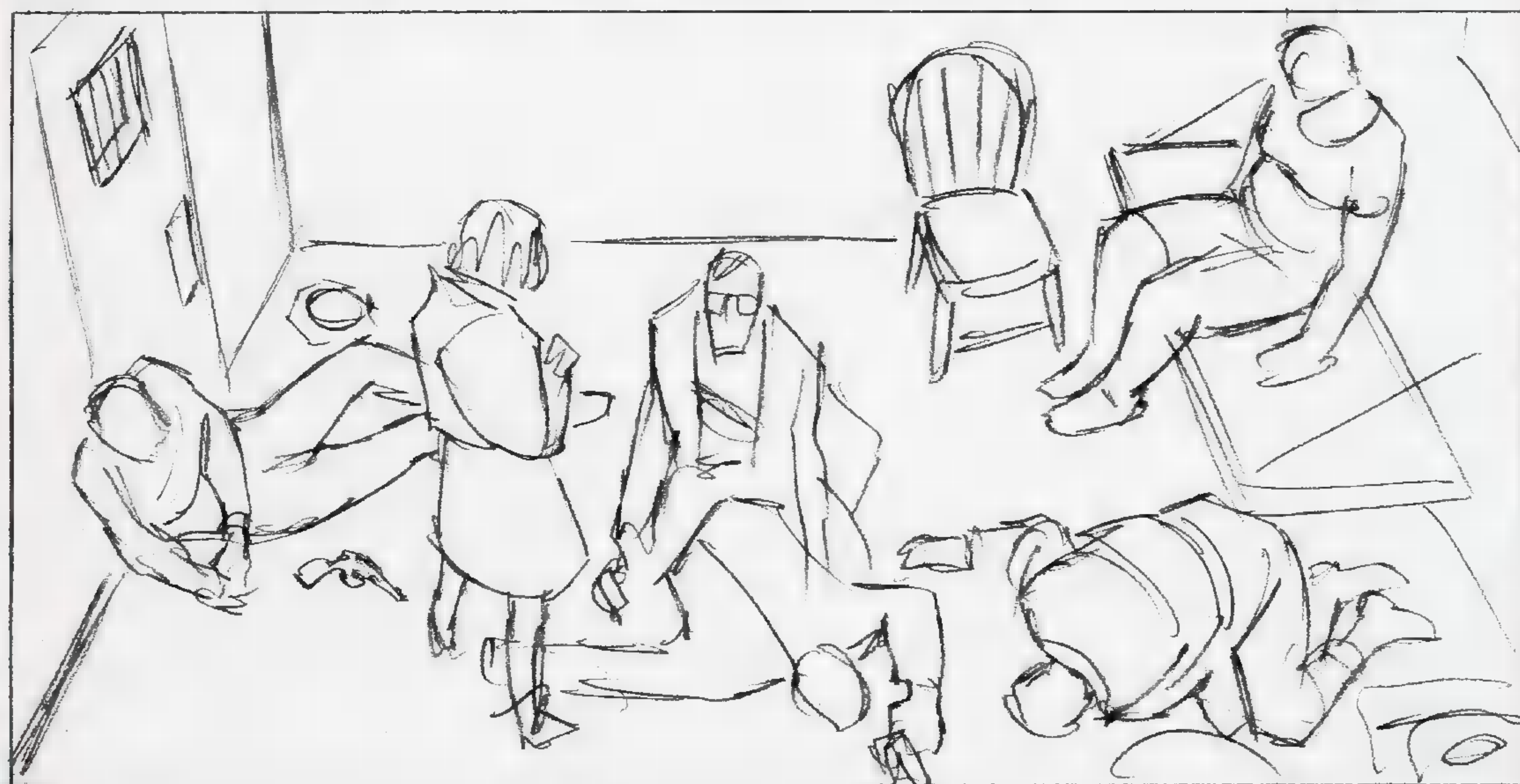


















DD233/p8

1. CLOSE ON THE COLONEL, IN THE HELICOPTER, PRESSING A THUMB BUTTON ON THE COPTER CONTROLS, GRITTING HIS TEETH.  
COLONEL: COMING for you, boy --  
SE: BRAKABRAKA

2. CLOSE ON A MACHINE GUN ON THE COPTER'S SIDE, FIRING, EJECTING DOZENS OF SHELLS.  
SE: BRAKABRAKABRAKA

3. MEDIUM ON BEN AND GLORI. BEN IS STILL PANICKY, HIS COAT TANGLED, HALF OFF. GLORI REELS, HEAD TOSSED BACK, BACK ARCHD, SHOT.  
GLORI: OHhhh --  
BEN: -- get it OFF me --

4. VERY TIGHT ON DD, AS HE FIRES BETSY. HE'S RAGING.  
DD: No MORE.  
SE: PFAMM

5. BIG PANEL. GROUND LEVEL STREET SCENE, LOOKING DOWN THE STREET AS THE HELICOPTER EXPLODES [BIG EXPLOSION]. DD, SMALL IN FOREGROUND, TAKES A STEP BACKWARD, LEANS FORWARD, ROCKED BY THE BLAST.

~~DD: CAP: Forgive me.~~

DD233/p9

1. CLOSE ON BEN, LOOKING UP, WIDE-EYED. ENOUGH OF BEN TO SEE THAT HE'S NO LONGER ON FIRE.  
CAP (TYPE): Out of NOWHERE they appear.  
VO: This one's been SHOT.  
(2): MEDIC! Over HERE, man!

2. LOOKING UP AT CAPTAIN AMERICA, BACKLIT BY FIRE, HUGE, CRADLING GLORI LIKE A LITTLE GIRL IN HIS ARMS. GLORI'S UNCONSCIOUS. A PARAMEDIC IS WALKING UP TO HIM. HE STANDS TALL ENOUGH TO FACE THE STAR ON CAP'S CHEST. CAP IS LOOKING UPWARD, INTO THE SKY, SHOUTING ANOTHER COMMAND.  
CAPT. A: Put those FIRES out. We don't want ■  
GAS MAIN going up.  
CAP (TYPE): A SOLDIER with a VOICE that could command ■ GOD --

3. LOOKING UP INTO THE SKY AT THOR, WHO HOLDS HIS HAMMER HIGH. THE HAMMER CRACKLES WITH LIGHTNING. HE'S NEARLY A SILHOUETTE, WITH FLOWING, GOLDEN HAIR. A THUNDERHEAD RISES BEHIND HIM. RAIN STREAKS.  
CAP (TYPE): -- and DOES.  
CAP (TYPE): Suddenly it's RAINING so hard it HURTS.  
CAP (TYPE): Everybody who CAN falls SILENT.

4. MEDIUM ON DD AND NUKE. DD HOLDS NUKE BY THE THROAT, PRESSING HIM AGAINST A LAMP POST. DD IS FURIOUS. NUKE IS STUNNED, SHAKING, WIDE-EYED. HE NEEDS A FIX. THE RAIN FALLS, HEAVIER.  
CAP (TYPE): Except MATT.  
DD: I -- the KINGPIN. HE sent you. SAY it.  
NUKE: Give me a WHITE -- give me a WHITE --  
VO: DAREDEVIL --

5. THE RAIN IS ALMOST BLINDING NOW. IRON MAN STANDS, IN FRONT OF THE HELICOPTER WRECKAGE, WHICH IS STILL BURNING A BIT. HIS ARMOR CATCHES LIGHT, GLEAMING IN SPOTS.  
IRON MAN: -- that man is OURS. On FEDERAL authority.  
(2): Stand BACK.

DD233/p12

1. EXTERIOR MAGGIE'S CHURCH. MORNING. A CAB PULLS AWAY FROM THE CURB. FOGGY RUNS TO THE OPEN DOOR OF THE CHURCH, ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKING MATT ASIDE, NOT NOTICING THAT IT'S MATT. TWO NUNS CARRY A STRETCHER WITH A YOUNG GIRL ON IT TOWARD THE CHURCH, SOMEWHERE IN SHOT.  
CAP: DAWN breaks, mercifully.  
FOGGY: EXCUSE me -- sorry --

2. INTERIOR CHURCH -- JUST MATT AND FOGGY, MEDIUM SHOT. FOGGY IN FOREGROUND, ANXIOUS, ALARMED, LOOKING FOR GLORI. MATT IS JUST BEHIND HIM. MATT IS EXHAUSTED. HIS FACE AND CLOTHES ARE BLACKENED BY DIRT AND SMOKE. HE SMILES AT FOGGY ANYWAY.  
CAP: FOGGY. He was my PARTNER. In ANOTHER life.  
CAP: Good thing he didn't NOTICE me.  
FOGGY: GLORI --  
(2): Oh, GLORI ...

3. BIG PANEL. THIS ISN'T THE BASEMENT MISSION, IT'S THE CHURCH ITSELF. THE WOUNDED ARE IN THE PEWS, EVEN STRETCHED OUT IN THE SANCTUARY. NUNS AND MEDICS TEND THEM. HOWEVER YOU STAGE IT, WE NEED: MATT AND FOGGY, ENTERING, FOGGY IN FRONT; MAGGIE BANDAGING GLORI, WHO'S STRETCHED OUT IN A PEW; KAREN, LYING BANDAGED IN ANOTHER PEW, NEAR GLORI.  
FOGGY: Oh, HONEY -- I was so SCARED ...  
MAGGIE: You're from IRELAND? I haven't SEEN it since I was a CHILD.  
GLORI: I think ~~we ALL saw it~~ we ALL saw it last NIGHT, sister. The BAD part, anyway.  
(2): FOGGY! You CAME.  
[PLACE THE FOLLOWING BALLOONS WHERE APPROPRIATE.]  
BALLOON (NO TAIL): HURTS just keeps HURTING --  
BALLOON (NO TAIL): Can't you GIVE me something for this --  
BALLOON (NO TAIL): Our Father who art in Heaven ...  
BALLOON (NO TAIL): Don't MOVE me just give me something FOR it --

4. MEDIUM ON MATT AND MAGGIE. MATT SMILES AT MAGGIE. MAGGIE LOOKS TIRED, STANDS, LOOKING AT MATT LIKE SHE'S A DRILL INSTRUCTOR.  
MAGGIE: You need to SLEEP.  
MATT: I'm all right, Maggie. Really I am.  
VO [FROM RIGHT]: Of COURSE I came, Glori. I'm so glad you're OKAY ... you are OKAY? ...  
VO [FROM RIGHT]: Bullet passed right THROUGH, Foggy. Though it DID take a chunk of me WITH it.

[Moe]

DD233/p12, continued

5. MATT WALKS, UNNOTICED, PAST THE FEW WHERE GLORI LIES. GLORI LOOKS WEAK, BUT ALERT. FOGGY HOLDS ONE OF HER HANDS IN BOTH OF HIS.

FOGGY: I can't BELIEVE this HAPPENED. FIRST thing we'll do is get you to a proper HOSPITAL.  
GLORI: I can't be MOVED just yet. Foggy, I've ... I've got a FAVOR to ask you ...  
VO [FROM LEFT]: Get some SLEEP, Matt. Soon as you can.  
MATT: I will ...

DD233/p10

1. MEDIUM CLOSE ON IRON MAN, SAME LIGHTING, RAIN SPLATTERING AND STREAKING ACROSS HIM. HIS HAND IS RAISED, PALM OUT, FORWARD. A CIRCLE, GLOWING, APPEARS IN THE CENTER OF HIS PALM.  
IRON MAN: You have FIVE SECONDS.  
CAP (TYPE): There's a soft HUM as computer CIRCUITRY generates enough POWER to level ■ BUILDING. -- and HOLDS it, waiting.

2. LOOKING PAST IRON MAN'S HAND AT DD AND NUKE. DD IS BACKING AWAY. NUKE SLUMPS TO THE SIDEWALK.  
CAP (TYPE): Not being STUPID, Matt backs AWAY.

3. CLOSE ON NUKE, SLUMPED AT THE BASE OF THE STREET LIGHT, EYES WIDE, CHILDLIKE, DESPERATE.  
NUKE: Give me -- a WHITE --

4. CLOSE ON CAPTAIN AMERICA, BEWILDERED, CONCERNED, AS HE LOOKS DOWN AT NUKE [ALL WE NEED IS CAP'S HEAD].  
NO COPY

5. LOOKING UP PAST THE BURNED SHELL OF A TENEMENT. RAIN.  
CAP (TYPE): It's a LONG night.  
CAP (TYPE): It's a HORRIBLE night.

6. EXTERIOR KINGPIN'S HEADQUARTERS. NO RAIN. NIGHT.  
BLDG: Sheer LUNACY. Kingpin! Sheer LUNACY.  
(2): HUNDREDS of people DEAD -- if the SYNDICATE gets fingered for it we'll be in court for MONTHS --  
BLDG: Please, Mr. Glazer ...

7. INTERIOR A LARGE STEAM ROOM. THE KINGPIN AND AN ASSORTMENT OF GANGLERS SIT, SWEATY. THE KINGPIN IS CALM, VERY POLITE. NEAR HIM IS GLAZER, OLDER THAN THE REST OF THEM, RED-FACED, UNHEALTHY -- A HEAVY DRINKER WITH HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE AND A CARDIAC CONDITION. THE REST OF THE GANGLERS ARE NERVOUS, WATCHING THE KINGPIN CLOSELY, STARTLED BY GLAZER'S OUTBURST. IN CONTRAST TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS IN DD #231, THESE MEN SHOULD LOOK EVERY INCH THE GANG OF CROOKS THEY ARE. ONE WOMAN, AT LEAST. AGES VARY. ALL WEAR TOWELS.  
KINGPIN: ... do not refer to our organization as a SYNDICATE. It DATES you.  
GLAZER: DATES me. Right. Sure. In the OLD days we might go for a FAMILY -- but we never flattened an entire NEIGHBORHOOD.  
(2): Have you any IDEA what your VENDETTA has COST us tonight in lost DRUG TRADE?

DD233/p11

1. COME IN CLOSER. THE KINGPIN IS SLIGHTLY AMUSED. GLAZER LOOKS LIKE HIS HEAD IS ABOUT TO EXPLODE. ANOTHER HOOD LEANS CLOSE TO GLAZER, EYES ON THE KINGPIN, FRIGHTENED.  
KINGPIN: Very LITTLE -- as compared to the lost REAL ESTATE. But please -- go ON, Mr. Glazer.  
GLAZER: You BET I'll go on, fat man. I'll say what EVERYBODY here is thinking. You're screwing UP.  
(2): You've endangered ALL of us -- and cost us MILLIONS -- just to harass that blind SHYSTER --  
HOOD: Glazer -- you'd better ease UP ...

2. CLOSE ON THE KINGPIN, SWEATY, PLEASANT, CALM.  
KINGPIN: Mr. Glazer is entitled to his OPINION, Mr. Ornstein.  
(2): Allow me to INTERJECT, however, that MURDOCK is no longer an ATTORNEY.

3. CLOSE ON GLAZER, FURIOUS.  
GLAZER: CRAZY, Kingpin. You've been CRAZY -- ever since ~~you lost~~ your WIFE --

4. CLOSE ON GLAZER, SUDDENLY TERRIFIED.  
GLAZER: ... look, I ... I guess I've been hitting the BOTTLE a little too... I didn't mean to ...  
(2): ... I mean, Hell's Kitchen, you know ... I've put a lot of YEARS into it, and ...

5. MEDIUM ON THE KINGPIN AND GLAZER. THE KINGPIN WRAPS ONE MASSIVE HAND AROUND GLAZER'S NECK. GLAZER IS WIDE-EYED, CHOKING. THE KINGPIN IS SMILING.  
SE [NEAR GLAZER]: HHHK  
KINGPIN: Yes, Mr. Glazer.  
(2): I understand.

6. MEDIUM CLOSE ON THREE OR FOUR OF THE OTHER GANGLERS, LOOKING ON, HORRIFIED.  
SE: GGG --  
SE (LARGE): KKRAKKK

7. CLOSE ON KINGPIN. GLAZER'S HAND IS IN SHOT, FROZEN IN A CLUTCHING GESTURE. THE KINGPIN SMILES PLEASANTLY.  
KINGPIN: We ALL understand each other, now --  
(2): -- DON'T we, Gentlemen?

DD233/p13

1. MATT WALKS TO THE FEW WHERE KAREN LIES. KAREN SMILES AT HIM.  
VO [FROM LEFT]: SURE, Glori. Whatever ...  
VO [FROM LEFT]: Well, I hate to ASK, Foggy -- but could you take this roll of FILM to the DAILY BUGLE -- to BEN URICH?  
(2): By now he's climbing the WALLS.  
KAREN: THERE you are ...

2. MEDIUM ON MATT AND KAREN, EMBRACING, KISSING PASSIONATELY.  
VO [FROM LEFT]: Guess you're pretty SERIOUS about this JOB. I thought maybe --  
VO [FROM LEFT]: Don't even START with that, Foggy. I've lost NOTHING that won't grow BACK.  
(2): And the PICTURES I took...

3. CLOSE ON KAREN AND MATT. MATT TURNS HIS HEAD, ALARMED. KAREN LOOKS AT MATT, CONCERNED.  
VO [FROM LEFT]: Yeah. Well ... I'll be SEEING you, sweetie ...  
VO [FROM LEFT]: Sure, Foggy. I'll CALL you ...  
KAREN: What IS it, Matt?  
MATT: I'm in TROUBLE, Karen. I have to GO.

4. EXTERIOR CHURCH -- PULL FIGURES OF MATT AND FOGGY AS MATT CHARGES FROM THE CHURCH, KNOCKING FOGGY OVER. MATT HAS COME UP FROM BEHIND FOGGY; FOGGY IS TURNING TO LOOK AT MATT.  
CAP: TROUBLE -- if that's who I THINK it is --  
MATT: Excuse me -- sorry --  
CAP: -- yes -- no MAN ever BREATHED like that --  
CAP: -- down the BLOCK -- in that ALLEY --

5. MATT RUNS DOWN THE STREET, PAST GARBAGE, PILED HIGH.  
CAP: -- no -- there's his SCENT -- he's MOVING -- though you'd never know it from his HEARTBEAT -- so ~~STEADY~~ ...  
CAP: -- THERE -- ran PAST me -- rattled a GARBAGE CAN -- a little SLOPPY but FAST --  
CAP: -- faster than ME --

6. MATT SWINGS UPWARD, HOLDING ONTO THE LOWERED LADDER OF A FIRE ESCAPE ON A TENEMENT.  
CAP: -- no good -- he's got it all worked OUT -- right around the CORNER --  
CAP: -- LEAPING -- so EASILY -- window sill CREAKS with his weight -- ~~three hundred~~ POUNDS, at least  
CAP: -- his muscles LIE about it -- like hydraulic PUMPS they swing him UP --

DD233/p14

1. BIG PANEL. MATT VAULTS TO THE ROOFTOP. CAPTAIN AMERICA, HUGE, ALMOST A FOOT TALLER THAN MATT, AND MUCH MORE MASSIVE, HAS JUST REACHED THE ROOF. HE HOLDS OUT A HAND, CAUTIONING MATT. MATT LOOKS CORNERED, HOSTILE.  
CAPT. A: DAREDEVIL -- I mean you no HARM.  
MATT: ~~What do you want?~~ What do you want?  
CAP: ... all worked OUT -- he TRACKED me -- since last NIGHT --  
2. SIDE VIEW OF MATT AND CAP, MEDIUM DISTANCE. MATT CROUCHES ON THE LEDGE, JUST OUT OF CAP'S REACH. CAP KNEELS. CAP IS CALM, SUBDUED; MATT IS SUSPICIOUS.  
CAPT. A: That MAN -- last night -- who is he?  
MATT: You didn't ASK?  
(2): Your EMPLOYERS, I mean.

3. MEDIUM CLOSE ON MATT AND CAP. MATT IS IMPATIENT, IRRITATED AT BEING SO EXPOSED. CAP REMAINS CALM.  
CAPT: They aren't my employers.  
(2): They said he's a TERRORIST.  
MATT: No ORDINARY terrorist, if that's what he is. ~~even~~ No. He's too GOOD at it. And too well MADE.

4. CLOSE ON MATT.  
MATT: His SKIN contains several kinds of PLASTICS. It's very TOUGH, doesn't BURN easily. His SKELETON, his MUSCLES -- they're only PARTLY human.  
(2): ~~What's it to YOU?~~ what's it to YOU?











1.  
CLOSE ON THE KINGPIN CRUMPLING A COPY OF THE DAILY BUGLE. THE KINGPIN IS WILD, HIS TEETH CLENCHED IN RAGE. THE HEADLINE OF THE PAPER, PROMINENT IN SHOT, READS: U.S. ARMY SUPER KILLER. BELOW THAT, SMALLER: KINGPIN ~~IS~~ IMPLICATED IN HELL'S KITCHEN SLAUGHTER.

CAP: The next few weeks go POORLY for the Kingpin of Crime.

CAP: One of the HIT MEN placed on the roof of the DAILY BUGLE names the crimelord as RESPONSIBLE for Nuke's assault.

CAP: Then, from EVERYWHERE, the CHARGES come ...

2.  
THE KINGPIN SITS BEFORE SEVERAL TV SCREENS, WHICH SHOW LIEUTENANTS, NONE OF WHOME LOOK HAPPY.

CAP: ... from CITIZENS GROUPS and SENATE SUB-COMMITTEES -- fired by TESTIMONY from disgruntled ex-employees, BAG MEN and NUMBERS RUNNERS bartering away PRISON SENTENCES --

CAP: -- speaking more SWIFTLY than the Kingpin can have them KILLED ...

CAP: ... and the faces of his LIEUTENANTS grow SULLEN and HOSTILE. His commands are OBEYED, but far too SLOWLY ...

3.  
THE KINGPIN, MEDIUM LONG, BARECHESTED, WORKING OUT AT HIS NAUTILUS MACHINE.

CAP: Few of the charges STICK. Those that do are skillfully cast into YEARS of ~~XXXXXX~~ LITIGATION.

CAP: Still, in the eyes of everyone except, as yet, the LAW -- he is a VILLAIN.

CAP: He is SHUNNED -- even CONDEMNED -- by the businessmen who so recently CHEERED him.

CAP: The LAW ...

4.  
CLOSE ON THE KINGPIN, SWEATING, CRAZY.

CAP: ... at least I took THAT from him.

CAP: MURDOCK, he thinks.

CAP: And plans.

IXFULL PAGE PANEL

STREET SCENE. MATT AND KAREN WALK TOGETHER DOWN A STREET, IN HELL'S KITCHEN. KAREN HOLDS ONE OF MATT'S ARMS IN BOTH OF HERS, PULLS CLOSE TO HIM. A FRUITSTAND IS OPEN, WITH AN OLD WOMAN ARGUING WITH THE CLERK, WAVING A MELON. A KID ON A SKATEBOARD MANEUVERS DOWN THE SIDEWALK. SUN-BAKED TENEMENTS ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ STRETCH BACK, IN THE DISTANCE. A CONSTRUCTION TEAM IS WORKING

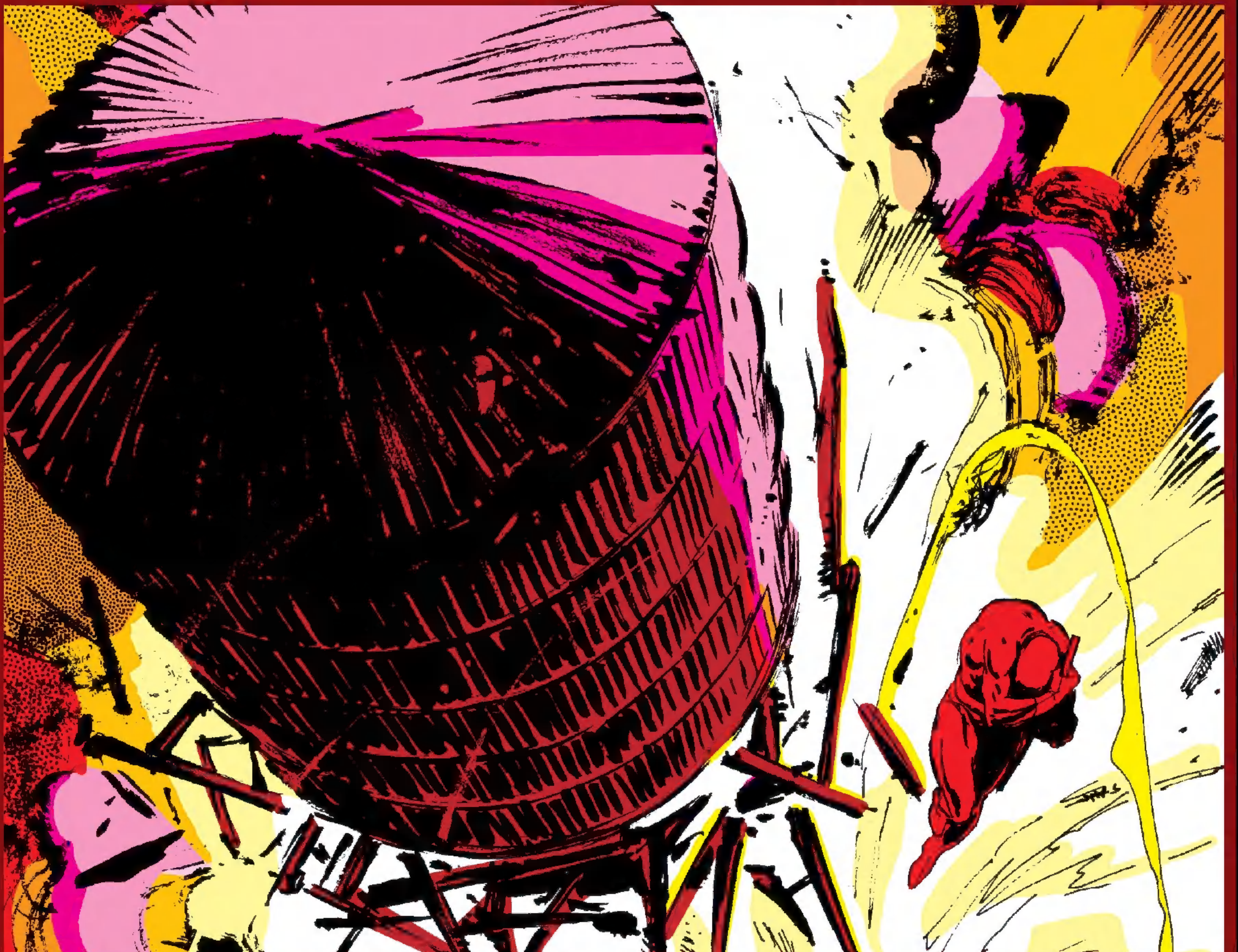
CAP: My name is MATT MURDOCK.

CAP: I was BLINDED by RADIATION. My remaining SENSES function with superhuman SHARPNESS.

CAP: I live in HELL'S KITCHEN and do my best to keep it CLEAN.

CAP: That's all you need to know.

BLURB [AT BOTTOM]: NEXT: THE DEVIL'S OWN



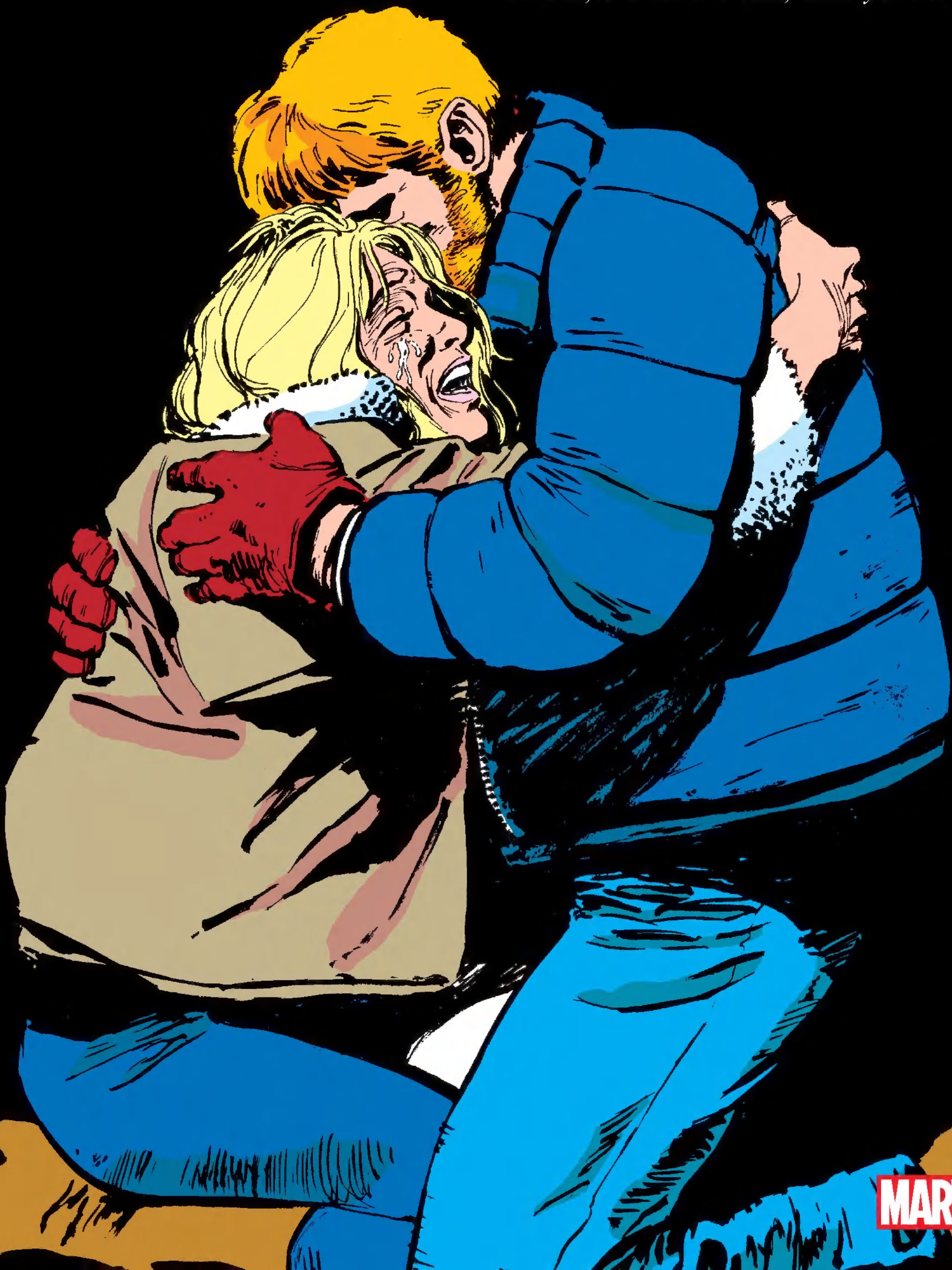


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